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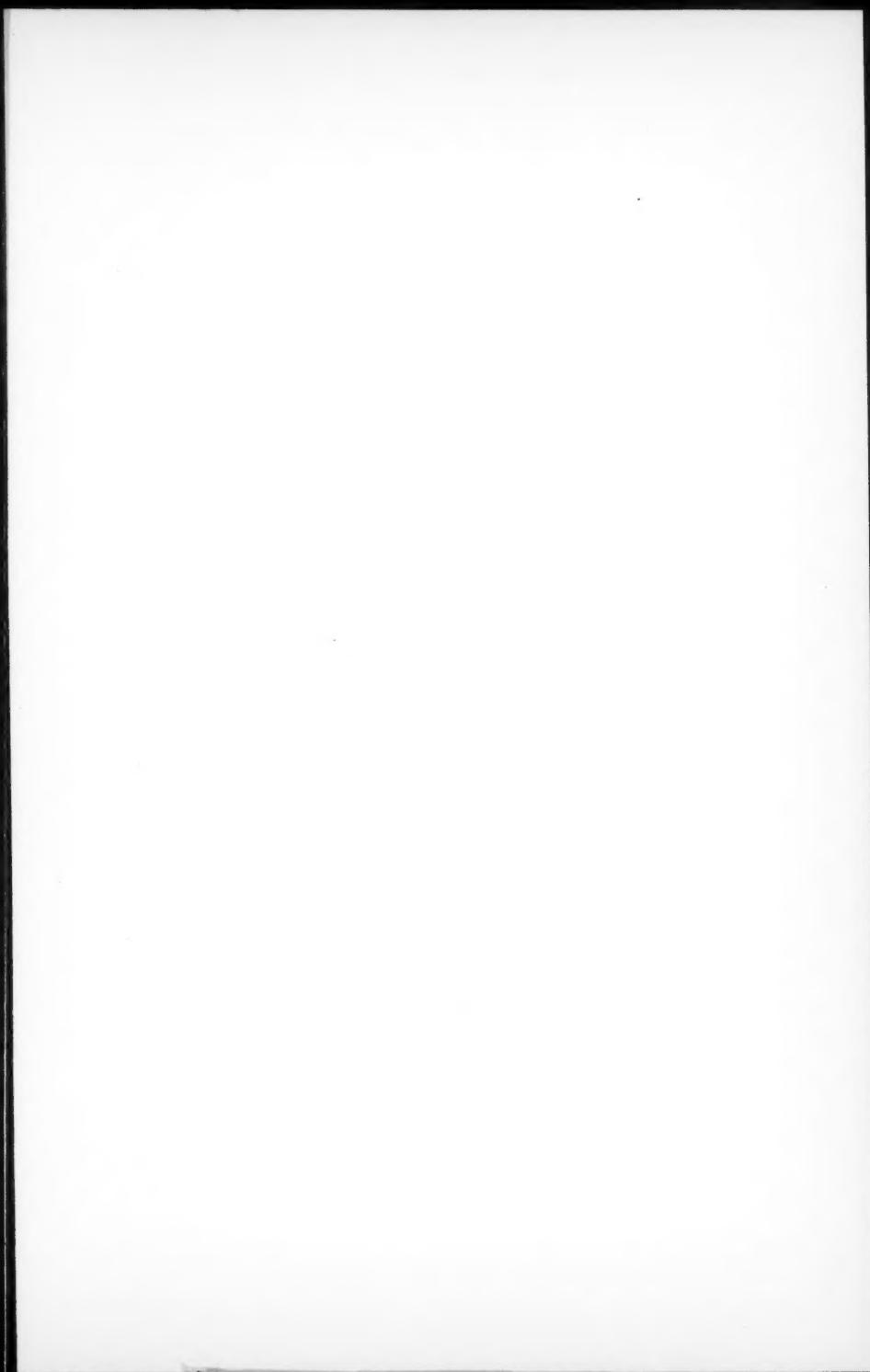
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1925

CHEMISTRY AND PEACE

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

I

THE public mind has to a large extent reacted against the opinions impressed on it during the war by official propaganda. Some of these have been overcome by counter-propaganda in the press and on the platform, others have been dropped because they led to effects which, though admirable during a war, were undesirable in peace-time. But as chemical warfare will not assume importance until the outbreak of the next serious war, and figures on the programme of no party, people still think about it as they were told to think by the newspapers during the Great War.

Now I am to some extent a chemist, so I can no more be expected to be impartial in my estimate of the value of chemistry than a politician or a clergyman can be expected to give an unbiased view of the value of politics or religion. I can only plead that, unlike the average clergyman or politician, I have warned my audience in advance, and shall attempt — though no doubt vainly — to be impartial.

A few of my readers hold the view that while war in itself is a noble occupation the use of poisonous gas is an innovation as cruel as it is unsoldierly. The majority are probably

pacifists in the sense that they prefer almost any peace to almost any war, support the League of Nations or other devices for the prevention of international strife, and look askance at preparations for future warfare, more particularly for future chemical warfare. If so, I certainly share their objection to war; but I doubt whether by objecting to it we are likely to avoid it in future, however lofty our motives or disinterested our conduct. War will be prevented only by a scientific study of its causes, such as has prevented most epidemic diseases.

For many centuries people had guessed that epidemic diseases constituted a punishment for human misconduct of some kind. They tried to prevent them by prayer and almsgiving. Christians gave up washing; Hindus liberated rats captured during plague epidemics. Religious orders and priests of the church gave the most magnificent examples of self-sacrifice in times of pestilence. But that was not the way in which pestilences can be prevented. Besides good intentions a special type of accurate thinking was needed. We have not yet made a scientific study of the causes of war and, until we do, may expect more

wars. If we are to have more wars, I prefer that my country should be on the winning side.

In general, pacifists are a very great military advantage to Britain. On the outbreak of war, the large majority of them become intensely patriotic, whereas beforehand they lead our own military authorities, and also those of our potential allies and enemies, to underestimate our strength. This keeps us out of some wars and leads to our showing unsuspected power in others. After a few years of war, when the originally bellicose politicians, like Lord Lansdowne, are getting tired, ex-pacifists, like Lloyd George and Pitt, have just got into their stride. The national staying-power is thus greatly increased.

I need hardly remark that future governments will not enter on war without first persuading the vast majority of the people of its justice. This appears to be an extremely simple process under modern conditions.

At the present moment, however, pacifists are combining with the less competent soldiers in an attempt to check the progress of chemical warfare. This I believe to be neither in our national nor in the international interest.

Until 1915 the soldier's business was to push or throw pieces of metal at the enemy. Various devices had been employed for throwing them fast or far, and some of them threw other pieces on arrival at their destination, thanks in the main to the genius of the unforgotten Major-General Shrapnel. It is true that in the late seventh century A. D. the appropriately named Syrian, Callinicus, had prolonged the life of the Eastern Roman Empire for another 750 years and saved a large part of Christendom from Mohammedan domination by his invention of 'Greek fire,' an inflammable liquid

which was later superseded by gunpowder. In the fifteenth century the defenders of Belgrade against the Turks had hit upon a similar device, under the direct inspiration, it was claimed, of the Holy Ghost, but these weapons had fallen into desuetude, their effect being largely psychological.

Chemical warfare had been so far foreseen by statesmen that in 1907 the signatories of the Hague Conference agreed to renounce the use of projectiles the sole object of which was the diffusion of asphyxiating or harmful gases. They were thus debarred from using lachrymatory gas, the most humane weapon ever invented, but were permitted to discharge gas from cylinders on the ground, an exceedingly cruel practice. This regulation was well meant, but the path to August 1914 was paved with good intentions. In 1914 none of the Great Powers had made any preparation for poison-gas warfare, and it was not till April 22, 1915, more than eight months after the beginning of the war, that the Germans began its use.

During the war twenty-five different poisonous weapons were employed. Of these, three are gases at ordinary temperatures and can be discharged from cylinders in which they are stored under pressure. The remainder are liquids which gradually evaporate, yielding a poisonous vapor, or solids which are poisonous in the form of smoke.

These poisonous substances so far used fall into four classes according to their effect on men. First come gases and vapors which are poisonous when breathed, but have no effect on the skin, and affect only the eyes or nose when present in concentrations which are poisonous to the lungs. They can all be kept out by respirators, and were only of military value against unprotected troops, or in local surprise action.

This group, which included chlorine and phosgene, is probably almost as obsolete as muzzle-loading cannon.

A second group is poisonous only in very high concentrations, but irritates the eyes when present in amounts so small that one part in five million may render a man blind with weeping in a few seconds. There is no evidence, so far as I know, that anyone was killed or even permanently blinded by these substances, but they had a great momentary effect. They can be kept out by respirators or even goggles.

The third group of poisonous smokes, mostly arsenic compounds, was little developed during the war. They are, however, weapons of very great efficiency, and it is well known that they would have been used, by the British at any rate, on a very extensive scale in 1919.¹ In small amounts these smokes merely make one sneeze. In somewhat larger amounts they cause pain of the most terrific character in the head and chest. The pain in the head is described as like that caused when fresh water gets into the nose when bathing, but infinitely more severe. These symptoms are accompanied by the most appalling mental distress and misery. Some soldiers, poisoned by these substances, had to be prevented from committing suicide, others temporarily went raving mad and tried to burrow into the ground to escape from imaginary pursuers. And yet within forty-eight hours the large majority had recovered, and practically none became permanent invalids. These substances, when in the form of smoke, will penetrate any of the respirators used in the late war, though the British box respirator would stop all but a little of them in the concentrations then used. In future they will

probably be used in much larger concentrations and in finer particles than those formed by the German smoke-shells.

It is extraordinarily difficult to produce a respirator which will completely stop very fine smoke, for the following reason. In a gas the molecules—or ultimate particles—are moving very rapidly with speeds of several hundred yards per second, continually colliding and rebounding. A gas molecule therefore will probably hit the sides of a fairly narrow passage through which it is drawn. But a smoke particle is moving at a speed measured in inches per second, and is far less likely to hit the wall of the respirator and be held by its absorbent surface. If we try to make the passages through which air is drawn very narrow, as by sucking in our air through cotton wool,—which will stop most smokes,—we find that we have created an appalling resistance to breathing. There is an electrical method of removing smoke particles completely, but it would probably more than double the weight of respirators and does not appear to be either waterproof or foolproof.

The fourth group of blistering gases contains only one substance used during the war, dichlorethyl sulphide, or 'mustard gas.' This is really a liquid, whose vapor not only is poisonous when breathed, but blisters any part of the skin with which it comes in contact. To take an example, a drop of the liquid was put on a piece of paper and left for five minutes on a man's sleeve. The vapor penetrated his coat and woolen shirt, causing a blister the effects of which lasted six weeks. And yet evaporation is so slow that ground contaminated by the liquid may remain dangerous for a week. Mustard gas caused more casualties to the British than all other chemical weapons put together.

¹ The American 'Lewisite,' of which so much was heard in 1918 and 1919, is a substance of this class.

II

Such are the weapons which chemistry has given us. It is often asked why chemists cannot produce something which will put our foes comfortably to sleep and allow us to take them prisoners. The answer is that such substances exist, but that when used in small amounts they are harmless, in large amounts, fatal. It is only over a moderate range of concentrations that their effect is merely stupefying. One has only to think of the familiar case of chloroform vapor and the skill required to give neither too much nor too little.

It would be logical to speak of explosives under the heading of chemical warfare, but there is curiously little chance of explosives becoming any more effective. We know fairly well the maximum amount of energy which can possibly be got out of a chemical action, and, though explosives might perhaps be made which were about twice as destructive as our best — or worst — to-day, they would probably be far less stable and therefore less safe to their users.

Of course, if we could utilize the forces which we now know to exist inside the atom, we should have such capacities for destruction that I do not know of any agency, other than divine intervention, which would save humanity from complete and peremptory nullification. But the remoteness of the day when we shall use these forces may best be judged by an analogy. Some thousands of years ago someone first realized that the sun, moon, and stars were not mere bodies the size of a plate or a house, but very large and moving very fast. It was an obvious idea that their motions might be exploited in some way. Wise men observed them and hoped, for example, to increase the probability of success in their own enterprises by beginning them when

Jupiter was in the ascendant. These attempts were unsuccessful, though far more valuable to humanity than most of the methods successfully employed for the same purposes, such as fraud, violence, and corruption. They led to astronomy and so to all modern physics.

We now know that the only probable way of harnessing the energy of the heavenly bodies is to employ tidal power to create electric currents. But five thousand years ago hitching one's wagon to a star was a reasonable project, and not a poetic metaphor. The reason we cannot do it is a simple matter of scale. And the reason why we cannot utilize subatomic phenomena is just the same. We cannot make apparatus small enough to disintegrate or fuse atomic nuclei, any more than we can make it large enough to reach to the moon. We can only bombard them with particles of which perhaps one in a million hit, which is like firing keys at a safe door from a machine-gun a mile away, in an attempt to open it. We do occasionally open it, but the process is very uneconomical. It may be asked why we cannot bring our machine-gun nearer or improve our aim. To do this would require the construction of apparatus on the same infinitesimal scale as the structure of the chemical atom. Now we can arrange atoms into various patterns. For example, we can arrange carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen atoms in patterns which constitute the molecules of sugar, glycerine, or alcohol at will. This is called chemical synthesis. We have been doing it by rule-of-thumb methods for thousands of years, and are just beginning to learn a little about it. But even chemical molecules are much too large for our purposes. We can no more ask a chemist to build our apparatus than expect a theatrical scene-painter or a landscape gardener to do us a miniature. We know very little

about the structure of the atom and almost nothing about how to modify it. And the prospect of constructing such an apparatus seems to me to be so remote that when some successor of mine is lecturing to a party spending a holiday on the moon it will still be an unsolved — though not, I think, an ultimately insoluble — problem.

To see how chemical weapons are likely to be used in future, we must study their employment in the late war. Lachrymatory gas was only once used under ideal conditions — by the Germans in the Argonne in 1915. They captured a fairly extensive French trench system and about 2400 prisoners, almost all unwounded, but temporarily blind. When they gave the number of prisoners the French authorities, not unnaturally, protested that this number was practically equal to the total of their casualties. And this was quite true. The French were unprotected. They were deluged with shells giving off a vapor which temporarily blinded them. They could not even run away. The Germans walked across, removed their rifles, and formed them up in columns which marched back, each led by a German in goggles. In order to make future wars humane, it would only be necessary to introduce the two following rules: —

- (1) No goggles or other eye-protection shall be worn.
- (2) No shells shall be used containing any other substance save ethyl iodo-acetate (or other lachrymatory compound) and a small bursting charge.

Certainly it is unlikely that such rules will ever be adopted, but I do contend that to forbid the use of such substances is a piece of sentimentalism as cruel as it is ridiculous.

Gases of the first group were used in clouds discharged from cylinders, some-

times on a front of several miles. They probably caused at least 20,000 casualties among unprotected or inadequately protected British troops. At least a quarter of these died, and that very painfully, in many cases after a struggle for breath lasting several days. On the other hand, of those who did not die almost all recovered completely, and the symptoms of the few who became permanent invalids were mainly nervous. Apart, however, from the extreme terror and agitation produced by the gassing of uneducated people, I regard the type of wound produced by the average shell as on the whole more distressing than the pneumonia caused by chlorine or phosgene. Besides being wounded, I have also been buried alive, and on several occasions in peace-time I have been asphyxiated to the point of unconsciousness. The pain and discomfort arising from the other experiences were negligible compared with those produced by a septic shell-wound.

III

The first German cloud-gas attack was in April 1915, the last in August 1916, though the British continued them until the end of that year. They gradually became more and more ineffective as the efficiency of the respirators used on both sides increased. The first few German attacks were very well conducted, so far as the liberation of the gas was concerned, as they were arranged by Haber, an extremely competent chemist, who afterward supervised the German production of explosives.

On the other hand, the German respirators were bad to begin with, and later on were not so good as the British. This was apparently because the most competent physiologist in Germany with any knowledge of breathing was a Jew. This fact was quite well known in

German physiological circles, but apparently his race prevented the military authorities from employing him. The result was that they were unable to follow up their gas attacks at all closely, but had to wait till the cloud had passed off, by which time resistance was again possible. That was how the Germans paid for anti-Semitism. It is very probable that it lost them the war, as never again, not even in March 1918, had they so complete a gap in the Franco-British western front as during the first gas attack in April 1915. It was indeed fortunate for the Germans that the Russians were still more anti-Semitic than themselves. Hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews volunteered for service in 1914. They were mostly refused, and in no case granted commissions. They then proceeded to turn their combative instincts into other channels, to the no small advantage of the Germans.

If one goes to what is perhaps the opposite extreme from Russia, one finds the army of the world's most democratic nation, Australia, commanded by a Jew, Monash, and notes with interest that the Germans regarded the Australian troops as, on the whole, the most formidable, man for man, of all their opponents.

The other reason why the cloud-gas attacks were indecisive was that the Germans had relatively few reserves to put into the gap they made. Their reserves in April 1915 were in Poland. If they had trusted their scientific men, they could certainly have captured Calais and Boulogne and probably annihilated the British Army.

In addition to clouds released from cylinders in the trenches, gas cylinders were fired from trench mortars, some hundreds at a time, into the enemy's lines, producing a sudden and dense cloud of gas before there was time to put on the respirators. But these bom-

bardments, though they caused many casualties, were never decisive, as the cloud attacks would have been but for causes which we have discussed.

Mustard gas is a very different thing. It was never used to force a decision by breaking the enemy's line, but to cause him casualties and deny him the use of ground. For after a given area has been well sprayed with dichlorethyl sulphide from bursting shells for some time, it is death to occupy it without a mask, and the vapor may blister the skin, while anyone touching the ground will be certain of a very serious blister. Someone placed a drop of the liquid on the chair of the director of the British chemical warfare department. He ate his meals off the mantelpiece for a month.

The most interesting thing, however, about mustard gas, is that though it caused 150,000 casualties in the British army alone, less than 4000 of these, or one in 40, died, while only about 700, or one in every 200, became permanently unfit. Yet the Washington Conference has solemnly agreed that the signatory Powers are not to use this substance against one another, though, of course, they will use such humane weapons as bayonets, shells, and incendiary bombs.

It is worth while attempting to analyze the reasons for this rather curious decision. First, perhaps, we must put the complete and hideous ignorance of the politicians and most of the soldiers who took part in the Conference. Their idea of gas warfare was drawn from the descriptions of the great German cloud-gas attacks of 1915, which killed at least one in four of their casualties, and were written up on a large scale for recruiting and political purposes. But it is the business of politicians and soldiers, conceivably even of journalists, to know the truth about such matters before coming to

decisions or even impelling others to come to decisions about them.

To this ignorance, however, there was joined one of the most hideous forms of sentimentalism which has ever supported evil upon earth — the attachment of the professional soldier to cruel and obsolete killing-machines. I would remind you of the conduct of the Chevalier Bayard, whom his contemporary soldiers described as *sans peur et sans reproche*. To captured knights and even bowmen he was the soul of courtesy, but musketeers or other users of gunpowder who fell into his hands were invariably put to death. It is worth remembering that, until the invention of gunpowder, fighting had for many centuries been remarkably safe for everyone who could afford a good suit of armor, while the abominable arquebus and its descendants have saved the remnants of Christendom from the Turks, Mongols, and other paynims who had by Bayard's time successfully overwhelmed one half of its original extent.

I remember an excellent example of Bayardism in the war. A Turkish airman had developed considerable flair for shooting down our observation balloons in Palestine. A British officer sent up one of these latter with a large cargo of guncotton, and blew up the Turk in question. For this deed he was severely reprimanded by the local officer commanding R. A. F. for unsportsmanlike conduct. This gentleman doubtless felt little objection to bombing, for example, Turkish transport columns, consisting mainly of noncombatants and animals, and incapable of retaliating. (One may remark that, between wounds and thirst, perhaps 30,000 Turkish transport animals perished during our final victory in Palestine.) But he objected to airmen being killed except by other airmen. I, fighting in the mud beneath

them, and exposed to the bombs of both sides, — I was severely wounded by one of our own, — felt differently.

An attempt by the professional soldiers to stereotype the art of war into the channels which correspond to the ideas of 1914 might lead to a future rather different from that which I shall venture to predict, a future in which the military organizations of the world shall be overthrown by the exponents of some other mode of thinking, employing all the resources of science, and fighting dirty. The opponents of the present world-order may therefore welcome Bayardism in their governments.

Meanwhile the Bayardists have nobbled a curious assortment of allies in their so far successful attempt to prevent the humanization of warfare. First are a number of out-and-out pacifists, who object to all war, and apparently hope to make it more difficult by restricting the means of fighting allowed. Some, of course, genuinely believe that gaseous weapons are more cruel than solid ones. Those who know the facts seem to me to be the victims of loose thinking. With them are associated a group of sentimentalists who appear to me definitely to be the scribes and pharisees of our age. These people, who are to be found in all political parties and most religious and irreligious sects, are generally willing — after a decent interval — to accept any application of science which appears to them profitable, or any social institution — such as war — which is hallowed by use and wont. They salve their consciences for such behavior by attacking, in the name of their god or their ideals, every novelty, whether in thought or in action, which presents any loophole. In particular they are distinguished by a ferocious opposition to and contempt for any attempt at the solution of human

problems by honest and simple intellectual effort. Mustard gas kills one man for every forty it puts out of action, shells kill one for every three, but their god who compromised with high explosives has not yet found time to adapt himself to chemical warfare.

More respectable in every way are the candid reactionaries like Lord Cecil, who believe in their hearts that in abandoning traditional religion of the mediæval type for scientific thought man has definitely chosen the wrong path, and who fight with their eyes open against its application. These people have a case and are prepared to argue it. They would honestly desire to give up the gunpowder of Lazare Carnot for the sword of Bayard. But one cannot congratulate them on their associates.

And behind these follow like sheep the predestined victims of the next war, the peoples of the civilized nations who will undergo the extremity of suffering rather than think for themselves.

IV

How profound and unreasoning is the objection of the military mind to chemical warfare can best be judged by one simple fact. About three years ago the British regular army gave up the instruction of every soldier in defense against hostile gas. For one thing, speed in adjusting respirators being of more importance than elegance, it did not form the basis of a satisfactory drill, like those curious relics of eighteenth-century musketry which still occupy so much of the time of our recruits. But the truth no doubt was that the officers did not like that sort of thing. The chemical and physiological ideas which underlie gas warfare require a certain effort to understand and they do not arise in the study of a sport, as is the case with those under-

lying shooting and motor transport. One of the first acts of the present Government was to reinstate some modicum of anti-gas instruction in the normal training of the army. But it may be hoped that the pernicious and demoralizing teaching will once more be dropped on the return to power of one of the gentlemen's parties.

Personally, I must confess that I would go very much further than the Government, and seriously consider the provision of gas masks for the population of London and other large towns, and the instruction of schoolchildren in their use.

If this is not done, there is at least the possibility of a disaster of the very first magnitude at an early stage in the next war. It is also one of the very few military measures which could hardly be regarded as provocative by the most ardent of foreign militarists or British pacifists. At the present moment, however, this need does not arise, as the French, who alone could bomb London, have very slight facilities for making mustard gas.

It is interesting to compare the attitude of our militarists to defense against gas with their attitude before the war to a possible German invasion. The fear of the latter, although the naval experts always stated that it was impossible on any serious scale, had been so impressed on the military mind by the propaganda of the National Service League and its like before the war, that from 1914 to 1918 hundreds of thousands of troops were quite unnecessarily kept in England. There is, however, this very fundamental difference between a defense against invasion and a defense against gas. The one would increase the importance of the professional soldier, the other would not. One does not need to be a very profound psychologist to see in this fact one reason why the military

authorities dropped anti-gas training, and why I, being a biochemist, and therefore a person of the type who would become important if gas war returned, am advocating its extension. As to which of us is justified, I would suggest that it is more likely to-day that poisonous gas will be used against British soldiers or civilians in future wars than it was in 1912 that Britain would be invaded by the Germans.

We have seen that a case can be made out for gas as a weapon on humanitarian grounds, based on the very small proportion of killed to casualties from gas in the war, and especially during its last year. Against this may be urged the probability that future research will produce other gases or smokes which, as weapons, will be as cruel as, or more cruel than, the Cl_2 and $COCl_2$ used in 1915 and 1916. The answer to this is quite simple. First, as regards gases or vapors. Only a limited number of chemical substances are appreciably volatile, and of their vapors only a small proportion are poisonous. Now every chemical substance has a definite molecular weight. Those with a small molecular weight, that is, whose molecules are relatively light, are the most volatile, that is, go most easily into vapor. Now the large majority of the possible volatile chemical substances of small molecular weight, and therefore relatively simple chemical composition, are already known. Mustard gas, for example, was discovered and its properties described in 1886. There are probably substances of high molecular weight whose dense vapors are even more poisonous than mustard gas. But the charcoal of our respirators has the property of absorbing heavy molecules of vapor quite independently of their chemical composition. It is therefore pretty unlikely, though not of course impossible, that any very poisonous vapor will ever be

found which will go through a mask impermeable to mustard gas or chlorine. It is to my mind far more probable that skin irritants may be discovered which are even more unpleasant than mustard gas.

V

The question of smokes is more serious. It was the hope of the producers of irritant smokes that they would penetrate the gas masks in sufficient amounts to cause sneezing and force their victims to remove their masks, thus exposing themselves to greater concentrations of smoke and to poisonous vapors liberated along with the smoke. This was the German view when they introduced 'Blue Cross' shell in July 1917. Fortunately by that time our defense against gas and smoke was extremely good, and we had foreseen the smoke menace and introduced between April and June 1917 a filter which effectively stopped it in the concentrations then met in the field. It is not, however, at all unlikely that concentrations of smoke will be produced in the future which will penetrate our present masks. If our anti-gas measures are sufficiently neglected, the consequences may, of course, be very serious.

It would seem likely that the chemical weapons of the future will not be so very unlike those of the past. The main efforts of the soldier who uses them will be devoted, first to blistering his enemy, secondly to tiring him out by forcing him to wear a respirator continuously, which of course enormously hampers him for doing anything else.

In the Great War, mustard gas and sensory irritant smokes were not used as the principal weapons of attack or defense, because the smokes would not incapacitate all in a given area, though

they would make them keep their respirators on. Mustard gas, on the other hand, could make any area absolutely untenable by the defenders, but the vapor persisted for so many days that it could not be occupied by the attackers either. It was mainly used to produce casualties a few days or weeks before an attack on the units which would be defending, and to protect the flank of an offensive against counterattack. Thus in April 1918 Armentières, the original northern limit of the German attack in Flanders, was so heavily shelled with 'mustard' that the gutters in the streets were reported to be running with it. The Germans themselves received orders forbidding them to enter its ruins for a fortnight.

Nevertheless, mustard gas is so adequate a weapon that the attempt will almost certainly be made to use it, not merely for making ground untenable for both sides, but for gaining it from the enemy. For this purpose the following methods suggest themselves. First, attempts might be made to protect troops completely from the effect of gas on their skin by encasing them in air-tight overalls and gloves. These were used with a certain amount of success by machine-gunners in the Great War, but would hardly be practicable for attackers, who would, except perhaps in winter, die of heatstroke if encased in such apparatus.

Air-tight tanks, with adequate arrangements for filtering the incoming air, are probably more hopeful, as mustard gas will not poison motors as it does men. (The motors would, of course, have their own air supply, as it would hardly be practicable to filter air in the quantities needed by them.) To support the tanks and to tackle specially protected machine-gunners, use will probably be made of immune infantry.

One attack of gas-poisoning, whether by the lungs or by the skin, produces no immunity to a second attack — in fact, it generally increases the sensitivity of the victim. If a vapor is discovered against which immunity can be conferred, it will be the most effective weapon in history as long as its secret is kept. On the other hand, some people are naturally immune. The American Army authorities made a systematic examination of the susceptibility of large numbers of recruits. They found that there was a very resistant class, comprising twenty per cent of the white men tried, but no less than eighty per cent of the Negroes. This is intelligible, as the symptoms of mustard gas, blistering, and sunburn are very similar; and Negroes are pretty well immune to sunburn. It looks, therefore, as if after a slight preliminary test it should be possible to obtain colored troops who would all be resistant to mustard-gas blistering in concentrations harmful to most white men. Enough resistant whites are available to officer them.

One sees, then, possibility of warfare on somewhat the following lines: —

Heavy concentrations of artillery would keep an area, say thirty miles in length and ten in depth, continuously sprayed with mustard gas. After allowing, say, two days for the development of blisters, the gassing of the positions within two or three miles of the front line is discontinued, but a long-range bombardment, especially of roads, goes on. Suddenly, behind the usual barrage of high-explosive shells, appears a line of tanks supported by Negroes in gas masks. They meet with but little opposition in the area still reeking with gas and occupy the hostile lines to a depth of two or three miles. A counterattack, even if successful, involves concentration in an area under gas bombardment, and enormous

casualties from blistering. The only satisfactory counterattack would be from the air. In this way, the side possessing a big superiority of mustard gas should be in a position to advance two or three miles a day.

This kind of tactics was impossible during the Great War for a very simple reason. There was not enough mustard gas. The Germans used a quite surprisingly complicated process for its manufacture. When we decided to follow their example, one of our chemists — a Cambridge man, I am glad to say — hit on a vastly cheaper and speedier method of manufacture. Unfortunately our first supplies arrived in the field only in September 1918. There is reason to think that the knowledge that we were at last about to develop gas and smoke warfare on a large scale had a good deal to do with the acceptance by the Germans of the Armistice conditions.

The reason why we did not use mustard gas earlier is also simple and rather instructive.

In 1915 a British chemist proposed to the general who was concerned with such questions that the British should use dichlorethyl sulphide. 'Does it kill?' asked the general. 'No,' he was told, 'but it will disable enormous numbers of the enemy temporarily.' 'That is no good to us,' said the man of blood, 'we want something that will kill.'

It is interesting to find how completely the ideas of this worthy soldier as to the object of war coincided with those of the average intelligent child five years old. I may remind you that Clausewitz held the view that the object of war was to impose one's will upon the enemy. This idea would, however, appear to have been too abstract, too complicated, or too humanitarian for the British military mind. At any rate it had its fill of killing. It

was not, therefore, until the Germans had demonstrated upon the persons of some tens of thousands of British soldiers — we had 14,000 casualties though with only 400 deaths during the first three weeks of the mustard-gas war — that there was something to be said for a weapon that was not primarily designed to kill, that we began to use it.

It seems, then, that mustard gas would enable an army to gain ground with far fewer killed on either side than the methods used in the late war, and would tend to establish a war of movement leading to a fairly rapid decision, as in the campaigns of the past. It would not much upset the present balance of power, Germany's chemical industry being counterpoised by French Negro troops. Indians may be expected to be nearly as immune as Negroes.

And, clearly, the more war is complicated the more unimportant become semicivilized Powers, such as Turkey and Russia, even as allies. The Turks were seldom capable of organizing a combined attack by any number greater than a battalion or a shoot by anything larger than a battery. Yet small groups of them fought very well, and their individual guns made very good shooting. But gas warfare demands organization, both of attack and of defense; attack because one tries to keep up a certain concentration of vapor over a whole large area rather than to knock out given groups of men; defense because respirators and discipline with regard to wearing them must be perfect. I need not say that in the Great War our military leaders strongly deprecated the use of gas against the Turks, on the ground, I believe, that the latter were gentlemen. They showed their gentlemanly character by such acts as the killing of forty-five per cent of the prisoners taken at Kut-el-Amara, not to mention

some millions of Greeks and Armenians who had the misfortune to be Christians. But they never used gas, so perhaps they may have preserved their quality of gentlemen in the eyes of our Bayardists.

I claim then that the use of mustard gas in war on the largest possible scale would render it less expensive of life and property, shorter, and more dependent on brains rather than numbers. We are often told the exact opposite: that it will make it more barbarous and indecisive, and lead to the wiping-out of the population of whole cities.

Let us consider for a moment this latter allegation. Can airplanes do more against a hostile town with gas than with high-explosive and incendiary bombs? We were threatened with gas bombs during the war, and certain London pharmacists made very large sums by the sale of alleged anti-gas masks. It could be, and was, urged at the time that, as the carrying of these curious objects seemed to calm the civilian population in a moment of national emergency, they served a useful purpose. The same argument has been brought forward on behalf of amulets and other pious frauds sold in the name of religion. In the case of the above gas masks they inspired such faith — for they had a better finish than the official pattern, and looked like one's idea of what a gas mask ought to be — that some thousands were sent out by fond relatives to the soldiers at the front, a number of whom, in consequence, perished miserably.

VI

Was there anything in the gas-bomb scare? In the first place, many otherwise well-informed people have very erroneous views as to the poisonousness of gases. Gases are dangerous

in the laboratory or factory if they kill without giving warning by odor and irritation; but gases of this kind, such as carbon monoxide and hydrogen arsenide, have to be present, in order to kill, in concentrations which cannot practically be produced in the open. The insidiousness of hydrogen arsenide has, however, so alarmed chemists that a tradition persists of a man having been killed by a single bubble of it, while they are so afraid of smelling carbon monoxide that it is generally stated to be inodorous. Besides errors due to this cause, there were errors of arithmetic. In one calculation, which was made to show how easily London could be poisoned, a decimal point went astray in one place. As the calculation was concerned with volumes of gas, the result came out as ten metres cubed or 1000 cubic metres in place of one. For this reason it appeared that ten airplanes could do the damage which would actually have required ten thousand.

However, most of the prophets of disaster from gas bombs made no calculation at all. Let us try to make a rough one. On the nights of March 11 to March 14, 1918, just before the great offensive of March 21, the Germans fired 150,000 mustard-gas shells into the villages and valleys of the Cambrai salient, an area of about twenty square miles, the same as that of central London. This caused 4500 casualties, of whom only fifty died, all of them because they took off their respirators too soon. The area was not evacuated. In central London, if the population had had gas masks, the casualties would have been perhaps ten times greater.

But we have to compare this hypothetical air-raid, not with any raid that actually occurred, but with a bombardment of 150,000 high-explosive shells or their equivalent in bombs.

This would hardly have left a house in central London untouched, and the dead would have been numbered, not in hundreds, but in tens of thousands. Such an attack would have required the visits on repeated nights of something like 1000 airplanes. Such a number is not yet a practical possibility. We are, perhaps, inclined to underestimate the potentialities of town-bombing with high explosives and incendiary bombs. In London, for example, there were never too many big fires started at any given time for the fire brigades to deal with. An attack by ten or twenty times as many airplanes as ever bombed London simultaneously might well ring round a given area fairly completely with wrecked streets or burning houses, in which case most of the buildings and a good proportion of the inhabitants would perish. In one or two air-raids on other towns it seems probable that the Germans were not far from outstripping the capacities of the fire brigades and producing very large conflagrations.

The reasons why explosives are more likely to be effective on a town than poison are as follows: Houses are far more vulnerable to explosives than earthworks and do far more damage to their occupants in collapsing, besides being inflammable; and, on the other hand, they contain far more refuges which are nearly gas-proof. A shut room on a first or second floor would be nearly proof against gas released in the neighborhood, if it had not a lighted fire to drag contaminated air from outside into it. Moreover civilians could, and would, rapidly evacuate an area which had been heavily soaked with mustard gas, whereas soldiers have to stay on at the risk of their lives.

Gas bombs would certainly be far less effective than high explosives on a town whose inhabitants were provided with respirators, probably even if they

were unprovided. But so long as London is undefended in this respect, it constitutes a standing temptation to any Power desirous of making this kind of experiment. Judging from experience there is no doubt that a gas or smoke attack from the air would occasion a first-class panic. The introduction of each new chemical weapon produced great terror, as did even such a militarily unimportant, though cruel, weapon as the Flammenwerfer or flame-projector. This was certainly due to ignorance.

The French Colonial troops that were caught in the first cloud-gas attack were far more frightened than the Canadians, and appear to have had far more casualties, although they mostly ran away, which the Canadians did not do. The Canadians made some attempts to improvise respirators, and almost any damp fabric will reduce the concentration of chlorine passing through it to half or less. They also breathed less because they did not run. As a matter of fact a most efficient respirator against chlorine — though whether against mustard gas I do not know — can be made by knocking the bottom off a bottle, filling it with loose earth, placing its neck in the mouth, and breathing through it. Very great alarm was caused by the first mustard-gas bombardments in France, as no one had ever seen anything resembling the blisters it caused. But very soon familiarity bred contempt, or even liking, for airplanes dropped sheaves of pamphlets explaining how any soldier tired of the war could become a casualty without danger either of death or detection by allowing earth contaminated with mustard gas to touch the skin or clothing. A good many wound-stripes were earned by this simple and up-to-date method, though, as we had the superiority in the air, and the German soldiers were both more tired

and more confiding than our own, the German casualties from this cause were probably still greater. But let us tell our civilian population before, and not after, they are attacked with blistering gases, that the blisters produced are considerably less dangerous than measles. It was predicted during the war that the survivors of lung-irritant gases would get consumption, while those burned by mustard gas would develop cancer. This has not happened, but it is the sort of rumor that easily starts.

VII

For after all our greatest weapon in chemical warfare is not gas, but education, and education of all classes. By education I mean a process which puts people in general in touch with the thought of the abler minds of their own and past times, whether in literature or art, in science, mathematics, or music. An educated man knows enough of science, for example, to be able to distinguish a gas from a smoke, or a Grindell-Matthews from a Marconi, even if he is not thoroughly versed in the kinetic theory of gases, or the laws governing radiation through the ether. Educated men are rather rare. It will be worth while giving some examples of how our uneducated politicians and soldiers failed to adjust themselves to the scientific thought of their contemporaries.

In April 1915, a relatively educated member of the Government got hold of a physiologist, whose name I suppress, as he is a modest man. He found a rather curious state of affairs. On the Emden, a German cruiser captured in the Indian Ocean, a German sailor had been found in possession of a pad of lint with tapes to tie in front of his mouth. It did not even cover his nose, and, though it might or might not have been of some value against smoke, it was of

none at all against gas. There was, however, a very prevalent belief at that time, and may be still for all that I know, that German men of science were vastly superior to British. It is perfectly true that there are more of them, but I think that their average attainments in the last forty years have been, if anything, slightly below those of our own. So hypnotized, however, were some of the authorities in this country by this theory, that it was being proposed to issue these articles to our troops.

After pointing out their uselessness the physiologist in question was rushed over to France in a destroyer, along with a chemist. He identified the gas used by the Germans as chlorine. On his return he got a cylinder of that gas, let some into an air-tight chamber, and devised a rough respirator which would keep most of it out, trying various possible methods on himself. On his return to the War Office, rather short of breath from the chlorine he had breathed, he found to his horror that the appeal to the women of England for home-made respirators had been issued. Their design was apparently based on the captured German one, which had very probably been made on the Emden. As they were quite useless he secured a promise that they should not be sent out to France. Things were not made easier by the opinion, held in high military quarters, that, offense being more important than defense, the great thing was to reply to the Germans by gassing them. As, however, this could not be done in less than five months, while respirators could easily be made in a week, it led to delay at a somewhat vital moment. Finally every important decision taken in England had to pass through the hands of Lord Kitchener, who naturally had not time to weigh the arguments at all fully.

It is not my intention to attack Lord Kitchener; that the war could be carried on at all under such a system proves that he was a great man. But if he had managed to delegate some of his powers he would have proved himself a greater. As the result of all this delay, a great many of the first respirators had to be made in France.

Convalescent soldiers and the nuns in a convent on the Mont des Cats were conscripted to make respirators which, if inelegant, were fairly efficient. Unfortunately, consignments of 'Women of England' and other home-made respirators were continually appearing in France, and every now and then led to a battalion or so being wiped out. I am able to give these details because at this time I, who before and after was an honest infantry bombing officer, made my brief incursion into chemical warfare.

I arrived at Saint-Omer from my comfortable trench as being a person accustomed to poisonous gases in civil life. In a large school, converted into a hospital, there was a small glass-fronted room like a miniature greenhouse, into which known volumes of chlorine were liberated. We had to compare the effects on ourselves of various quantities with and without respirators. It stung the eyes and produced a tendency to gasp and cough when breathed. For this reason trained physiologists had to be employed. An ordinary soldier would probably restrain his tendency to gasp, cough, and throw himself about if he were working a machine-gun in a battle, but could not do so in a laboratory experiment with nothing to take his mind off his own feelings. An experienced physiologist has more self-control.

It was also necessary to see if one could run or work hard in the res-

pirators, so we had a wheel of some kind to turn by hand in the gas chamber, not to mention doing fifty-yard sprints in respirators outside. As each of us got sufficiently affected by gas to render his lungs unduly irritable, another would take his place. None of us were much the worse for the gas, or in any real danger, as we knew where to stop, but some had to go to bed for a few days; I was very short of breath and incapable of running for a month or so.

This work, which was mainly done by civilians, was rewarded by the grant of the Military Cross to the brilliant young officer who used to open the door of the motor-car of the medical general who occasionally visited the experiments. The soldiers who took part in them could, however, for some time be distinguished by the peculiar green color of their brass buttons, due to the action of the gas.

Even when arrangements had been made for the manufacture of respirators in England the supply suddenly dried up. It was found that the girls who made them were working as best they could with raw and bleeding fingers, and London was being scoured for rubber gloves. Someone had altered the formula of the mixture in which the respirators were dipped, by substituting for carbonate of soda caustic soda, which has the property of dissolving the human skin. His name, needless to say, does not appear in the official history.

Such were some of the difficulties which we incurred in our anti-gas work, through the ignorance of highly placed persons. As, however, our defensive — though not our offensive — measures were ultimately better than those of any other nation, things must have been still worse elsewhere. The success of our respirators was largely due to one man, Harrison,

whose name is insufficiently known to his countrymen. He was an analytical chemist, and author of that admirable, too little read work, *Secret Remedies*, published by the British Medical Association, in which it is shown, for example, that although Beecham's pills are worth a guinea a box the actual cost of the ingredients of the said box falls short of a penny. He enlisted as a private, but was a lieutenant-colonel when he died of influenza and overwork in 1918.

Naturally the ignorance of our private soldiers was of an even more abysmal character. In the early days they often removed the respirators from their faces and tied them round their chests, as it was there that they felt the effects of the gas. Again, in 1917, eighty per cent of the mustard-gas cases vomited, while this symptom was rare in 1918. Apparently it took five months for the British Army to realize that gas poisoning did not necessarily mean poisoning through the stomach.

VIII

If, then, in future wars we are to avoid gross mismanagement in high places and panic and stupidity among the masses, it is essential that everyone should learn a little elementary science, that politicians and soldiers should not be proud of their ignorance of it, that ordinary men and women should not be ashamed or afraid of knowing something of the working of their own bodies. If we persist in the belief that we can be saved by patriotism or social reforms, or by military preparation of the type which would have sufficed in former struggles, we shall go down before some nation of more realistic views.

We do not know what type of scientific knowledge will be needed; we may be certain that some type will

be. The British are a tired people; they like to rest in breathless quiet after all their ills, and to pin their faith to the promises of leaders whose eyes are fixed on the past. It has all happened before.

Ganz vergessener Völker Müdigkeiten
Kann ich nicht abhun von meinen Lidern,
Noch weghalten von der erschrockenen Seele
Stummes Niederfallen ferner Sterne.

(I cannot lift from my eyelids the wearinesses of quite forgotten peoples, nor hold away from my terrified soul the dumb downfall of far stars.)

The Roman and Spanish empires appear to have perished largely from intellectual torpor. Are we to go the same way?

We have to get over our distaste for scientific thought and scientific method. To take an example from the war. The physiologists at the experimental ground at Porton, in Hampshire, had considerable difficulty in working with a good many soldiers, because the latter objected so strongly to experiments on animals, and did not conceal their contempt for people who performed them. And yet these soldiers would have had no hesitation in shelling the horses of hostile gunteams, and the vast majority of them were in the habit of shooting animals for sport. I have never known a physiologist who went in for shooting animals; physiologists know too much of the processes which occur in a wounded beast or bird that creeps away to die. And though I have seen a good many scientific experiments on animals, I have never seen one which, so far as concerns the pain given, I should object to having performed on myself.

That this attitude is not unusual would appear from the following experiment described by the director of the Porton experimental ground, in which he wished to compare the effects

of hydrocyanic or prussic-acid gas on himself and a dog. They both entered a chamber containing one part in 2000 of the gas.

'In order,' he writes, 'that the experiment might be as fair as possible, and that my respiration should be relatively as active as that of the dog, I remained standing and took a few steps from time to time while I was in the chamber. In about thirty seconds the dog began to get unsteady, and in fifty-five seconds it dropped on the floor and commenced the characteristic distressing respiration which heralds death from cyanide poisoning. One minute thirty-five seconds after the commencement the animal's body was carried out, respiration having ceased and the dog being apparently dead. I then left the chamber. As regards the result upon myself, the only real effect was a momentary giddiness when I turned my head quickly. This lasted about a year and then vanished. For some time it was difficult to concentrate on anything for any length of time. It is hard to say to what extent this was due to the experiment.'

As the result of this work, hydrocyanic acid was given up for use in the field, as phosgene is effective at fifty times this dilution, and mustard gas at one thousand times.

One of the grounds given for objection to science is that science is responsible for such horrors as those of the late war. 'You scientific men,' we are told, 'never think of the possible application of your discoveries. You do not mind whether they are used to kill or to cure. Your method of thinking, doubtless satisfactory when dealing with molecules and atoms, renders you insensible to the difference between right and wrong. And so you devise the means of universal destruction, and sell them into the hands of unrighteous and bloody-minded men.'

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I note that the people who make these remarks do not refuse to travel by railway or motor-car, to use electric light, or to read mechanically printed newspapers. Nor do they install a well in their back-gardens to enjoy drinking the richer water of a prescientific age with its interesting and variegated fauna.

But it is quite easy to show that the destructive and horrible nature of modern warfare is due, not to the weapons used, but largely to the other applications of science, which constitute the material basis of our civilization.

Let us imagine the Great War fought with all our means of transport, and preventive medicine, but no weapons more complicated than swords, spears, and possibly a few bows. With fewer munitions the armies could have been mobilized even more rapidly, and more men put in the fighting line. The Germans would probably have tried, as they tried in 1914, to bring about a *Schlacht ohne Morgen*, a battle on reversed fronts modeled on Cannæ. The fighting would probably have been about as severe as at Cannæ, and men would have been fighting in close order ten or twenty deep along a hundred-mile front. No doubt it would have been over sooner, but the losses would probably have been just as great. The French and Germans would no doubt both have gone on fighting until at least half their armies became casualties and, with four years' fighting compressed into as many weeks, it would have been impossible to tend more than a fraction of the wounded. The chief difference might have been that the Russians would have been victorious by mere weight of numbers and the French defeated. In former wars, slaughter was limited by the fact that large armies could not be fed, and they developed epidemic diseases. They

also moved very slowly. So it took twenty-three years, from 1792 to 1815, to wear down the resistance of the French nation. Moreover, the Great War was the first since the Second Punic War, of the third century B.C., between two great civilized nations, each fully prepared for war, and fighting with all its might. This fact accounts for its ferocity. Modern transport and hygiene made its scale possible; the weapons used merely served to prolong it.

The objection to scientific weapons, such as the gases of the late war and such new devices as may be employed in the next, is essentially an objection to the unknown. Fighting with lances or guns, one can calculate, or thinks one can calculate, one's chances. But with gas, or rays, or microbes, one has an altogether different state of affairs. Poisonous gas had a great moral effect just because it was new and incomprehensible. As long as we permit ourselves to be afraid of the novel and unknown, there will be a very great temptation to use novel and unknown weapons against us. Now terror of the unknown is thoroughly right and rational so long as we believe that the prince of this world is a malignant being. But it is not justifiable if we believe that the world is the expression of a power friendly to our aspirations, or if we are atheists and hold that it is neutral and indifferent to human ideals.

It will by now have become clear to you that I am writing somewhat parabolically. What I have said about

mustard gas might be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to most other applications of science to human life. They can all, I think, be abused, but none perhaps is always evil; and many, like mustard gas, when we have got over our first not very rational objection to them, turn out to be on the whole good. If it is right for me to fight my enemy with a sword, it is right for me to fight him with mustard gas; if the one is wrong, so is the other. But I have no sympathy whatever for Mr. Facing-both-ways, when he says that though he is prepared on occasion to fight he will not use those nasty newfangled weapons. Of course, I am not suggesting that we should violate or prepare to violate the Washington agreement on this subject. I do, however, believe that we ought to denounce it at the earliest possible opportunity.

Such are the facts about chemical warfare. They will not be believed because a belief in them would do violence to the sentiments of most people. They will not be promulgated as there is no money to be made out of them. (Chemical manufacturers make both high explosives and mustard gas, and the former more easily.)

The views that I have expressed do not coexist in the mind of any party leader or newspaper proprietor and must therefore be those of a crank. But, until some stronger argument can be waged against them than that they are unusual and unpleasant, there remains the possibility that they are true.

WHEN IS A CITIZEN NOT A CITIZEN?

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

I

WHILE war clouds were hovering over Italy and Greece, an Italian-born gardener said to his American employer: 'I hope there will be no war between Italy and Greece, for if there is I'll be called and I'll have to leave you.'

'Why should you be called?' asked his employer. 'You are a naturalized American citizen and have voted here for ten years.'

'Yes,' assented the naturalized citizen, 'but Italy never gives up her children.'

That a man should be a voter in an American community and at the same time subject to call from a foreign Power seemed a subject worth inquiring into, and after learning more about the gardener and his understanding of the situation I wrote to the State Department for information concerning the rights and the immunities of naturalized citizens. I found the gardener was right. He was subject to call from his native country. There is no treaty between the United States and Italy defining the status of Italian-born subjects who have become American citizens. Natives of Italy are subject to military service between the ages of eighteen and thirty-nine, and naturalization in a foreign country without the formal consent of the Italian Government does not interfere with the necessity of that service. An Italian who has left Italy without fulfilling his military service and has become naturalized in the United States

is subject to arrest and forced military service should he return between the ages of eighteen and thirty-nine. After thirty-nine he is not liable to service, but may be punished for desertion.

In a special notice to American citizens formerly subjects of Italy who contemplate returning to that country, the State Department advises that in case such American citizens have not performed their military service in Italy it would be well before returning to that country to send a petition for pardon for the offense of desertion or evasion of military service to the Italian Government direct, since 'the State Department of the United States does not act as intermediary in any such matter.' That is to say, a naturalized Italian, who is a voter in an American community, must send a petition for pardon for desertion to the 'king and potentate' he has formally renounced in his oath of naturalization before he can safely return for a visit — and the United States has nothing to say.

The Italian-born naturalized citizen is not alone in having two allegiances, with the one to his native country holding precedence. There is no treaty on the subject of naturalization between the United States and Greece. A former Greek who has not completed his military service is liable to arrest should he return to Greece. The Greek Government has stated that none of its subjects who have been naturalized as

citizens of other countries since January 1914 will be held exempt from service should they return home, and our State Department notifies its Greek-born citizens who were naturalized before 1914 that it can give them no assurance that they will not be arrested should they visit their native country; therefore 'it is deemed advisable for an American citizen of Greek origin to defer his visit to Greece until he can obtain from the Greek Government direct definite assurance that he will not be molested in case of his return.'

There is no treaty between the United States and Rumania defining the status of naturalized citizens of Rumanian birth returning to their native country. All male inhabitants of Rumania are liable to military service between the ages of twenty-one and forty-six, and a Rumanian naturalized in the United States remains subject to punishment for evasion of this duty as well as for the violation of any other Rumanian law committed before he acquired American citizenship.

There is no naturalization treaty between the United States and Poland, 'therefore,' says the notice to American citizens of Polish origin who contemplate returning to Poland, 'it may be desirable for such persons before returning to ascertain whether they may be held there for military service.'

No naturalization treaty exists between the United States and the Netherlands. A subject of the Netherlands must register in person or by proxy to take part in the drawing of lots for military service in January of the year in which he reaches the age of nineteen. Should any subject of the Netherlands become a citizen of the United States before the age of nineteen, he may be relieved of military service by applying to the burgomaster of the community in which he was

registered to have his name removed from the register. Should he fail to do this, his naturalization in the United States does not affect his military obligations to his native country, and if he returns for a visit he is liable to forced service in the army, or to be punished as a deserter.

There is no treaty between the United States and Switzerland defining the status of former Swiss citizens who have become American citizens. Every Swiss citizen is liable to military service from the beginning of the year in which he becomes twenty years of age until the end of the year when he becomes forty-eight. Every Swiss of military age who does not perform military service is subject to an annual tax until the end of his forty-eighth year, whether he resides within the Confederation or not, or to punishment for nonpayment of the tax should he return to Switzerland. If a Swiss citizen renounces Swiss allegiance in the manner prescribed by the Swiss law of 1903 and his renunciation is accepted, his naturalization in another country is recognized, but without such acceptance it is not recognized, and his Swiss citizenship is held to descend from generation to generation. A Swiss, therefore, who becomes an American citizen, but whose renunciation of his native country has not been accepted, leaves to his descendants unto the third and fourth generation a Swiss citizenship which takes precedence over the American citizenship acquired by birth. His children and their children's children may not return to Switzerland without becoming subject to arrears of military tax, or arrest and punishment for nonpayment of such tax.

No naturalization treaty exists between the United States and France, but since French immigration to this country is too small to be considered seriously the lack of such a treaty is

a matter of little importance. In its notice to the American citizens of French birth who desire to visit France, the United States does, however, take its courage in both hands and declare, as it distinctly does not do in its notices to naturalized citizens returning to other countries, that the Government of the United States does not admit the right of the French Government to require military service of former French citizens who have obtained naturalization in the United States. 'However,' the United States goes on to say, 'in the absence of a treaty of naturalization between the United States and France defining the status of such persons, the State Department cannot give such former French citizens any assurance that they will not be molested on their return to France unless they meet the specified requirements of the French Government.'

There is no naturalization treaty between the United States and Russia; in fact, Secretary Hughes declares that no treaty of any kind is possible with that country so long as it sends to us propagandists whose avowed object is the overthrow of the American form of government; and yet we continue to naturalize Russians. When these former Russian subjects vote in our elections and take part in our government do they do so as American citizens or as Russians subject to recall?

No naturalization treaty exists between the United States and the present Government of Germany. Under the Treaty of Versailles, 'Germany undertakes to recognize any new nationality which has been or may be acquired by her nationals . . . and to regard such persons as having severed their allegiance to their country of origin,' but Germany is protesting vigorously against the Treaty and the United States was not one of the signatory Powers. What, therefore, is the

international status of a German immigrant naturalized since the war? This becomes a live question, since the new immigration-law increases many times the German quota as prescribed by the last law. Will the process of naturalization turn all the Germans of the new quota into loyal Americans or will they retain a German allegiance which will call them to military service, perhaps against the nation to which they will have sworn a new allegiance?

II

It is apparently true that American citizens of Italian, Greek, Rumanian, Polish, Dutch, Swiss, French, Russian, and German origin may refuse to heed a call to service from their native countries and that none of these countries will hold the United States Government responsible for such refusal, but it is very certainly true that should any such citizens return to the country of their birth they will be subject to forced military service or punishment for desertion and the United States will not be able to make a protest. In all the notices to citizens of foreign birth returning to the country of their nativity, the State Department tacitly admits that the American Government is powerless to protect such citizens from service or punishment in the countries they have renounced in accordance with American law. That is to say, a naturalized citizen born in a country with which we have no naturalization treaty is not a citizen. Immigrants from those countries must be well aware that their oaths of renunciation are meaningless; that they are still subject to call from the countries they have gone through the form of renouncing; and the judges who administer the oaths know, or should know, that they are taking part in an international farce.

Why do we then as a nation insist that immigrants accept a citizenship which cannot protect them? Why do we coerce them to be naturalized? For coerce them we do!

In my own city, for example, and in every other city with which I am familiar, no unnaturalized citizen may have any municipal job. Until he becomes naturalized he may not even be a street-sweeper or a garbage-collector, occupations for which the demand is always greater than the supply. That is coercion.

Large employers of labor in Pennsylvania, and I am credibly informed in other states as well, specify in their advertisements for workmen that no unnaturalized citizens need apply. That is coercion.

An unnaturalized citizen in Pennsylvania may not keep a dog. That is coercion. The town of Chester, Pennsylvania, has adopted a slogan: 'No aliens in Chester after 1926,' meaning not that no aliens will be admitted to Chester after that date, but that all will have become naturalized. That is coercion. When the new immigration-bill was under discussion in Congress, it was proposed that the quota from each country be based upon the number of immigrants from that country who had become naturalized. Had that proposition been incorporated in the bill, it would have been coercion of the strongest kind, for in order to have the quota from his own country increased every alien would have hastened to the naturalization court whether he really desired to become an American citizen or not. This insistence that aliens of every grade of intelligence become voting citizens as soon as possible, regardless of the fact that a dual allegiance will be thrust upon large numbers of them, is due to a public sentiment engendered and fostered by three classes in our national community.

First, the sentimentalists who believe that ignorant aliens, after five years spent in America in a colony of their own countrymen and picking up a few words of broken English, become by the mere process of taking out their papers intelligent and loyal citizens with an intuitive knowledge of our multitudinous and complicated laws, of which we ourselves know little or nothing.

Second, the large employers of labor who, since they advertise that they want naturalized citizens only, must prefer them either because such employees are less disposed to move on should the job be not to their liking or because they have votes which may be utilized. The Pittsburgh Survey, published some years ago, gave some interesting details of the methods used by steel and iron corporations to make the votes of their foreign-born employees serve their own interests.

Third, the politicians who want ignorant and cheap voters.

A lawyer who has had much to do with the prosecution of electoral frauds in my own city tells me that in every political campaign the unnaturalized citizens are rounded up, rushed through the naturalization courts, and taken in droves to the polls, where they vote as they are bidden. During one municipal campaign, an Italian woman came to the office of the Woman's League for Good Government, of which I was a member, and said amid sobs: 'No vota — no vota.' An interpreter was found and the woman explained that her husband had just been told by his boss that he would have to be naturalized and vote as directed or lose his job. He did not want to lose his job, but neither did he want to become an American citizen. He wanted to remain an Italian and eventually go back to his own country. The Good Government League saved him from instant

naturalization, and I have reason to believe that the publicity given to the case saved him his job.

The New York papers are responsible for the statement that before the last municipal campaign in that city such throngs of aliens were taken to get their papers that the naturalization courts were swamped and every court in the city had to postpone its own cases and go to their relief. With all the courts working together it was possible to make aliens into citizens at the rate of fifteen a minute.

A Polish miner in the coal fields of Pennsylvania once asked his boss to write a letter for him to his brother in the old country. 'Tell him,' said this naturalized American citizen, 'to come over here. Wages are good and every year there comes along a thing called a vote and you can always get two dollars for it.'

Two dollars is a fair average price for an ignorant vote. In my own ward, as I have been told by a ward worker in whom I have confidence, the price varies from one to five dollars according to the strength of the independent party.

In addition to the sentimentalists, the large employers of labor, and the politicians, there are many thoughtful men and women who favor prompt naturalization because, as they say, large groups of aliens, living together outside of our national life with no interest in the affairs of city or state, become a menace to the community. These must be reminded that aliens from countries with which we have no naturalization treaties cannot become real citizens. Having a dual allegiance, with the one to their native country holding precedence, it is they who constitute the menace we should beware of. They live in racial groups, maintain their own schools, read newspapers in their own language, cherish their racial

traditions, and vote racially in our elections.

In view of the number and strength of such groups throughout the country, it has been seriously proposed that each of the races domiciled in the United States shall elect its own representatives and that our American Congress shall be composed of naturalized Poles, Italians, Greeks, Germans, Irish, and whatever other races may be numerically strong enough to demand national recognition.

Cheap politicians already make appeals to German-Americans, Irish-Americans, Polish-Americans, and other hyphenated groups, thus recognizing and stimulating race consciousness. It would be idle to deny that some of these hyphenated groups have their representatives in Congress, and it is quite possible that the nations with which we have no naturalization treaties make no protest against our claims to their subjects because of the influence they can exert in Congress upon our foreign policies.

William Hohenzollern once said: 'I have 2,000,000 Germans in America who do my bidding in every election,' and though that was the foolish boast of an ill-balanced mind, we cannot offer the same explanation when deputies in the Italian parliament speak of 'our colonies in America.'

III

The head worker in a long-established college settlement in one of our largest cities tells me that in her youthful and optimistic days she held to the opinion that this country could absorb and assimilate immigrants from every country and in any number, but that her experience in late years has taught her the folly of that opinion.

'Widely different races,' she says, 'have come to us in such throngs, and

live so closely among themselves, that they retain all their racial intolerances. Men and women of different races will no longer meet peaceably in our settlement house. At one time we must entertain the Italians, at another the Greeks, at another the Russians, Poles, or Irish as the case may be. Each race is jealous of the other; each believes that the privileges of the settlement and of the country at large are for it alone. They unite on but one point — their enmity to the Negro.'

A member of one racial group living in Boston had lately a difficulty with a member of another group, and was arrested for disturbance of the peace. She was highly indignant and exclaimed to the police officer: 'We could get on all right in this country if it was n't for you Americans!'

The American melting-pot, if there ever was one, has become a saturated solution full of insoluble lumps. Quite recently I had a heart-to-heart talk with a representative of one insoluble lump, a Polish lump. Little Poland in my city covers an area of many squares. Its people have their own schools, conduct their church services in their own tongue, and live quite apart from American thought and American happenings. 'Do your people begin to feel that they are citizens of the United States, and are becoming real Americans?' I asked. 'No,' he answered frankly. 'Poles we are and Poles this generation will remain. You cannot Americanize the first generation of immigrants. They cannot forget their traditions nor change their language.' 'But you are naturalized and vote in our elections,' I reminded him. 'Yes,' he said, 'but we did not seek naturalization. It was thrust upon us. Can you not realize,' he added earnestly, 'what a mistake you make in insisting that masses of people who do not understand your laws and institutions and have no

real desire to understand them shall become voting citizens?' 'But think,' I returned, 'of the many colonies of different races that exist within the limits of this city. You know only your own Little Poland, but there is also a Little Italy, a Little Russia, and a Little Bohemia. What are we to do with these groups of alien peoples if they take no more interest in our American life than your Poles?'

'I see your problem,' he answered thoughtfully. 'I have had in my mind only my own people, but I still think that by insisting that all these different races shall be naturalized and become voters you are making them a still greater problem. I repeat, you cannot make Americans of the first generation, and to think that you can is your greatest national blunder. You will doubtless get the children, but the first generation will remain alien.'

The head worker before quoted thinks my Polish friend unduly optimistic. She believes we cannot get the children.

'The first generation remains alien,' she says out of her long experience. 'The second generation has no country. The boys grow up lawless, despising their ignorant parents and, from too near acquaintance with police courts, contemptuous of all government. They call themselves Americans; they have learned to salute the flag and sing the Star-Spangled Banner; but they have no more conception, if as much, of what America really stands for than their parents have. From this class comes the majority of our youthful bandits and desperadoes. The third generation, through the agency of the public schools, may produce good citizens, but much depends upon the intelligence of the grandparent and the environment of the grandson.'

Yet these conclusions forced upon this experienced settlement-worker are

optimistic compared with those of present-day ethnologists, who are telling us that widely different races never do assimilate and that a man is no more an American because he was born in the United States than he would be a Chinese had he been born in China or a Japanese had he first seen the light in Kyoto or Tokyo. There is no American melting-pot, say these students of racial characteristics, neither is America a nation in the making. It was made when the Constitution was adopted.

The question of assimilation, however, has no connection with my present inquiry, which has to do only with the status of naturalized citizens and the effect upon the country of voters who through lack of naturalization treaties are really subject to foreign Powers. Such citizens, living in racial groups and voting racially, as they will do increasingly as their groups increase in number and influence, offer a passive resistance to what we call Americanization, and consciously or unconsciously de-Americanize the communities in which they live and vote. The effect of this de-Americanization is already visible in our public schools. The history of the United States as taught in our schools must no longer be a statement of facts, for simple historical facts refracted through racial prejudices become distorted. A racial group in my own city, for instance, has protested against the inclusion in our school histories of a letter written by Washington in which he speaks of his affection for England and his regret at the approaching war. There is no question of the authenticity of the letter. It must be omitted from school histories because, as refracted through racial spectacles, it shows a regard for England which this special group calls dangerously un-American. Another group sees by racial refraction that the

influence of the early Italian discoverers upon our colonial history is not sufficiently emphasized. Still another sees that it was German thinkers and German thought that inspired the Declaration of Independence and made possible the Constitution, and insists that these refracted statements must be more clearly brought out in the histories studied in the schools.

I have a copy of a manifesto issued by one militant group which asks indignantly if 'red-blooded Americans' will stand idly by and permit their children to be taught that Washington, Adams, and Jefferson were English and that the English Bill of Rights was the inspiration of the Declaration of Independence. The same manifesto mentions several histories that red-blooded Americans will never tolerate in their schools, and with these it includes Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America, which, for the vigor of its style, the purity of its English, and the nobility of its sentiments, has been for years an entrance requirement in our colleges and universities.

We were all amused when Mayor Hylan of New York, who, as I understand, claims to be Irish by descent and sympathies, appointed a committee whose chairman was David Hirshfeldt, an Austrian, to summon before it the historians of the United States and demand of them why they persist in emphasizing the influence of English law and the English language upon the American nation during its formative period. We were still more amused when the historians failed to answer the summons, but perhaps we were not wise to find only entertainment in Mayor Hylan's committee. The time seems not far distant when American history as taught in a given public school will be merely a reflex of the prejudices of the racial group that polls the largest vote in that school district. I have

read an elaborate argument which aims to prove that Washington was of German descent. In certain school districts, therefore, it may easily be that the school histories will in time record him as a German. In another district he and Adams and Jefferson may be of Italian ancestry, in another they may be the descendants of Irish kings. They may even become Russians, a possibility not so remote as it would appear, since I have myself heard a Russian, naturalized in this country, speak of her ancestors and mean, not her progenitors on the borders of the Black Sea, but the Pilgrims who landed from the *Mayflower*.

IV

Another effect of the de-Americanizing process at work in this country is visible in our changing form of government. We were a representative democracy; we are becoming a pure democracy. The Fathers knew and feared the effect of sudden popular impulses, and they interposed legislatures between the people and the senate, and the electoral college between any momentary national delirium and the presidency. We have removed the barrier of the legislatures; senators are elected by popular vote; and who can say that the doubts of the Fathers have not been justified?

It is safe to say that one half of our voters have never heard of the electoral college. Its functions have been rendered useless by conventions which may soon disappear before a presidential primary. The authority of the Supreme Court has been questioned and a Constitutional amendment may in time permit its decisions to be reversed by Congress.

The aspirations of the men of 1776 were satisfied with the assurance of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It was left to later generations to discover that happiness can be pursued only through the ballot box. Suffrage was limited when the Constitution was adopted. There was apparently no thought that to cast a ballot which he could neither read nor understand was the inalienable right of every ignorant American, nor one to be thrust upon naturalized citizens having a dual allegiance. It is surely not the descendants of the men who made the nation, who inherit a love of constitutional government as they inherit their language and their literature, whom we can hold responsible for these radical changes. As the popular current bears us swiftly to pure democracy, and thence to ports unknown, our pilots are citizens, or immediate descendants of citizens, of countries where government has meant either despotism or revolution. Despotism these citizens left behind them when they crossed the ocean; therefore, they think, they have come to revolution. If the United States has a settled form of government, it must be changed or overthrown.

An inevitable result is the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan is the prejudiced, race-conscious American opposing himself to the prejudiced, race-conscious alien. However much we may deplore the Klan's methods or condemn its intolerance, it is a symptom and not the disease. To get rid of the symptom we must cure the disease. A radical restriction of immigration is the first part of the curative prescription, but the restoration of the body politic to health requires, in addition, the drastic remedy of a greatly restricted naturalization. No immigrant from a country with which we have no naturalization treaty should be permitted to become a voting citizen, and every immigrant from any country should be required to show wherein he has been of actual

service to this country before being granted the boon of citizenship.

No other country coerces alien residents to become citizens. Thousands of Americans spend their lives in England, France, Italy, China, Japan, and no attempt is made to divert their allegiance from the United States. A man who desires to be a British subject must show very good and sufficient reasons for his desire to renounce his native country; but once naturalized he becomes in his rights and privileges the equal of a native-born Englishman. The country he renounced has no further claim upon him and any threat that such a claim will be made is speedily withdrawn under the menacing growl of the British lion.

But even in the confusion created by our naturalization laws and policy, there exists a legal way to check the influence of alien racial groups. The Constitution as amended declares that the right to vote shall not be abridged by race, color, previous condition of servitude, or sex, but it does not intimate that it may not be abridged by ignorance. Several states require that voters shall be able to read and write some language, but it was left for New York State to adopt a constitutional amendment which withholds the franchise from any citizen, native-born or

naturalized, who cannot read and write English understandingly. The State Supreme Court has upheld this amendment, and authorized the State Board of Education to define what is meant by the phrase 'read and write English understandingly.' The decision of that Board is that to read and write English understandingly a voter must have a knowledge of English equivalent to that demanded in the sixth grade of the state public schools.

It is possibly true that a man who can neither read nor write may be a better citizen than one who knows and speaks the English language in its purity, but a man of the most truly patriotic intentions who cannot read and mark his own ballot, and must depend upon assistance, never can really know for whom or what he has voted. He is forced to depend upon the honor of the watcher at the polls who gives the assistance. By requiring an educational qualification for the franchise and making it binding in New York City, where it has been possible to naturalize aliens fifteen to the minute, and where every native or foreign-born citizen, however ignorant, has been able to leave his impress on the government, New York State has blazed a trail toward a safer and saner America.

LEAVES FROM A SECRET JOURNAL

BY JANE STEGER

[THESE scattered notes have been taken for the most part from a secret diary, originally started for the writer's own most private information, and kept intermittently over a period of many years. The notes were usually dashed down in haste and rarely reread; for which reason, in transcribing them now, the wording has frequently been changed, and the idea elaborated in the light of further meditation. Some notes have been added which belong to a later date. Occasionally the idea, or small experience, was made into verse and in a few instances these verses have been appended.

Whether or not such intimate records should ever be made public is always a question. It seems to the present writer, however, that we are all imprisoned spirits, journeying through this obscure world of matter, the great adventure of life being the freeing of the spirit and the making of it triumphant over its environment. Few of us are capable of 'the flight of the alone to the Alone'; therefore it seems well occasionally to pool our hidden experiences, sharing with one another — all fellow prisoners — whatever reflections or small adventures of the inner life have served a little to release our own captive selves. For which reason these notes are now offered, with apologies for their extremely personal character as well as for their inadequacy, and with a keen realization that others have traveled along these lines further and much more surely than has the author.—J. S.]

WHEN we are babies the body is the wonderful developing thing which claims all our attention; later we become aware of our mental faculties, and then of the spiritual. My body and mind seem to me now to have reached maturity, but for my third self, my spirit, I pray an ever-increasing growth; so great, indeed, that finally the little body and brain will no longer be able to contain it, and, casting aside this matrix, it will spread its wings for its next adventure of life. As that is now the growing part of me, I desire in all sincerity to note here occasionally what thoughts, books, people, and experiences have a share in its development. Frequently new ideas come to me, new experiences with people,

fresh and lovely aspects of nature, all of which stir the wings of the spirit. They are so vivid at the moment that they seem to me to have entered into my being never to be lost again. And yet they *are* lost. Time and change and other bits of life overlay them, and the bright intensity of their first revelation is gone. For which reason I wish to make little records of them for my own future remembrance and encouragement.

And yet is it possible, I wonder, to make a record of the spirit? Must not its growth always be so secret, so silent, that one is not aware of it, or, if one is, may not the very awareness hinder its growth? I do not know; but for my own curiosity I mean to

make the attempt, and to write here from time to time what little experiences upon the way have seemed to develop that hidden entity within that I call my soul. O Mystery within! Child of the unknown, of God, and of a larger life, help me with His assistance to keep a sanctuary of utter purity deep in myself, where shall be stored all the poetry, goodness, love, and imagination which life may bring! A deep withdrawing-place, where God may sometimes let me go for rest and refreshment. I say 'where God may let me go,' for we do not seem to be able to find the way even into our own souls without His guidance. What Matthew Arnold says is true, I know.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.

Often for days and weeks the doors of the spirit have been tight shut against me. I have lost the way. I cannot find the sacred citadel. I open door after door, and all the chambers are empty and desolate. Then suddenly, gloriously, pursuing some pathway of meditation, or in reading, I come upon some unexpected turn of thought, the way is opened, and there — there once more is the hidden treasure! A golden flood of love and sunshine, pouring itself out for me to bathe my starved, lonely, and frightened self in once more. Within is a soft, almost tangible, radiance. I seem to be walking in a stream of sunlight, and my footsteps move to the rhythm of blank verse. I am so sure of God, of love, and of the spirit, that the thought that I had ever lost the feeling is almost laughable.

And yet — and yet, I know the dreary groping stretches will come again. I know they will; but oh, think of the dancing Heaven-sent days, when

the doors are wide open, and life is one golden stream of love! This book is to fortify me with the remembrances of the golden days when the gray ones come.

Behold, the women stitched upon their tapestry, and some wrought with threads of a bright hue, and some with those that were sombre, but in the end, when the whole was finished, it presented a picture of life that was more glad than grave.

I started this tapestry of thought in April, and now it is December, and I have not set one stitch in it since April. To-day, however, I take it up again in a moment of crisis, for I seem to have come to a turning-point in my life. A few days ago the doctor told me certain things which made it clear that I am faced by serious physical incapacity. Not death, but the grave impairment of certain faculties which will handicap me very badly in the game of life. Of course the worst may not happen. Sometimes in the pain and general discomfort that I suffer I almost wish it might.

Well, then, since my own house of life has got so badly out of repair in these various ways, it seems to me that the wise thing to do is to get out of it as much as possible, and visit in other people's houses. In other words, since a person as incapacitated as I shall probably be cannot expect much out of life for herself, the more she can go out into other people's lives the more she will be getting out of existence. If God will help me I may cease being too much concerned over my own forlornities, and venture forth to partake of other people's hopes and fears. I shall be making a series of exciting visits through life. It is a gift to be able to get real pleasure out of other people's happiness. Sometimes I have been able to do it, and since I have done

it a few times it stands to reason that I may cultivate the turn into a real talent. I do love people, and have imagination, and with these two gifts as passports, in spite of my handicaps, people ought to be willing to let me step out of my own dilapidated abode, and sit down occasionally by the fireside of their experiences.

Love will do a great deal. What an amazing thing it is! I could write about it all day, and never plumb its depths. Sometimes it seems to me really tangible — I seem to feel it like warmth and sunshine. Once I was thrown for a short time with three people who were friends. I do not think that any of them were 'in love' with one another; it was not passion at all, just a steady affection that had lasted for many years. Sometimes when I sat with them I seemed to be conscious of that feeling of warmth, a geniality that was almost tangible, flowing forth from their affectionate companionship. It had nothing to do with me. None of them cared for me beyond a mild friendliness. It was the atmosphere of their long-standing attachment to one another. I feel sure they were not conscious themselves of this delightful warm stream that their friendship gave off, but I was, and I liked it.

Well, then, love is a wonderful thing, and it is mine in common with the rest of mankind. More and more, always with God's help, I trust it may come to fill my whole being. Indeed I do not know but what my life may prove more exciting than it has ever been before!

But the getting out of one's self is the great thing, the real adventure. We do it so rarely. We are all caught so fast in the prison of our own thoughts and emotions.

I sit in the centre of myself
And weave busy thoughts,
Like a black spider making her web.
I am so intent on my own spinning

I can see nothing but the whirling of my own mind.

If I could stop a moment and be still,
I might take note of the gleaming dewdrops
God hangs all over the gossamer of thought,
His tremendous periods;
I might see also the tapestry of other spiders
Lying in gauzy freshness
Everywhere on the grass of imagination.
If I could get straight away
From the centre of my own weaving
And kneel down,
I might, indeed, perceive God Himself.
But the little shuttles of thought
Fly so fast, so fast,
I am deafened by their whir,
Entangled in my own web,
And choked by the ephemera of self.

Again I have let a long time pass without making any further entries here. I suppose I have done so because of laziness. It certainly has not been for lack of spiritual adventure. It seems to me that these last difficult years have done more to stretch my soul than all the years of my life before. Added to my incurable and slowly increasing handicaps, attacks of neurasthenia have broken in constantly to add the severity of their education to the rest. Altogether I have been led — a devil's dance, I started to say, but I will not, for I have a deep conviction that this journey of mine in affliction has done more to educate my spirit than any amount of travel abroad would have done. I feel sure that nothing but such severe suffering could ever have shelled me so out of my small smug self. Other experiences *might* have done it, but at any rate they did not.

One of the things — the best, I think — that suffering has brought me is a much keener perception of beauty than I ever had before. How amazing it is that poignant suffering should burst through so often into poignant beauty! Certainly because of what I have gone through the world appears infinitely more lovely to me than it ever did

before. More beautiful in all its aspects, but especially in its little everyday experiences. This sense of the great importance, the miraculous beauty of the simplest things of life, is like home-coming, like casting anchor in a safe harbor after a most terrifying passage.

Sometimes after acute suffering, when I have begun once more to creep back into normal life, taking hold of it again rather tentatively, fearful that some fresh twist of nerves may once more invite me into Hell, but with that keyed-up insight — almost inspiration — that such times occasionally bring, I have seen all life in a glory, and especially the little everyday, most simple, most human facts of existence have shone with an indescribable warm delight — a delight that I never experienced in them before. There are advantages in going to Hell, not for what is there, but for the wonder that you find at home when you are permitted to return.

These occasional little insights into the miracle of the simplest, most everyday life should knock out all the sordid, trivial, and altogether deplorable rivalries. After adversity one catches a glimpse of something bigger near at hand, which all may have, and which is infinitely more desirable.

Whether God sends suffering or not, I do not know. I only know that out of mine has come a larger perception of life, and at times a sense almost of intimacy with Him which I never knew before, and for which my whole being flows out in gratitude.

He came to-day when I was half awake,
And I, knowing that He at last was there,
Made anxious haste within, for friendship's sake,
To bring the ones I love straight to His care —
O wretched one! So wantonly to break
That waiting lovely stillness with a prayer!
Deeply I know for all it had been best
Just to be still, and in His presence rest.

After I had come to experience some of the gifts of enlightenment that adversity brought, I began to accept it, and to look for some little further revelation out of each experience. For which reason I was not so anxious to run away from it, but became more willing to stand up and take what was coming. Acceptance is a great thing. Not resignation — that seems to me supine and wicked. But acceptance is healthy.

All night the cup's dark agony was pressed
Hard to my lips. I cried with panting breast,
'So often — Ah, so bitter often! — I
Have drunk the flagon set for me,
Only once more to see
It foaming high
With dreadful wine!
May it not ever pass me by,
Dear God, this cup of Thine?'

All night —
And still the waiting darkness held the cup —
And then — at last! The light!
And at the dawn with all the world asleep,
A voice commanded, 'Up,
My child, raise high the glass,
Drink deep —
'T is only thus the cup may ever pass.'

With straight white arms against a stricken
cloud
I held the cup aloft for God to see —
Drew breath, and cried the toast aloud —
'Acceptance, Life, Humanity!'

The dawn went vivid with a shout of red.
I thought the world raised high, high over-
head,
A million bitter cups and drank with me
'Acceptance, Life, Humanity!'

I wonder what beauty is. I have been seeing lovely things all my life, but they never moved me, never presented themselves so poignantly as they have done since I entered into adversity. Now beauty appears as something more than itself. It seems to me a gateway into God. The thrilling, moving, tremendous thing about it is not the especial aspect under which it appears, not the tree, the flower, the

bird note at dusk, but the occasional sense of otherwhereness, of something more, a marvelous Something — complete ecstasy — that the beauty half reveals. How may one put down in cold words what that Something is? O utter Love! I cannot, but I know! It is this overpowering Something, hidden in the mists of beauty, that moves one so exquisitely, tears the heart out, almost terrifies at times by its nearness — 'O Ecstasy behind the grass, come softly when thou comest nigh!'

Do artists know this, I wonder, or do they just stop short in the beauty itself, never pushing through to what is beyond, never realizing that the gate of beauty may open upon the most lovely friendship that the universe has to offer.

I saw a little black shadow that stretched itself beneath a thorn-bush on a hillside and, looking at it, for a moment I glimpsed the wonder of creation. O utter Love, Who hast made shadows to lie at the feet of little round green thorn-bushes, and all the ecstasy of life, take my whole being, and make out of it whatsoever Thou desirest!

How may I prison faith in creeds
That others patter glibly through?
My skeptic mind, aloof, restrained,
Questions each phrase if it be true —
But all day long in secret joy
My heart flows out in song to You!

How these little glimpses of the other side of beauty should set one free of the hectic snatch and scramble of life! If one kept the vision and lived it, one might find on the veriest dump-heaps of life happiness enough to overflow one's whole existence.

I like country churches, where He comes up to the very doors in grass and trees and sky, and then one enters and finds Him within, distilled by the walls of the little sanctuary into the most

intimate of friends. Walls are strange things anyway. Built stoutly enough so that they last a long time, they enclose within themselves an atmosphere which takes on a dim personality. One is often conscious of this in old places, in old churches. Not long since I read somewhere a statement by a clergyman to the effect that it was easy to pray in old churches where long usage had made for the sanctuary an unseen garment of the spirit: it was very hard on the other hand to pray in young churches. He had found it especially hard during the war to hold services in the hastily erected Y.M.C.A. huts. This seems to me perfectly understandable. I think the essence of the spirit is present everywhere; one walls it up in a house, a church, or even in a garden, and it precipitates itself into the desired thing for which the walls were built. A house becomes a home, a church a sanctuary, and after many years the place takes on that feeling of atmosphere, almost of a dim Presence. It is not quite personality; it is more an unseen storehouse, filled, in the churches, with prayer and aspiration and the holy response of the spirit, and in the houses made up of all the human experiences of those who have dwelt therein. Often in old places it seems to me that if one rubbed the air hard enough one might make a thin spot through which all the past happenings of that place might come rushing in.

But think of the marvel of the everlasting Spirit pouring itself into every manifestation! Think for a moment of the endlessness of the vehicles, and one brushes the hem of ecstasy and of awe — almost of terror! There He is in the clover and wild carrots outside the church, and there He is inside in the preacher and the people! Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost — and the clover and

grass, the trees and sky, His temple also! Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

The preacher cried from the pulpit, and called on the folk to be good,
Nor knew that God was out in the sunshine, in lake, and meadow, and wood.
The preacher cried from the pulpit, and told the gospel news,
Nor knew that God dressed up in people looked at him from the pews.
Nor did the good man gather that God spoke with his tongue,
And sang with the voice of every singer, when all the hymns were sung.

But He is more, much more. He is in everything, present everywhere, but He is above everything, and more than we can ever be or ever grasp. I wish the Eastern thought, much of which I like so much, did not so often go over into what appears to be pure pantheism. It and I part company there. The little spark of individuality that is myself digs in against all such thought. I may be a tiny split-off from God, but He is supremely more than I am, and everlasting will be. And, moreover, I never wish to be reabsorbed into Him so completely that I lose the capacity for loving Him. A good many people seem to think — and also appear to wish — that at death their identity will be entirely lost in the Infinite. This idea seems to me somewhat of an intellectual sentimentalism, an assumed pose, because they think for some reason that to wish to lose the personality is more strong-minded than to desire to keep it. Whether it is or not, I do not know; but even if it were more strong-minded that would not make it any more true than the belief in the survival of the personality. There are as many intellectual sentimentalities as there are emotional ones, but when they are offered by the head rather than the heart we are not so quick to recog-

nize their affectation. Perhaps the people who wish to be absorbed into the Infinite are the ones who have merely speculated about God, and have never really known a living belief in Him.

Sometimes when one wakes in the night He is there. There is nothing extraordinary about it, nothing unnatural or emotional, only a feeling of complete happiness. One may tell Him everything, offering one's whole life in gratitude, and trying with affectionate thought to bring one's friends into the companionship. Doing so, one drifts off to sleep and, awaking again much later, finds that the Presence is still there. At the time there is nothing strange about it; it is only when the nearness is withdrawn that it seems astonishing that it could ever have been. Often this happens just as one awakes in the morning also, only then it is more fleeting. Probably it comes more easily at such times because then one is relaxed, and the mental and physical faculties are in abeyance; the spirit is not caught so fast in the flesh, and is therefore more alert.

At such times one may speak to Him of things so unhappy that one has never confessed them to any human being, hardly even acknowledged them to one's self, feeling that He understands all the sorrows, all the anguish of the sins and failures.

I had a grief so dark, so sore,
I had not dared to let my thought
So much as touch it heretofore.
I was so proud, so terrified,
I strove to think it was not there —
But *You* were waiting at my side,
And in a broken grief to-day
I faced its sin, I dragged it forth
From out the dreadful place it lay.
I took its truth, a poignant dart
Of utter failure, grief, and pain,
And stabbed, and stabbed it through my heart,
And there confessed, I let it lie —

O healing Love, I never could
If You had not been standing nigh!
You gave no sign that I could see,
But now I can be brave again
Since You have looked at it with me.

The puppy was blind when he came into the world. His nose meant everything to him. He was always sniffing, and sniffing, and feeling. Perhaps he heard a little also, but his sense of smell was his great gift, the gateway by which he approached the rest of the world. This faculty brought him so much, how could he ever suspect that there was anything that could bring him more? Then at last — oh, amazement! His eyes opened, and he came into a whole world of light. O little dog, what a revelation! What a turning upside down of all your small nose-world! Did you ever dream that this universe of light was waiting for you? Yet perhaps you had to give those first few sniffing days to training your sense of smell, which all your life will stand you in such good stead. Would you ever have bothered about it had you known what other greater faculty was soon to be yours? If you had had eyes from the very first would you have troubled to educate your nose? And yet without it how could you ever have had such a rounded life?

I think we human beings are for the most part in the blind-puppy stage at present. I believe there is a whole wider world about us that as yet we have no faculty to apprehend. Some day our eyes may open to it, and we may become aware of an extension of perception as stupendous as the puppy knew when he acquired sight. Some people have already appeared to gain glimpses of this other universe impinging on all our own. Perhaps more and more of us will acquire the vision. But until we do there is no doubt a reason for its being withheld from us. As the puppy might never have learned

to use his nose if he had been born with sight, so probably if we knew too much about that other world we might not lay hold on this one as hard as we should, and if we do not lay hold fast upon it we may find that we have missed some essential training that this tight little world of now was supposed to give us.

This is, I think, a tight little world. Once when I took ether I seemed to get outside of it into a place that was immense, fluid, 'unwalled.' When I came back to consciousness, I felt I had returned to a small close place. So much so that I kept saying to the nurse, 'Well, here I am again!' I was glad to be back, and have the door tight shut. That other place was far too wide — terrifyingly wide — for my present small-world self to venture into.

How many modes of approach He has! Glancing through this diary I find these various notes, made over a long period, of the many different ways in which He came.

I knew a little crippled child,
So wistful and so wan to see.
One day, Heart's Breath! I saw You look
Straight out of her sad eyes at me!

Out in my garden the other morning I had a few hours of the purest delight, when I was poured out in affection toward every growing thing, when I felt sure He was at the back of all that mad joy of life.

I have been going through a period of spiritual dryness. A door seemed to have shut, so that I could not get it open to perceive God. Last night, however, just as I was dropping off to sleep, there came over me an aching affection and tenderness toward my mother, and in this human love there came as well a realization of His presence, that He was there in my love

for her — no, more! He actually *was* that love. It seemed, indeed, a little revelation that God is love. I have, of course, heard these words, and read them all my life, but this seemed a real experience of their truth. It was not merely that God inspired my love for her, but that He actually *was* that love. This is merely what 'the people of God' have told us all along, but last night I seemed to know its truth.

Another note made sometime later, and also during a period of loss and darkness, records much the same experience:—

I felt a kind of rage of desire to break through to Him. I wanted to cry out, to beat my head against a wall, all because I was so mad with baffled longing. I felt as though He were on one side of a wall and I on the other, and I *must* break through to Him. Nothing happened at the time, but since then I have been happier, and to-night He seemed to come to me in a larger aspect than ever. I was putting my mother to bed, and I felt an especial affection and tenderness toward her, and gladness that I could render her these little services; and for a few lovely moments I felt Him there in my love, and in the little things I could do for her. It was very beautiful — intense happiness — and I knew how He might fill every moment of one's life.

Here again is another mode of approach. Last night in reading I came across this quotation from Blake:—

If God dieth not for man, and giveth not Himself Eternally for man, man could not exist, for man is love,
As God is love. Every kindness to another is a little death
In the Divine Image.

'Every kindness to another is a little death in the Divine Image' — how mar-

velous! How infinitely beautiful! These words make my whole being stand still in a wonder of delight and worship for their wisdom. I had read them before, and then forgotten them, only remembering that there were some special words of Blake's that gave me passionate happiness. Now I shall copy them here, so that they will never escape me again. Also I set down here my ardent gratitude to William Blake for having conceived anything so marvelous with beauty and insight. When they came to him I think his whole being must have been standing on tiptoe, reaching up to a higher shelf of thought than any of us shorter people could reach for ourselves. I am infinitely grateful to him for having been able to reach this high thought, and to have handed it down to us distilled into these lovely words. I hope wherever his spirit may be some small amount of my happy thankfulness reached him. The words infected me with a wild rapture, and an utter sense of God's nearness. They made me want to run about and shout with joy. I said my prayers walking up and down in a transcendent happiness. Seen through the loophole of Blake's inspiration, God seemed so close and intimate that I could tell Him everything, asking for smaller things than I have done of late. He was so close I felt He wanted all my little and most personal desires. I told Him all the hidden things, all the difficulties and unhappinesses. I wanted this great understanding and healing love of His to pour over all the sorrowful places.

I come back and back repeatedly to the happiness in the thought that every kindness to another is a little death in the Divine Image. I like that idea better than the offering of one's suffering to God. That has its beauty too, but it may also become morbid,

too passive, introspective, and exclusive, as being just between God and one's own soul. Whereas the other is active and outgoing, and must include at least one other human being. Tagore says, 'I can never find Thee in renunciation.' That is true for me also, and I think for most of us moderns. It is in flowing forth in love and service, and in joy, playing as it were the great game of life with Him, that we come nearest to Him—not in morbid renunciation. Of course one must discipline one's self, but prayer and activity—outgoing and incoming, both in love—make the perfect, happy, and serene life. I am blocked by my handicaps from much active service, but I *must* find more ways, and not neglect those opportunities of the little deaths which do offer.

If every kindness to another is a little *death* in the Divine Image, I think also that every lifting of the heart to Him in love and gratitude, joy and mirth, every realization of the beauty of life, and all the simple happinesses of human intercourse, may be little *births* in the Divine Image. I do not want to give up life, but to fill it full of Him—an outpouring, not a withdrawing. I am sure we come nearer to Him and to the life more abundant when we are filled with overflowing, outgiving joy in all life, in nature, art, humanity, and God, than when we are crucifying the flesh. It is true that I believe in a certain amount of self-discipline and of renunciation,—and probably our present world needs more than we are willing to give,—but the little deaths in the Divine Image seem the best and most healthy way of doing it, and the most lovely means of approach to Him.

The loveliness of these words of Blake continues to prick me with fresh delight. How intoxicating words may be! They seem sometimes to open out

and disclose the heart of their meaning, almost like a flower unfolding. One may take hold of them then with the mind, brood upon them, turning them over and over, holding them near and far, almost tossing them into the air like a child playing with a ball; and treated thus they disclose layer after layer of meaning, and open deeper and deeper doors in one's mind. Because I loved these words of the little deaths, they threw me into an ecstasy of the nearness of God. Love in every form is the great liberator, setting one free of all the dragging little meanesses, and bearing one up into His presence.

I think there is another way in which He comes that we often fail to take note of, and that is in mirth and in laughter. If love is at the heart of the world, I believe that humor is there also, a quaint, whimsical, and fantastic mirth. I have this sense of hidden laughter, almost of a joke about it all at times.

This world's a ball, I know—
They taught me *that* at school!
Mayhap it is a fancy ball—
I'm dressed in truth as fool!
And all this grief and tears,
And all this drift of woe,
May be a laughter-hiding pall,
Love's checkered domino;
A magic fern-seed cloak
To woo us for a while,
Till Love shall lift the masks of all,
And we behold His smile!

We seem to think that grief is the approved offering to Him, but why not laughter as well? Sometimes I almost feel as though He

Might wistful say with waiting smile,
'Folk always give me tears,
Will you not laugh with me awhile
In these your mirthful years?'

So He comes to us in innumerable ways: in our affection for one another, in reading, in nature, in beauty in suf-

fering, and in art. I put them all down at random. Some find Him more readily in one way, some in another, for 'He comes to each in what the heart loves best.' For myself I confess he comes most easily, after the suffering had made a way for Him, in the delight of words, and in nature, especially in that intense passion amounting to ecstasy that I have for flowers. The faces of pansies, the blue of flax, fragrance of peonies, yellow cups of lemon lilies springing up on green stems — they are all intoxications to me, all gateways into something larger. Their waiting stillness is clothed in a holy mystery. Their endless patterns of beauty are chalices — Holy Grails indeed — into which the eternal spirit pours itself for an instant of fleeting loveliness. I am half afraid of them, half afraid that they may suddenly drop their petal veils, and I shall see — I shall see more than one should see in this world. They are constantly offering me this miraculous sense of *otherwhereness*, of being rooted in two worlds, here in mine, there in His. Some say that they are of Paul, and some of Apollos, but I am of the woods and fields and mountains. He has showed me larkspurs, roses, and fox-gloves for my conversion, to complete the apostolic work which the hepaticas, bloodroot, and wild columbine began when I was a little girl. For which I pour out all that I am in a passion of gratitude.

And so He comes to us in whatever moves our affection, for, as one of the old mystics has said, 'By love may He be gotten and holden, by thought never.'

It is strange how certain truths present themselves to us at times with a new and profound conviction. We know them as true for a long string of drab days, and then all at once they

appear to open and pour themselves out to us creatively.

For some reason last autumn it came to me as an amazing fact that *something* pleasant happens every day, something to make one really happy. Never a day goes by without some little gift, be it ever so simple, of real pleasure. Obviously this is true. If I had ever stopped to think of it before I should certainly have admitted it, but to admit a truth is not the same as to have it come to you all at once as fresh and astonishingly real. All the years of my life I had let this fact blow about as it were on the dust-heaps of my mind, unnoticed, and now suddenly it had risen up as a thing which was amazing. For days I was excited and keyed up over this truth which I had always known, but never taken in before. Each morning I waked with a delighted expectancy, feeling absolutely sure that in all the flotsam and jetsam of the day's tide some event would come drifting in like a golden galleon, laden with a little gift of happiness. And every day it did, and often it was not one treasure ship, but a whole lovely fleet of them sailing in. I refused to accept anything as the day's gift unless it came with a real thrill of happiness. Things which were supposed to make me happy I would not pretend with, if they failed to do so, but let them drift by with the rest of the day's wreckage, and waited for the real treasure-trove.

I was so pleased with this discovery, which of course had always been true, but which I had been too stupid to take in before, that I had to tell someone, and so spoke to E. A. about it. She was as delighted over its truth as I, realizing that it was no sentimentality, but a real fact which was always there, although we had never actually perceived it before.

Life is full of these pleasant truths

which we all really know, but which are so common that the wonder has worn off them, and so we do not take them in. I suppose we fail in this respect because we let ourselves become encased in a sort of dull hard shell of everydayness, through which it is hard for the 'gift of wonder' to penetrate. It is this wonder and amazing joy in the most common things which religious conversion sometimes brings. The spirit's uprush bursts through that hard shell, and reveals to the converted one a world which he has always known, but which now, with sharpened perception, he beholds all fresh with loveliness.

But I was stupid—I let my shell harden up again, and all winter I forgot the little truth that had come to me in the autumn with such unexpected gladness. A few days ago, however, it came back to me. I counted up, and found that eight delightful things had happened in that one day. Eight little events that had made me very happy. Yesterday was rather poverty-stricken. Only one thing could be counted in the unexpectedly happy class. That was just a few minutes of unusually pleasant conversation with an acquaintance. It took place in a crowd, and was only a snatch of talk; nevertheless, just for those moments I felt more in touch with that friend than I have ever done before. We talked about poetry, and then, just as we were separating, something I said made him laugh—*really* laugh, not just make a polite chatter with his teeth.

That was all for yesterday, not very much, but to-day was better—and I had hoped so little from it too! I had had a bad night, worry, sleeplessness, pain,—I am in pain most of the time now,—so in the morning I was at a low ebb. Whichever way I turned the material prospects all seemed bad. Black clouds were banking up in every

direction. My own future was dark, and horrible things were happening to many of my friends; one had just died after years of agony; one had had to be placed in an insane asylum; another—but why go on? It was only to show that there was not much gayety to be hoped for from the material side of to-day. Nevertheless I knew it could not fail to present at least one gift. It did.

It has been pressed down and running over with happiness. First I got a bit of work finished and off my hands. That really pleased me, but could hardly be considered as the day's treasure. It was merely the jog-trot gratification of 'something accomplished, something done,' which might, or might not, earn me a night's repose. The real treasure must be something more than this; it must come straight home to one with a little stab of ecstasy. Also to be its 'best self,' as the ladies' magazines would say, it should be unexpected, a little extra drop of pleasure that one had not counted upon. The first real gift of to-day was the finding of an unfinished poem which I had begun several years ago and then laid aside and forgotten. This morning I came across it again quite by accident. I read it over and knew it had a real swing and vitality. I loved it, and tinkered over it for hours, 'imprisoning live words on paper.' Oh, these Heaven-sent spaces of real creativeness! One feels them all filled with sunny light. The material disasters all about are gray and heavy, but these times of inner happiness flash out beauty across them like lightning licking out of thunder clouds.

The day went on giving happiness, like a butterfly's wing showing fresh glints of color in the sunshine. In the afternoon I went to a small party, although it was an effort to do so, as I was extremely tired from not having

slept and from having worked so hard in the morning. It was fortunate I did go, however, as so many delights were there. First of all there was a great cluster of pot marigolds, all shades of orange and yellow, in an orange-pink bowl. They were there upon the piano, complete in themselves, so still, so detached and beautiful; they were in another sphere, owning themselves; in the midst of us, and yet quite away from our world of chatter. I could not keep my eyes off them; they thrilled me away. They did not care anything about me — how could they? They were so complete and finished in themselves. But I looked and looked at them, poured out in ecstasy; and every time I turned my eyes toward them I knew I was brushing the hem of something tremendous, overwhelming, something which caught the breath away. They were a 'golden bowl' into which absolute beauty had been poured for a moment, only for a moment; soon the silver cord would be loosed, the golden bowl broken — the spirit return unto God! But for the moment they were there; they were exclamation points of rapture thrust through from the other side. They made a thin place in the veil that hides the sanctuary, so that the Amazement that is just without almost came bursting through. Beauty makes these thin places very often. It is dangerous, tremendously exciting, and ravishing for this reason.

Later someone played on the piano for us, and the music brought me more than it had ever brought before. Little notes burst through every now and then, little round bright drops of sound, coming just right, just at the moment I wanted them, breaking through bright and whole out of all the mosaic of the other notes. Listening to the music and looking at the marigolds — those exclamation points from the other side — cleared my mind so that I

got a fresh understanding of a piece of work I have been mulling over for some time. The remembrance of the verses I had found in the morning was a delight, and all the time lovely word-combinations came blowing through my thoughts and strung themselves into sentences, dressing up ideas.

I was extraordinarily happy. S. J. came and sat beside me, slipping her arm through mine. She is ill, and had asked me to pray for her. I hope some of the intense joy that was mine spilled over to her. L. N. was on the other side of me. We had had a little talk together about religion that I had liked. We nearly always do. We laugh a great deal together over surface things which amuse us, and underneath we care about the same things too, so we touch in mirth and at spiritual points as well. She said some laughing thing to our hostess, looking so whimsical and gay and quaint that I had to reach out and touch her too. Afterward E. A. came up, and we spoke about the marigolds. She said they came right out of the heart of creation, so I felt she had seen them as I did. It is a miracle of happiness to touch friends like this at all these various points. Wherever I looked with my eyes or my imagination there was a friend to meet the glance or the thought. They too, like the marigolds, are gateways, faërie easements, opening upon a larger life. Even the little game of afternoon tea may be played with the Great Wonder just back of it. Nothing is common or unclean when one catches a glimpse of the veiled Presence.

E. A. and I walked home together afterward. I loved being with her, and was so sorry for the hard time she is having. The sharp spring air was a delight. I felt wonderfully alive and creative. I feel as though such ecstasy is like an unseen current of electricity; it might be turned to all sorts of uses.

It seems to me it might be the medium for some great art, as harmony is for music and color for painting. I suppose it is the motive power in most creative work, but perhaps it is more—perhaps the Great Artist does fashion some new thing out of such intense happiness.

Nay, utter Ecstasy! Thine is the gift
Out of my leaping joy beauty to lift!
Jubilant Artist! Creator supreme,
Weave from my worship a life-giving theme:
See, I surrender my love to Thy skill,
Make from my homage new light on the hill,
Out of my rapture a rainbow distill—
Lo, all my gladness to Thee overflows,
Draw from my heart but the breath of one rose!

Again I have bad news from the doctor. A small hope I had been holding fast to has apparently very little foundation. More and more I am being slowly shut in on myself. Natural human intercourse is getting very difficult, and one consolation after another is being withdrawn. It is even getting to be a question how much longer I shall be able to continue my work. It grows increasingly hard; soon it may be impossible, or at least it may require such a severe readjustment that I do not know whether I shall be capable of it or not. At first my difficulties drove me out of myself, now they are driving me back into myself. Fortunately, however, I have a great belief in the possibilities and excitements of the interior life, in meditation, contemplation, and prayer. Undoubtedly they are pathways which may lead to Him. The inner life may be as full of adventure, explorations, hopes and fears, and 'perilous seas,' as the outer life; much more so indeed than the average jog-trot existence. There

is a wide other world within, deep harbors of thought, marvelous seas of contemplation, waiting to be explored. It is well that someone should explore it in this cheap and surface age, when most people are running over the ground as fast as they can in motors, listening over radios, and rarely taking time to think out anything for themselves. If the active life is to be barred to me, I can still face the contemplative one with courage and even enthusiasm, knowing that it holds many mysteries, many adventures. I do not doubt that there will be plenty of suffering about it. Some of it has come already, and much more will follow, but since many precious gifts have come to me out of suffering I need not be too overwhelmed now by the thought of more. It must perforce be lonely, but if it leads to Him the loneliness will vanish.

O creeping doom of slow decay!
Captive I wait this dread design,
Prisoned in life, walled up in clay,
An Ariel in a cloven pine.

And yet, and yet, though it grow still,
And dark the track that I must take,
I know the adventurer's hardy thrill
When unknown reefs before him break;
And courage, leaping with a shout,
Cries on my heart fresh ports to win—
For if the world is shut without
I'll sail the hidden seas within.
I'll pioneer that waiting deep,
Where faint and far through all the gloom,
When soul and thought expectant keep,
One hears mysterious torrents boom.

New seas of hope my ship shall ride,
Breasting the heart's adventurous flow;
White foaming wave, and wonders wide,
Beckon to sail, set sail! And so
Bear on! Bear on! O darkling tide!
Some gift awaits, I know! I know!

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE IN ELEVEN MONTHS

BY F. S. BROUN

I

TO-DAY I could go back to the old rock on that Michigan farm where the notion of going to college first came to me. It was in early September and I was doing the fall ploughing. The ploughpoint had caught on a partly buried rock. As the team stopped, remembering previous similar experiences in this rocky soil, I heard the words as distinctly and forcibly as if someone had shouted them in my ear, 'Why *don't* you go to college?' It was not a question. It was an exclamation in answer to a subconscious wish.

As I go back over my boyhood days, I can trace the factors that developed the thought or whatever it was that exploded in my brain on that warm September morning.

Some years after my father's death, when I was nine, my mother married again and we moved to my stepfather's farm. I had no brothers or sisters or playmates, and an active mind found companionship in books. I read and reread the few volumes that my mother had saved from my father's library, some that my stepfather owned, and an occasional book borrowed from the neighbors.

These covered subjects of every sort — fiction, history, anthropology, technical books, and the like; reports of the Bureau of Agriculture, *John Halifax*, Mary J. Holmes's *Tempest and Sunshine*, Nick Carter, Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Schliemann's *Troy*, *Principles of Car-*

pantry, a *History of the World* in two volumes, and other books in widely separated fields.

Among the books in my father's library was a copy of Andrews and Stoddard's *Latin Grammar*, and I spent many an hour trying to delve into the mysteries of the Latin language, but the text was too abstruse for me to get very far.

My stepfather was good to me and never kept me out of school to work on the farm. But he did not believe in farmer boys going to the town schools, and I knew that the country school marked the end of my education. Many of the books I read carried me far afield into the world outside my limited environment. I knew that education unlocked the door that shut me away from many interests, and I can yet recall vividly my sadness on the last day of the winter term of what I believed ended my school work.

I was fifteen and had gone as far as the meagre curriculum of our school permitted. One of the teachers, a graduate of a city high-school, had started me in algebra, but the 'destrict board,' not believing in educational frills, frowned on this excursion into higher learning, and my efforts in that direction proved abortive.

About this time a township library was installed in a near-by house. The books had been selected by an old gentleman, the only college man in that vicinity, who was saturated to his

fingertips with classic lore. His first selection was Grote's *History of Greece* in ten volumes. Could anything be more fitting for a rural library!

These were the first books I drew and soon I was buried in Greek mythology. Later, with the help of Pope, I took part in the Trojan Wars, cried with Hecuba over the body of Hector, wandered with Ulysses across the Mare Magnum, glорied with him in his triumphs, rejoiced when he returned to his native isle, conquered his enemies, and was reunited to his faithful Penelope. Bryant aided me to journey with Æneas, to buffet with him the storms stirred up by Neptune, and to grieve with Dido when she was basely deserted. Never have I been so thrilled by any of the six best sellers.

Another factor that had a marked influence on my life was a casual remark by a young man teaching the winter term in our school. I said to him with the sublime confidence of ignorance that I was going to quit school in the spring, since I had learned all there was to learn. 'Oh no, you have n't,' he replied, 'there are astronomy and geology and physics,' naming the natural sciences. This was a revelation to me, for I had never heard of them. So, after leaving school, I bought a complete set of Steele's 'Fourteen Weeks in the Natural Sciences,' or, as someone has said, 'Fourteen Weeks in Anyology.' Hack work though they were, they were interestingly written and the practical questions at the end of each chapter were stimulating to thought. I read them as one reads fiction, and have found few books since then that interested me so greatly as those elementary treatises. They opened to me the world of science.

In after years in public schools I have seen the same enthusiasm among pupils in the upper grades when they were introduced to the wonders of

nature through the medium of general science. Some of our dry-as-dust science (not scientific) pedagogues, in whose veins flows red ink instead of red blood, condemn general science because it is, they claim, superficial and not sufficiently technical. But they should thank, instead of condemning, those who have been responsible for the introduction of this work into the public schools, for it has led thousands into the scientific fields.

For the two years following the end of my schooldays, I read and studied and dreamed. During this time I tried English grammar, but found it entirely too prosaic for me. I soon learned, what I fear many teachers have not yet discovered, that one may study English grammar till the end of time and not learn to speak or to write correctly. I cast about for some way to improve my English and hit upon the plan of becoming the 'neighborhood news' correspondent for one of the city dailies. I thought that the editor would correct my English in the news articles and thus, by comparing the original with the printed article, I should learn how to write correctly.

At the end of the following month I received a letter from the publishers enclosing a blue slip. I could n't make out what it was and showed it to the postal clerk. He told me that it was a money order for four dollars. Had the earth yawned at my feet I could not have been more astonished. To learn English and to be paid for it was a combination beyond my wildest flights of imagination. Four dollars! Untold wealth! More money than I had ever before possessed at one time. It is needless to say that never afterward did I miss sending my weekly contribution of news. When items were lacking, often I followed what I fear has been the practice of some of my journalistic brethren — I faked some.

I am convinced, after several years of high-school and college teaching, that those two years of promiscuous reading gave me more real education than could have been gained from twice this amount of time spent in school. I read, not because a lesson had been assigned, but from love of it. My interest in the *Idylls of the King* was not killed by my being obliged to write a theme comparing Guinevere with Elaine or to give a summary of Tennyson's place in literature, lifted from an encyclopædia. My love of the sounding phrases in *Paradise Lost* was not destroyed by my being compelled to dissect and analyze those wonderful sentences. I have known few pupils to graduate from a high school with a love for good literature unless they had acquired it from their home environment and retained it in spite of their high-school training in English.

When I was a freshman in college, the extensive vocabulary that my wide reading gave me nearly got me into trouble. One day the instructor in English called me into the office and asked if the theme I had handed in was my own. I was too unsophisticated to know about the possibilities of cribbing. I was even too innocent to appreciate the compliment of her doubting if the theme was mine. I assured her that it was my own work. She replied that many of the words I used were not in a freshman's vocabulary and cited many expressions not used, she claimed, by freshmen. Subsequently, when I became acquainted with freshman vocabularies from the point of view of an instructor, I saw the force of her statement. But upon my insistence that the work was my own she let me go.

A short time after this the instructor asked our class to write in five minutes the names of all the writers we could remember. At the end of the time I had written nearly seventy and was still

going strong. To my utter surprise the next longest list was sixteen. Long afterward, when I was out of college and as a reporter was interviewing her, she recalled that incident and told me she had devised the test as a trap to see if I had such a vocabulary as my themes showed. If I had, I was a wide reader and could name many writers. This test apparently satisfied her.

II

Among the books that came into my possession while on the farm was a Wood's *Botany*. It contained a description of the flora of the northern United States, with an analytical key. This key challenged my curiosity and I learned to use it by tracing known flowers backward to the beginning of the table. In a short time I learned to recognize the orders to which unknown flowers belonged and thus to trace them very quickly. In the course of time I could call by its first name every wild flower within a radius of miles.

One Sunday afternoon, while botanizing in near-by timber, I ran across a young man who was taking the classical course at Ann Arbor. When I told him of my interest in Greek mythology he began to tell me stories from Greek literature. For more than an hour I sat at his feet, literally entranced, while he told me of those old ~~gods and~~ heroes. From that hour until my ambition was realized, the desire to read Greek literature in the original never left me. It was the prime factor in my decision to enter college.

So the months passed — work, reading, study — until the call came that glorious September morning. From that hour until I passed the entrance examinations and was admitted to the University, never a moment, sleeping or waking, was this purpose absent from my thoughts.

That same evening I wrote to the young man who had so fired my imagination, telling him what I had studied and asking what more it was necessary to know to get into college. He replied that I should write to the University for a catalogue, which would give me all the necessary information.

At this time catalogues listed the books that covered the ground for entrance requirements. As soon as possible I ordered every book mentioned in the requirements for admission to the classical course, paying for them in installments with the proceeds from my newspaper correspondence.

I knew nothing of the time required to prepare for college, but thought it could be done in a year. It looked to me as if Latin would take a longer time to complete than any of the other subjects, so I began to study it immediately. I planned to finish each of the four divisions — Beginning Latin, Cæsar, Cicero, and Vergil — in three months. At this time only four orations of Cicero and four books of Vergil were required. My studying had to be done after the day's work was over, on rainy days, and Sundays. Fortunately we did not work as many hours a day as most farmers did, which fact gave me considerable time for study after supper.

I worked ~~out~~ a daily schedule for Latin, ~~intend~~ing to put the remaining time on other subjects after finishing my daily stint of Latin. Accordingly I divided the Beginning Latin text into ninety equal parts, thinking that if I fell behind during the week I could catch up on Sundays. The text recommended, Harkness's *Easy Method*, was not difficult to understand. In fact many of the recent texts in Latin are not nearly so teachable as the old Harkness.

This text grouped the conjugations in a few pages in the middle of the

book. In my ignorance of a proper division of assignments, I gave the same number of pages to each, and all the conjugations were included in two assignments.

Never shall I forget the night I ran into them. After memorizing *amo, amas, amat*, I looked ahead and saw columns of similar words. I realized that if these were to be learned in two days I must devise some short cut. I had noticed that the present, imperfect, and future of the first conjugation were the same with the exception of the syllables *ba* in the imperfect and *bi* in the future. This gave me a hint and I spent the remainder of the evening in working out a scheme of comparisons between the same tenses of the four conjugations. In this way I managed to learn the two conjugations in the two evenings. Afterward, when teaching beginner's Latin, I used many of the methods that I devised in those two strenuous nights.

I completed the beginner's Latin within the assigned period and immediately began the study of Cæsar. Since I had planned to complete Cæsar in three months, and was sure that the translating would become easier as I went further in the text, I developed a plan of increasing the amount of reading weekly by a sort of arithmetical progression. The sum of one, two, three, four, and so forth, to and including thirteen, is ninety-one. Then, if I could read one ninety-first the first week, two ninety-firsts the second week, and so on, I could read all of Cæsar in the thirteen weeks. This gave me approximately thirty-two lines to read the first week and I was sure that could easily be done.

For the first time my schedule was shot to pieces. I spent three weeks of agonizing effort on the first chapter. The use of the perfect participle was my particular *bête noire*, and it seemed

as if each phrase contained a new construction. After mastering the first chapter, however, I had less difficulty and I did manage to read the four books of Cæsar within the prescribed three months.

Cicero was very easy and I translated the four orations against Catiline in less than two months. In fact I read the second oration one rainy afternoon. Vergil was more difficult, but I finished the four books in less than three months. I used successfully the same principle of gradual increases in the length of assignments for both Cicero and Vergil. I have since recommended this method to high-school teachers of Latin and many have told me that it was very satisfactory. In high-school work, however, I have divided the work by the nine months' period, making one forty-fifth the first month, two forty-fifths the second month, and so on. In the case of Cæsar this makes sixty lines the first month or about three lines a day.

I had heard or read somewhere that the study of Greek did not begin until Cæsar was completed; so I delayed the study of Greek until I had nearly finished Cæsar. The text I used had a three-page summary of the rules of accent, uses of proclitics, enclitics, and the like, before the first lesson proper began. Like some teachers, I assumed that the book was to be followed literally, and so I memorized these three pages of disconnected rules before taking up the other work. Greek was very easy for me and I had finished the third book of the *Anabasis* long before completing Vergil. I learned most of the Greek verbs while engaged in farm work, writing them on slips of paper at night and memorizing them during the day.

As a matter of fact most of my farm work was done automatically. My mind was on my studies continually.

One of my chores was to feed sweet milk to the calves, then return to the house for sour milk to be given to the pigs. Sometimes my mother would reverse the procedure and give me the sour milk first. I would forget her injunction to feed the pigs first, and carry the sour milk to the calves, never realizing what I was doing until the calves with bunts of disapproval would spatter the milk over me and thus bring my mind out of the clouds. I fear that while cultivating corn many a hill was sacrificed on the altar of the Greek gods.

In all my Latin I found only one selection, a sentence in Cicero, that I could not translate. By a strange irony of fate this one sentence was included in my entrance examination in Latin.

Algebra I found easy. For geometry I used the famous Davies's *Legendre*, a text with no special exercises and all the 'Originals' in the back. After learning to demonstrate a theorem, I wrote it on a slip of paper. I reviewed by mixing these theorems, then drawing one at a time from the pile and demonstrating it. When I had completed the text I could demonstrate any theorem, regardless of the place where it occurred in the text. My entrance examination in geometry was perfect.

Teachers of geometry claim that memorizing it is not the *proper* method. Doubtless they are *right*, but I do know that I never had any difficulty in applying my algebra or geometry in higher mathematics. Whatever may be said of my method of learning, the results were satisfactory.

To history I paid little attention, for my repeated reading of the *History of the World* would, I hoped, cover the subject. English I was learning from my newspaper work and reading.

One of the books I found most helpful in after life was Abbott's *How to Write Clearly*, a required text in

English. In this is given an amusing example of mixed metaphor that made such an impression on me that I doubt if I have ever been guilty of that fault. It is from a reputed speech of an Irish member of the English Parliament. 'Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat, I see him brewing in the air; but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud.'

III

In eleven months from the time I began to prepare for college I had completed, so far as I could determine from the catalogue, all the requirements for admission to the University. It had meant night after night of study, often until the wee sma' hours of morning. It meant the loss of holidays, the Saturday afternoon trips to the village for our mail and groceries. It meant the sacrifice of everything else for this one objective. Yet I have never spent a more enjoyable year. The pleasure of this incessant study far more than compensated for the loss of other enjoyments. I had no objective beyond getting into college. I had no plans of what I should do after graduating, no idea of the financial benefit that might accrue, no notion of how it might change my life — just to go to college, just to read Greek.

While I was studying, a relative visited us ~~from~~ a large city in the West in which was located the State University. She pictured to me the wonders of the West and the splendid opportunities I should have of earning my way through college in a large city.

This appealed to me, so I sent for the catalogue of the University, found the entrance requirements were practically the same as at Ann Arbor, and decided to go there. The question of finances, of how I was to get so far from home without money, of how I was to maintain myself while in college, did not

occur to me. I was too full of the immediate objective. However, when the time came to leave, my stepfather relented and gave me one hundred dollars.

In due time I reached the University, probably as green a candidate for admission to college as ever appeared on that campus. A small group of us were started on the entrance examinations. Many disappeared at different stages along the trail, but by good fortune I satisfied the examiners and continued to the end. Algebra and geometry I passed with almost perfect papers. In geometry I was asked to construct a triangle equal in area to a reëntrant polygon. Polygons I knew, but a reëntrant polygon was an unknown figure. I asked the examiner in charge what it was, telling him that I could make the construction if I knew the figure. Amused at my confidence, or because he was a human being even though an examiner, he defined the term for me and I made the construction correctly.

With Latin I had no difficulty, except the one sentence in Cicero. Greek was easy, although the kindly old Greek professor afterward told me that he could n't read most of my Greek, but judged from the length of my answers that I knew something about it.

After entering college my real troubles began. I was thrown into an entirely new environment. Torn from the peaceful countryside and easy-going methods of the country school, I was plunged into the hurly-burly life of the city and the highly organized and complicated routine of a university. I was tossed hither and yon like a leaf on the tempestuous mountain torrent. No one was interested in my troubles, nowhere was there sympathy or mercy for my blunders. Fortunately I joined a coöperative boarding-club andulti-

mately found myself through the aid of some of the older members. I soon procured work and in the spring I had more money than I possessed when entering the University.

In my college work I was fully up to the average of my classmates. My English was apparently as satisfactory as that of a freshman is ever expected to be. My work in mathematics was somewhat better; in Greek I did unusually well. Only in Latin did I have any real difficulty.

My Latin instructor was of the type not yet a *rara avis* in the college world — one that ought to be annihilated before being permitted to wreck the hopes and enthusiasm of the beginning college student. His mind moved in a rut; his point of view was confined between the walls of conventionality and regularity. Anything out of the normal threw his mental reactions out of gear. When he learned that I had worked out my Latin without a teacher and in less than the usual time, instead of giving me some credit for it, he assumed that I was a pariah so far as Latin was concerned and proceeded to make my life a burden. The fact that afterward I did high-grade work under another Latin instructor satisfies me that I was only partly to blame for my troubles.

The old Roman long ago crossed the Great Divide. *Pax cineribus.*

What I accomplished in eleven months may seem impossible to those who have spent four years in covering the same ground. But one must remember that I lost no time in vacations, during which I would forget much of what I had learned in the

preceding nine months. Doubtless I spent as many hours in actual and intensive study during those eleven months as most high-school pupils spend in four years.

When I sum up the results of a high-school course, I am sure that our present system is wasteful both in the methods of instruction and in the allotment of time.

Do pupils need thirteen weeks of vacation? Do they need four years to prepare to enter college? If the latter is true, have they learned how to study? Are all the contents of the courses essential? Are the methods of instruction wasteful of time? I did what any normal boy or girl can do. In college I found that I learned no more easily than the majority of my classmates.

The only remarkable thing in this chronicle is the obsession I had to go to college. I am certain that any modern college man will say that my desire to enter college in order to study Greek was clear evidence of lunacy.

To the boy or girl who cannot, for financial or other reasons, attend a high school, let me say that it is within your power to go to college. The opportunities of evening schools and of correspondence instruction will make your path easy. When you once decide on a college education, those obstacles that loom large ahead of you will disappear as you approach them. Not even the inquisitions of the modern entrance examination boards, with their intelligence tests and various other devices to trap the unwary, need frighten you.

If you really want to go to college — go.

THE WONDER-CHILD

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME

I AM a doctor by profession; and my brother is a great violinist. There is, of course, first Kreisler; then a long way off there are five others — I refrain from giving their names; but my brother is one of the five. Sometimes I think he plays better than they do. You can imagine I have listened to them with some attention, for if my profession is medicine my hobby is the violin! Sometimes he falls beneath them, for like all Viennese he is perhaps a shade too genial, too easy-going for the ruthlessness of Art; but I have heard him in his great moments shoot beyond them — spring like a star from world to world, where no one could follow him.

My brother is not married; my sister and I consider the subject often; but with the American market out of his power on account of the exchange, it is impossible to count upon sufficient for a good marriage. He has a great deal of temperament and my sister thinks a wife would demand of him more than she would be at all likely to get. Also, if there were to be a family, he could no longer take his summer holidays in the mountains or follow the cures I often consider necessary. Nor could he afford to do the kind actions he often does for others. I say this much about him that you may understand what follows. First, that his opinion as to his art is considered final in Vienna (he smells out a good pupil from the Prater to the Hofburg); and second, that you may realize that as well as being a good judge

of violin-playing my brother Ernst is a man of heart and principle. I have never known him to do a mean action. His temper is good, with raw streaks in it such as are common to all artists. An artist has not the padding for the nerves that the rest of us have; it is worn off him in the practice of his art and in the perpetual excitation of his emotions. If a man is to sweep you off your feet, he must have something to sweep with, must he not? And he cannot always keep this something neatly packed up in a box to be opened only on occasions when it gives us pleasure.

Twice a year Ernst plays at Linz; it is a good town for music. It lies flat by the yellow Danube, with a fine pink *Kloster* on a hill above it.

On this occasion, as usual, I accompanied my brother from Vienna. He played before a full and enthusiastic audience. I should not have had a seat but for the kindness of a critic, who gave up his seat to me when he discovered who I was; so that I sat in the second row, and could observe Ernst as easily as I could hear him. It was a Beethoven evening. I say no more. It would not become me to say that my brother is worthy of Beethoven, but I must confess it occurred to me several times in the course of the evening to hope that his immortal spirit — cured of its deafness — may have been hovering above the platform. The accompanist, a young Russian with fire in his fingers, was almost fit to play with Ernst. Fortunately he was

musician enough to subordinate himself entirely to my brother.

It was a sonata evening without orchestra. I think I prefer this form of music to any other. The music is, as it were, isolated, and in the hands of two skilled artists you get exactly what it means, neither more nor less by a shade! And what a blessing it is not to get more! Those artists who improve upon their composers, those instruments that forget their place in the orchestra, remembering their own identity, when like a good Buddhist they should exactly have no identity! How one resents such practices!

But with Ernst one need have no such fears. The passion is there, but the laws are those which form a channel for the passion; the music runs pure and deep. He does not add to the last ounce of the composer's meaning some little extra of his own. He puts his fire into precision, and his personality into the depth of his tone. I say nothing about his tempo, or his bowing, because everyone knows they are as faultless as Andrea del Sarto's famous 'line.' It is a folly, that English saying, 'Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.' I do not say geniuses should not put the sweat of their brows into their work; but I say that the sweat of other people's brows does not make genius. It has always interested me as a doctor to know that my brother's was a painless birth. All the rest of us cost my mother the usual price of women; but he, the largest and finest of the lot, came without pain.

I do not often notice audiences, but on this occasion I was sharply aware of two people in the first row. One was a woman of the people, a stout woman, ignorant, and with a rapacious glance as if music could be made to rattle into a box like pennies. Once she actually let her programme rustle — a shocking thing almost unknown in a Viennese

audience, but possible in the provinces. The other was a little girl with a large white-satin bow tied over one ear, and resting upon straight and not pleasing brown hair. She was a plain little girl with a cast in her eye; her face was like a tame white rabbit's. What struck me most about her was her stillness. She listened as if God spoke to her. Her spirit was not in her body at all; it hovered over the sweep of my brother's bow as if it would absorb the sounds that escaped even the finest ear. In one of the pauses I asked who these ill-assorted people were.

'The child is Clara Stillman,' my neighbor told me, '*ein Wunderkind*. I am told your brother has consented to give an opinion upon her playing to-morrow. I have not heard her myself. She comes from rough people. It is to be hoped she is a genius, since the poor child is certainly no beauty.'

The music continued. It was a good evening — not one of Ernst's best, but no one in the audience knew that, except myself. They called him before the curtain nine times, and several laurel wreaths with gold inscriptions were presented to him across the footlights. It is our custom in Austria to stand close to the stage for encores. The *Wunderkind* was nearly lost in the struggling crowd, but someone caught hold of her and lifted her on to the stage by my brother's side. Then they told him who she was, and he patted her shoulder kindly. The child looked up at him with her little blinking crooked eyes, behind windowpanes, as we say. The look she gave him made me feel a little uncomfortable, it was so full of adoration; and as a father I have found excessive emotion bad for children. Little growing creatures should not be overpowered by too great a sensation. It is like pouring too hot a fluid into a brittle glass.

My brother had been invited to take

supper after the concert with the Music Director of Linz. There were to be several critics and people of importance to meet him. It was to be a grand affair. I saw him stoop and whisper something to the Herr Direktor, who nodded, and then my brother asked the mother of the Wunderkind if she might not come to supper with us. The mother consented of course. It was as if the pennies she had seen in the music were changed to golden sovereigns. I did not like the look, at once so savage and so satisfied, that flashed into that woman's eyes.

It has not been my experience that life is very happy. It has its fine moments, and of its worst one can always say that they will end; but never have I seen such joy as there was on the face of the little Wunderkind. She looked quite beautiful as she sat between us in a little carriage I had been forced to order for the sake of the violin. She put her hand on its cover and stroked it as if it were alive. 'See that the little one eats well!' said my brother kindly as we entered the café, where a private room had been arranged for us, 'for she looks half starved!' Then he took his seat by the Herr Direktor's wife at the head of the table, and I placed the Wunderkind by me at the foot. She could see my brother from where she sat, and she never took her eyes from his face. Once she whispered to me, 'He is the greatest violinist in the world, is n't he?' and I must admit that I humored the child as far as to say, 'It would be hard to find a better!'

'Im—possible,' she answered softly.

We did not talk. Great happiness should be respected as great grief is respected. One should leave alone those who are experiencing these emotions. But I felt that I too perhaps might gather in silence the dreams that filled the mind of the little Wun-

derkind. For when I was young, before I had a wife and children to support, I also dreamed. I knew that she was hearing music, over and over again, those difficult, deep melodies of Beethoven that do not run lightly in the mind, but plough their slow way through the heart by the hard-cut channels of the intellect. I suspect too that she saw herself standing upon great platforms covered with light and flowers, hearing, as my brother had heard, the thunder of applause, and feeling in herself the magic of a great power moving out toward her audience—greater than their applause. She was in her Heaven—while we sat round her eating our good hot duck, and drinking glasses full of foaming beer. Everyone was kind to her; for the first time in her life she was accepted as part of the world that lives in and for music. No one had heard her, but they all believed in her.

After they had drunk my brother's health, he looked down the long table and suddenly caught sight of the Wunderkind. He suggested that they should drink her health. 'I am only the Present,' he said with a good-natured laugh, 'and the Present is soon over. Let us drink to the health and to the music—of the Future!' and they all stood up and drank to the Wunderkind.

She put her hand in mine, and I could feel her vibrating as a string vibrates in a good instrument. 'It is too much!' she whispered. 'It is too much!' I thanked them for her, and then I took her home. I was rather horrified at the house I had to leave her in; but it was n't a house to the eyes that looked for a shy, long moment into mine—it was a shifting enchanted palace, full of dreams.

The next morning the rain came down in a gray sheet. Out of our window we saw nothing but the yellow

swollen river, and the half-drowned sodden street. Everything looked as stale as a last year's newspaper. My brother was in low spirits, as often happens after a great evening. He sent away his coffee three times and said, 'If this is coffee give me tea!' and 'If this is tea give me coffee!' Also he wished to challenge one of his critics. I did not know whether or not to remind him of his appointment with the Wunderkind, but before I had made up my mind that vulgar pushing mother brought her to our hotel, half an hour before the time. My brother was very much annoyed, but what could one do? There they stood and dripped on the mat, all nerves and waterproofs. They had to be put somewhere, and sooner or later the Wunderkind had to be heard.

The mother was bursting with pride and ambition; she was just clean, as people are clean who are clean for an occasion and have not the habit. Her mouth was greedy and her bright black eyes avaricious; and I knew that women with such eyes and such a mouth are invariably cruel at heart. One trembles when one thinks of anything sensitive being in their power.

Of course little Clara was frightened. Her eyes filled and emptied perpetually with tears, her hands were red, and when I uncovered her from her wet outer garments I could feel the thumping of her heart, like a bird which feels a human hand close over it. My brother, when he had got over his annoyance, was very kind to her. He sat in his armchair by the window, smoking a cigarette. The mother, who would n't stop talking, I put as far away from him as possible, on a short sofa by my side; and the child stood by the table with her violin, just opposite my brother.

'There!' said my brother, reassuringly. 'Now remember, nervousness is

of no consequence. I can tell all about your powers whether you are nervous or not! I am nervous myself always. All good artists are. If they say otherwise they lie, or they are not good enough. Think only of the music — nothing else matters. Now what are you prepared to play to me?'

'She knows everything — but everything!' her mother bounced off the sofa to declare. 'Here in my hand is her first programme. The gracious gentleman may assure himself! Please look at it, sir. Ask what you like! The child is a genius — it is all the same to her what she plays! It has all been made out, as you see, by her own teacher, for the first performance. We only await your kind pronouncement before bringing out the bills! Play, child, play! Don't keep him waiting! Gracious sir, she is but ten years old! Consider her youth, I implore you, and tell me, her mother, her best friend, who has starved herself to give her a chance, if she does n't play like an angel from Heaven!'

'I shall not consider anything but her playing,' said my brother a little shortly. 'As for this programme, it is very advanced. I doubt if any child ten years old is equal to it, and any programme at all may be out of place. Now, my child, since you can play all these, begin with the Beethoven Minuet, and then we will take the first movement of the Mendelssohn Concerto. You, madame, have the kindness to resume your seat, and remain perfectly still.'

My brother's voice filled the room like thunder, but it did not make the Wunderkind more nervous; on the contrary she seemed to draw from it some kind of sustenance, for she began to play immediately.

You know that very merry, very delicate Minuet of Beethoven, which should be played with fingers as light

as thistledown, and from a heart that is like a wandering youth's, touched with many fancies, before one woman fixes it? Well — poor child, her thick little fingers stumbled woodenly through it. I thought it would never end; each note fell dirge-like and patterning as the heavy raindrops blown against the glass. I feared an outburst from my brother, — I saw the frown gathering upon his brow, and his fingers twitching, — but he was strangely patient. The Minuet did not finish. You know its swift gallant end, as complete as a perfect simile? The child scrambled to the last note; and just stopped. Nothing was complete — except the awful silence of my brother.

The poor child was less nervous when she began the Mendelsohn Concerto. I thought at first this would be an improvement and make her tone firmer, but she had been too badly taught — she simply had no tone. She had only — ah, how I felt this! how I wondered if my brother could feel it half as deeply! — she had intensity. If the heart could turn the blood that feeds it into music and so die, she would have died so. I have often heard gifted people say that if you want to acquire a talent sufficiently you will succeed in your desire. Did the frog succeed in puffing itself out to the size of an ox? It burst its heart in the effort. One cannot do more than try to get out of one's skin. The Wunderkind was making this attempt all the time, and it was hideous.

When she stopped, my brother said nothing for a while. He is by nature not a patient man; and the mother began to talk in that hard overpersuasive tone which I knew would most infuriate him. 'There now! there now!' she cried, jumping up and down on the sofa. 'What do you say to that, good gentlemen? Would n't people pay money to hear it? I won't say I've

never heard her play better. She is nervous, of course, playing before such a great master. But at ten years old! Such a fine noise as that! And the right notes and all! And the pains the child takes! Night and day always at it! I am not one of your soft mothers, but I will say when I see her teacher knock her about — blow after blow, my good sirs — sometimes I say to her, "Don't you know enough without a teacher? Do I pay for nothing but blows? I shall just send her to the right-abouts, teacher or no teacher!" But the little one always says, "No, mother, no! Let her strike me — only let her go on teaching me too!"'

The child never moved while her mother spoke. Her eyes were fixed on my brother's face. I think before he spoke she read her sentence there. I have often found that what it is vital for us to know we learn without teaching. Death deceives relations often, and doctors sometimes, but the patient — never.

'The child plays with feeling,' my brother said at last slowly. 'If she had not been so execrably taught I could undertake better to say what talent she has. As it is now, my good woman, you deceive yourself. She plays all wrong! No one would pay a krone to listen to her! She has neither tone nor tempo; her fingers are like pellets of dough; her bow is like a stick scratching a dog! Her mind, I can see, is in her work. It is not her fault that she has been given nothing to work on. But I cannot truly say that she has talent! In order to find out, she would have to unlearn all that she knows now, and begin at the beginning with an honest teacher; then after two or three years I could judge better.'

The vulgar fury of the woman burst through her fear of offending my brother. 'Two or three years!' she cried indignantly. 'Have n't I paid

enough for the child's lessons as it is? What, do you think I'm made of money? I expected a return! And what her father will say, if what you tell me is true,— and not mere dirty jealousy on your part,— God knows! He'll beat the child black and blue probably — and no wonder! Poor honest working-folks like ourselves taken in like this for nothing! I'll tell that teacher what I think of her! I'll scratch her eyes out the first time I see her! Now, Clara, none of that silly sniveling! I've often told you I treated you far too well. Letting you practise, practise for hours, till it made my teeth ache, when you ought to have been at some decent work. Yes, I've properly spoiled you, my child! But I shan't do so any more. It's not likely, is it, keeping the food out of my own mouth to give you a chance to earn bread, and all for nothing! I'm to be told by this fine, great, generous gentleman that you can't earn a krone!"

The enraged woman pulled the poor sobbing child toward the door, but my brother swept the Wunderkind out of her grasp. 'Take that woman downstairs before I strangle her!' he thundered at me.

The door shut behind us, but before it shut I heard the Wunderkind's voice: 'Oh, if I can only go on playing!'

Of course I don't suppose for a moment that she did. My brother told me afterward what he had said to the child. He had given her the address of a useful teacher, one of his own old pupils in Linz, and promised to arrange with the lady the easiest price possible for lessons. More than this, he intended to pay part of this price himself, for he had determined to give the poor child all the chance there was. But the child kept on sobbing — I doubt if she even heard what he said. You see she knew what everyone

else did n't — that she had no chance.

When I left the mother downstairs, slightly mollified by a ham bread and a glass of beer, I found the child on the landing outside my brother's closed door, crying without a sound. I took both her hands in mine and I murmured into her ear: 'Little Wunderkind, I am like you! I have loved music all my life, but I could never be a musician. There is nothing in the world so good, so beautiful, as music, and no one can take this away from us! The greatest master in the world can only love his music well, and even he perhaps not quite so well as you — or I!' She stopped crying. 'Ah,' she whispered, 'do you think he understands — can you make him — that I knew? I did n't at first; in my mind it sounded so — so beautiful! But when I heard it in the room, after his playing, I knew it would never be anything at all.'

I promised her very earnestly that I would make my brother understand. She had everything about an artist except expression — even an artist's cruel veracity; and before I had finished promising, the child heard her mother calling, pulled her little hand out of mine, and fled downstairs.

I watched the two figures as they left the door and passed into the street — the stout, flurried, angry woman, and the tiny disheartened girl plodding home in the rain. I said to myself that we had witnessed two tragedies that morning — the tragedy of disappointed avarice, and the tragedy of disappointed art; and of the two tragedies perhaps the first was that for which there is the least compensation. If you love money, nothing but the possession of money gives you any satisfaction; but if you love beauty, even if you cannot possess beauty yourself, yet she is always there — and she is always beautiful.

SONNETS

BY MORLEY DOBSON

I

I WONDER — is it just to honor you
That we are given this thrice-perfect day,
The purer air, the sky unbroken blue
Down to the Cambridge towers far away?

You have too many other thoughts, I fear,
To care a little how our seasons go,
If it be sunshine or foul weather here
In England, for your birthday: yes, I know,

Only, to me, walking alone — to me,
Asking the west wind what intelligence
He brings to me of you beyond the sea —
It is a matter of more consequence.

I stand, and look across the lowlands under
This lovely smiling Heaven — and wonder.

II

HAD I the heart to curse, I would curse Love,
Who made me false to that which I loved best,
My path's one light, the faith I set above
Reason, and chance, and hope, and all the rest.

Not at God's word would I have hurt my friend,
But Love betrayed me, held me, shut my eyes,
And with my hand struck for his coward's end,
Changing the vows upon my lips to lies.

Now while I live I will be true to her
Wisely, unquestioningly, as of old.
Loving is sweet, but faith is worthier;
She will not doubt again the faith I hold.

And Love, the fair, the false, the fugitive,
I do not curse — but I do not forgive.

FEWER AND BETTER BOOKS

BY A NEW YORK PUBLISHER-BOOKSELLER

How serious and how recent is the over-production in the book trade? 'Of making many books there is no end' is a plaint which has been repeated by generations of booksellers. In late years the rumblings of discontent have seemed more ominous to my ears.

At the last meeting of the American Booksellers Association, the president bitterly — and I think unjustifiedly — blamed the publishers for their 'over-production.' 'It seems,' said he, 'that the publisher, striving in keen competition, aims to see how many, not how worthy, books he can publish in a given period. He is responsible for that class of retail customers who now consider a book that is three or four weeks old behind the times. Nowadays and almost without exception a book that has been published three months is practically dead, forgotten, awaiting its removal to the bargain-tables. Where will the books of to-day be twenty years hence? Where is gone the slogan of "Fewer books and better"?

'I realize, of course, that the publisher has his problems. He must keep his presses going. He must keep his organization intact. Yet, could he not concentrate still more on manuscripts which are worthy and which would meet with a more kind and responsive reception from the buying public? In the field of non-fiction, which happily since the war has been steadily winning a place for itself in the sun, many liberties are being taken by the publisher. Let a man deliver a few lectures or write a few magazine articles, these

are gathered and appear between the covers of a book, published at from two dollars to five dollars, and the bookseller is expected to enthuse over these publications, generally at a short discount.'

Let us examine the statistics of American book-production, furnished by the American Publishers Association, taken, for the sake of brevity, at intervals of every five years.

<i>Year</i>		<i>Fiction</i>	<i>Non-Fiction</i>	<i>Total</i>
1890	U. S.	1040	2493	
	Imp.	78	948	
		1118	3441	4559
1895	U. S.	876	3367	
	Imp.	238	998	
		1114	4365	5479
1900	U. S.	1112	4154	
	Imp.	166	924	
		1278	5078	6356
1905	U. S.	1306	5839	
	Imp.	58	909	
		1364	6748	8112
1910	U. S.	1339	9085	
	Imp.	200	2846	
		1539	11931	18470
1915 ¹	U. S.	723	6673	
	Imp.	196	2142	
		919	8815	9734
1920	U. S.	1093	6353	
	Imp.	61	915	
		1154	7268	8422
1923	U. S.	1022	6485	
	Imp.	58	1298	
		1080	7783	8863

These statistics reveal the superficiality of the cry of 'constantly

¹ From 1915 on these figures include pamphlets.

increasing production.' We find production rising in a steady curve from 1890, reaching an apex in 1910, in which year the figures were 200 per cent greater than twenty years previous. Then a drop began; for the past ten years the figures have remained comparatively static at about 8500 titles a year, or only 63 per cent of the 1910 figure. This condition arose from many causes — no doubt chiefly from the realization of the publishers that in 1910 the market had been glutted. Undoubtedly the war and the recent high costs of book-making have aided the decrease. Indeed, according to an article by Miss Marion Humble in the June *Bookman*: 'In 1920 it was found that increasing costs of labor and material were greatly affecting the number of books published. It was estimated that in one year about 4,500,000 volumes, over 400 new titles and 1200 old titles, had actually been unpublished because of increased manufacturing costs. . . . Publishers had dropped old titles from their lists because reprinting costs had become prohibitive.'

Fiction has not held its own. In 1923 there were actually 38 fewer fiction titles published than in 1890, while the non-fiction had increased from 3441 to 7783. In 1890 fiction constituted 25 per cent of the total output, and this figure has gradually decreased to about 12 per cent, with every indication of becoming lower in the future. Why? Call it a growing recognition of the dangers inherent in the publication of fiction; call it the competitive influence of the movies and the many new fiction-magazines; call it the increasing demand for 'serious stuff,' essays, technical books, drama, philosophy, or the like — call it this or that or the other thing, nevertheless the condition persists. What I have been trying to point out in presenting these figures,

however, is that book-production today (especially fiction) is on the wane and has been since the high-water mark of 1910. Any discussion that follows must be predicated upon this realization. When we reflect, moreover, on the increase in the number of publishers (for example, four new publishing concerns were launched this summer), on the perceptible increase in new bookshops as retail outlets, on the growth in the volume of book sales, these statistics of downward production gain additional significance.

I

The public must recognize that the rôles played in the business game by publisher and bookseller might aptly be compared to those well-known partners, Potash and Perlmutter, who, however antagonistic they seem or wish to seem, are absolutely dependent upon each other.

The publisher — I refer specifically to the publisher of general books sold in bookshops, as opposed to a publisher of technical and scientific books — must needs be a lover of literature and a discriminating critic, a shrewd business man, and an intrepid gambler. As George H. Doran says, 'Publishing is neither altogether commercial nor is it altogether professional. It is a curious and necessary combination of the two.' Especially would I stress the gambling element in publishing, for this is one of the distinguishing traits of the profession. In business, in the merchandising of stable commodities such as coal, iron, grain, wool, and the like, there are fixed and arbitrary standards which can be recognized, duplicated, and graded accurately, after preliminary training. Not so in literature, that elusive, intangible, delicately beautiful product.

When a publisher decides to put his

imprint on a manuscript, he wagers his capital that a sufficient public will react favorably to the book to produce a profitable sale. In other words, his mind must move with, not against, the tide of life about him. 'He must know the currents of public opinion and the trend of thinking; he must supplement the truth of it or seek to stem the tide of error, not as a propagandist, but as a publicist. He must have courage to publish a good book in the face of a known financial loss; he must be beneficent and willing to publish first books of promise.'

Briefly, the publisher must combine in his mental equipment the qualities of the theatrical producer, the statesman, the editor, the seer, and above all the financier. Yet the statesman miscalculates and violates the laws of foreign diplomacy, the best plays fail, and the best books — in the publisher's judgment — remain on the shelves. This involves one point that the facile critics of overproduction would seem to ignore. It is easy for an outsider to say, 'Restrict your titles, publish fewer and better books,' but far less easy to tell which particular titles should have been eliminated. Looking backward, one can recognize his mistakes, but at the beginning of a publishing season we have apparently invincible reasons for our choice of every title.

Publishing, then, as compared with bookselling, is a more speculative æsthetic venture, requiring larger capital and playing for larger stakes. Lest this rather broad generalization be subjected to disagreement, let me qualify it by saying, first, that it takes more capital to become a large publisher than a large retailer; secondly, that over a period of years the profits of a well-managed retail business can be foretold with fair accuracy from previous experience, while those of a

well-managed publishing house fluctuate violently. The good bookseller as compared with the publisher is a veritable scholar, in the sense of being a librarian, a bookworm, a collector; a man of prodigious memory, embracing titles, authors, and editions; a man with patience for a multiplicity of details; a man who views himself as only one step removed from the college professor and the minister. Rightly so, for the good bookshop is a cultural reservoir.

The evils of overproduction are in one sense far more serious to the bookseller than to the publisher; in fact they constitute by far the greatest menace to the ultimate prosperity of retailing. A publisher need concern himself with overproduction only from two angles: how far the output of new titles published by his competitors will cut into his own sales, and how many particular titles on his own list will be found unsalable and consequently unprofitable. But the bookseller is in a far more dangerous position, for his stock is culled from the collective stock of all publishers. A single publisher has only his own errors to combat; but the errors of the whole tribe are heaped on the sagging shoulders of the retailer. He must needs carry a certain minimum stock of the so-called standard books — books such as the *Boston Cooking School Book*, Holt's *Care and Feeding of Children*, Bartlett's *Quotations*, and the like. He must carry an assortment of the classics (and many booksellers carry foreign as well as English and American classics), and added to this he must have the new books being published daily. One can imagine, for example, the money involved if a bookseller tried to stock only two copies of every new book published during one year, for our statistics would show us that this alone would cost approximately \$20,000.

No matter how carefully he selects his stock from the various publishers, he is bound to make mistakes. He misjudges the merits of a new book shown him and overbuys (at this point reading booksellers will probably say they are forced into overbuying by publishers' salesmen), or the demand for a popular author suddenly wanes, or public taste changes; and the bookseller is left with new books that he cannot sell save at a fraction of their real price. Despite his diligent efforts, his stock grows like a snowball rolling down hill. Yet one cannot pay salaries, rent, bills for merchandise, let alone dividends, from an ever-increasing inventory.

Unsalable books are dangerous for both publisher and bookseller, by virtue of the very small profit in book sales. Follow for a moment the financial make-up of the average two-dollar novel from manuscript form until its eventual sale in a bookstore. The average two-dollar novel uses about a pound of paper, ranging in price from six and one-half cents to ten. Plates, by far the most expensive item, vary in price according to the number of pages, but average five to six hundred dollars. The publisher usually makes a first printing of from 2500 to 3000 copies, and endeavors to amortize the cost of the plates against this first printing. The amortized charge varies from seventeen cents to twenty-four cents a copy. Presswork — that is, the actual printing from the plates — costs four cents to five cents a copy on an edition of this size. Binding costs fourteen cents to twenty-two cents a copy, according to the style and quality used. Then there are always extras, such as jacket dies, end papers, illustrations for the jacket, printing the jacket, and the like, which come to three cents to five cents more apiece.

In other words, our finished novel costs from forty-four and one-half cents

to sixty-six cents a copy for the first edition, *without* royalty, which varies from 10 to 20 per cent on the retail price. The two-dollar novel, then, costs the publisher from sixty-four and one-half cents to ninety-six cents. The publisher sells these novels wholesale to the bookseller at discounts varying from 33½ to 40 per cent of the retail price, according to the quantity of each title ordered. The wholesale price to the trade is from \$1.20 to \$1.34, leaving the publisher a margin for gross profit of twenty-four cents to fifty-five and one-half cents.

Out of the gross profit, however, must come the publisher's entire business expense. Rent, salaries, commissions, advertising, these and a hundred odd items that go to make up what is called 'overhead,' must be deducted before any net profit is left. The same is true, of course, in considering the retailer's profits, for his entire expenses of conducting business must be deducted from the difference between the wholesale and retail price before he has any net profit. Ultimately the publisher or bookseller who year after year consistently makes a net profit on his total business of from 6 per cent to 10 per cent is entitled to consider himself a success. There are no profiteers on either side of the book trade.

These figures will suggest another reason for sporadic overproduction. Every publishing firm endeavors to keep its overhead at as low a figure as possible. Advertising, commissions, and certain varieties of expense fluctuate according to the number of books published and the total volume of business. But certain other expenses, such as rent and the salaries of even a skeleton staff, are fixed and remain constant, regardless of whether the firm publishes one book or fifty books.

With this in view, we can appreciate

the temptation to increase one's list. Let us suppose that a firm that has for years been publishing forty books annually discovers that without increasing its fixed business expenses it can publish sixty. Even if these extra twenty books only sell out the first printing, and make no net profit to speak of, at least each one helps pay its share of the overhead, which is correspondingly reduced in percentage, thereby increasing the percentage of net profit on the total volume of the business. The publisher has moreover the comforting feeling that he is spreading his risks, for surely it is a safer proposition to carry one's eggs in sixty baskets than in forty baskets. And last, and perhaps most important, is the hope, often defeated but ever recurring, that somewhere in the additional titles taken on the lightning of public approval will strike a best seller. Of course if a publisher could cut his list from one hundred yearly publications to fifty, and have the total sales of fifty titles equal the sales of one hundred, he might attempt the experiment of reducing his list. But this experiment most publishers feel to be financial suicide.

One of the most discussed remedies for overproduction is the artificial limitation of output. Suppose, for example, that the leading American publishing firms should take an average of their total production over the last three years. Suppose they should then enter into some form of gentlemen's agreement to restrict their novel-output for the next three years to 50 or 60 per cent of the previous total, and their non-fiction production to 75 or 80 per cent. Assuming that this could be accomplished legally, we have already seen many of the objections to such a procedure. There would be, in addition, an injustice to new authors, who would find it additionally difficult to

obtain publication. The plan could not attempt to provide for new publishers who might establish their business within this three-year period, and who would not follow or enter into the agreement. Because of these and many other factors, including trade jealousy, the chances for a solution of this nature seems but slight. While a number of the publishers would undoubtedly give it a trial if 'everyone entered,' 'everyone' will not enter and the plan falls of its own weight without a trial.

II

Since production cannot be limited, the opposite course is to increase the demand. The adherents of this theory claim that the book-buying possibilities of this country have not been scratched, and in proof of this they cite statistics, compiled by the American Publishers Association, which show that book-purchases in the United States average about two books per family per year. Apropos of these conditions, Bruce Barton remarked that books are not sold — they are merely bought. There is no doubt that we publishers and booksellers have ourselves to thank for some of these conditions, and have allowed many lax and archaic business methods to persist. Partly owing to the personal nature of the book business and the aesthetic-artistic atmosphere of the merchandise, partly because of the lack of 'cutthroat' competition, partly because of the small financial returns, partly because of inertia — the book business, like Topsy, has 'just growed,' and is far behind many other lines in business technique.

Increasing the output must take place in two ways: increasing the demand for individual titles, and increasing the number of outlets or retail bookshops. The first of these factors is

almost as important as the second. If we agree on the assumption that a poor book deserves to fail, it is equally true that a good book deserves to sell. And yet, many a good book — non-fiction as well as fiction — put into competition with its eight thousand annual rivals is lost in the shuffle and fails to survive. Sometimes, years afterward chance will direct public attention to it, and a second blooming will result. John McRae, the sagacious president of E. P. Dutton and Company, rather whimsically compared this phenomenon with marriage. 'Just as there are thousands of splendid women in the world who never meet the right man, or meet him very late in life, so we have the problem of the unmated book — the book that never meets its public or takes years to do so.' A condition like this can never be totally eradicated, but novel methods of publicity and more intensive mail-order development, all directed to the end of introducing the right book to the right reader, should do much toward cutting the percentage of failures.

The second factor, that of more outlets, is inextricably interwoven with the first. Accurate figures on the number of legitimate bookstores are unobtainable. By a legitimate bookstore I mean a shop with a fairly representative stock that derives the major portion of its income from the sale of books. Approximately these number about three thousand five hundred, and to them can be added the unknown number of gift, stationery, and drug shops where a few popular novels may be obtained. Contrast this retail outlet with the thousands upon thousands of outlets for candy, automobiles, radio supplies, cigars, even the despised chewing-gum. Of course in one sense it is both superficial and misleading to compare an idealistic and intellectual product such as books with

these other more carnal and material needs of the body. In my opinion, however, until the book-dealer is willing to sit at the feet of the chain-store grocer, the chewing-gum manufacturer, the automobile magnate, and the cigar-distributor, to learn of their modern business technique and apply it with suitable variations to his own product — until that time we cannot expect to see any sizable increase in book outlets, or profits, or distribution.

Speaking of outlets, we may well consider a suggestion made by Mr. Ben Huebsch, that publishers coöperate to establish a chain of 'depositories' throughout the country. These depositories would be warehouses carrying a full line of titles of all the publishers, and would be scattered geographically so that a bookshop, no matter where located, would always have access to an immense reservoir of stock not over twenty-four hours away. Mr. Huebsch believes his plan would result in the establishment of a large number of bookshops in small cities and country towns, where practically no book business is done at present because of the delay, expense, and trouble involved to a purchaser in securing any but the most popular books of the day. I am inclined to favor this proposal, and believe it merits serious consideration, for it promises an epochal advance in book-distribution methods. It has, at least, the virtue of freshness and novelty, two unknown words in the vocabulary of the bookman.

III

There are many who believe that the reason books do not sell well is because of their high prices. These same people, however, probably do not trouble to compare book prices with those of theatre tickets or other cultural luxuries; and I have tried in this article to

show that, proportionately, book prices are very reasonable. Daily, however, publishers and booksellers are deluged with this complaint, together with many suggestions to remedy it. Most frequent among these hints is that of the paper-bound book. 'Take your two-dollar novels,' say our critics, 'bind them like the French novels, in paper, and sell them for fifty cents or seventy-five cents.' The suggestion is made without considering the difference in royalties paid to French authors and to American and English authors, and the vast difference in labor prices in France, Germany, and other Continental countries. Moreover, when a purchaser wishes to keep one of these books he must have it bound in cloth or leather for himself. Under our manufacturing system in the United States — and the law requires a book to be manufactured in this country in order to secure an American copyright — the only difference in price saved by a publisher on a paper-bound book is six cents or seven cents, the actual difference between the price of good paper and cloth.

No, this is not our solution; the only means of effectively reducing book prices is by quantity production, thus cheapening the cost of each unit. I am really arguing in a circle, because quantity production demands quantity sales, and quantity sales demand a great increase in outlets. Yet, unless some totally unforeseen invention is made or a new process originated, we must sell books like Fords to lessen book prices.

So far we have not considered the many interferences and obstacles with which the book trade has to contend. The great requisite for book-reading is leisure, and leisure to-day is an elusive will-o'-the-wisp. With automobiles, movies, radio, weekly magazines, and hourly newspapers, we are living in a

hectic age, an age that appeals in many ways to the senses rather than to the mind, a distracting age that woos book-lovers from the library. This last is indeed a figure of speech, for in our apartmentized existence the library has vanished, or at best has been replaced by a five-foot shelf. Many believe that the book business has seen its best days, that no efficiency or energy can sell people a product they do not want or have not time to use. Despite this, new publishers are appearing, there is a perceptible increase in the number of bookshops, public and circulating libraries are more used than ever, and the total volume of book sales is on the increase. 'Yes,' say the pessimists, 'but consider the increase in our total population. Then, if you analyze truly, you will see that the sales per capita are actually decreasing.'

Personally I agree with the pessimists, that all these things, especially the overproduction of magazines and newspapers filled with trivial and cheap contents, injure the book business. Human beings have only a certain maximum of leisure, and if they spend an evening reading a sex magazine and listening to the radio there is no time left for a good book. But there is a brighter aspect to the matter. Books are the great spiritual, eternal product of the race, and so long as the race persists the demand for them cannot die out. Ultimately I believe all of these so-called obstacles will redound to our advantage, for surely automobiles and radios and movies, yea, even sex magazines, stimulate the mind, and eventually, when the mind is sufficiently stimulated and in the right direction, we have a new book-reader.

IV

There are, it seems to me, remedies more certain and tangible than any I

have so far mentioned, partial solutions that can be effected by an insistence upon a more vigorous and higher code of trade ethics. We must aim at once at eliminating all publications of 'border' books, of books in the editorial fringe of doubt and indecision, of books that are mediocre and published by reason of trade jealousy or a fancied expediency. 'Trade jealousy,' you say, 'affecting the publication of books!' How will you describe the process by which a reputable author writes a book so poor that his usual publisher rejects it, only to have it taken by a competing publisher, who also recognizes its inferiority, but accepts it to control the author's future books? 'Expediency!' you say! Surely, for how else will you describe the publication in book form of a magazine 'potboiler' because the publisher thinks it is a fashion which might catch on? Witness, for example, the absurd craze for etiquette books and *Outlines of Everything and Nothing*.

Let me submit on this point a few informal jottings on a publisher's creed which I believe would lessen the burden of overproduction: First, I pledge myself never to steal a competitor's author, or subtly to influence such an author to dissatisfaction with his present publisher in the hope that after a divorce he will come to me. Second, I pledge myself not to publish the book of an author who has left his previous publisher until I know the reason for this departure, and if his book has been rejected because of its workmanship I will be sincere in my own editorial verdict and not deliberately publish a poor book to secure a good author. Third, I pledge myself never to publish more than one book a year of any one author, because a book worth publishing demands at least that time for breadth and maturity. Fourth, I pledge myself, wherever possible, to

discriminate against authors who have previously had magazine syndication, especially in fiction, because there is a growing divergence in the requirements of good magazine and book work, and an author writing with both in view is too apt to produce a machine-made book. Fifth, I pledge myself to forbid my salesmen to nag or bulldoze a bookseller into overordering, for I realize that an overstocked customer is a liability spiritually and financially. Sixth, I pledge myself never to pay an author a royalty above 20 per cent, and seldom that, because if I do so there is insufficient margin left to market the book properly, and either I make a failure of distribution or I lose money on the book. Lastly, I pledge myself, above all, to be sincere to myself and my public in my editorial judgments and not to put my imprint on a book unless I believe the book a valid and authentic contribution to American publishing.

Let us assume a garden of Paradise in which all the members of the Publishers Association meet and swear to uphold this creed. I say all, because a few publishers attempting to follow such a golden creed would bankrupt themselves to the profit of their more greedy brothers. No, it is either all or nothing. Yet I wish to emphasize that I do not regard these as altruistic visionings, too good for this world, but as hard-headed, practical, workable proposals to eliminate existing evils that are detrimental to every firm.

The booksellers, too, must subscribe to a creed to uphold their end of the bargain. For example: First, I will refrain from ordering in advance everything new offered by a publisher's salesman; I will say to the representative, in many cases, 'I have enough new books, and will buy more only when my present stock is reduced.' Second, I will not be overgreedy for the extra

discount and buy more than I can sell on this account. Third, I will spend at least 3 per cent of my total sales-income on advertising and not thrust the entire advertising burden on the publisher. Fourth, I will attempt to make my bookstore a true community centre, and will try by lectures, mail-order propaganda, circularization, and every method I can devise, to introduce my bookstore to every inhabitant of the community. I will acquaint myself with the best business practice of the day, as evidenced in successful businesses in lines outside my own, and see if I cannot profit from their methods. Lastly, I pledge myself, both in buying and in selling, to exercise more discrimination. I will buy more critically and refuse absolutely to purchase seemingly mediocre books—I will blacklist the line of any publisher whose books are steadily poor in content. I will train my clerks to know something of the contents of the books they are selling, to instill in them a pride in 'pushing' any book of merit, and to frown on their pushing nothing but the 'six best sellers.'

I am vain enough to feel that until these creeds are formally adopted, although unconsciously they are daily becoming the practice of alert publishers and booksellers, our present

haphazard system will continue. The only final, all-embracing solution of our present order, or of any order, for that matter, is the universal economic law of supply and demand. Unsound currency will drive out a sound one, and if the publishers persist, over a period of years, in bringing out too many mediocre books they will so antagonize the buying public as to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. If, however, the booksellers realize the power that is in their hands and coöperate to eliminate 'fly-by-night' publishers and publications, these will soon be driven to the wall.

In other words, I feel that the only intelligent basis for the limitation of production is to kill off the admittedly weak and worthless titles, together with their sponsors, and then by every means within our power to concentrate on everything left. At a rough guess, I should say that the residue would amount to 6500 or 7000 titles a year. Below this I do not think we can safely go, for below this would be economic underproduction. Above all, we must increase the demand for good books. We can do this only by coöperation, for there can be no greater fallacy than that one branch of the book trade can be exploited at the expense of the other.

MEDITATIONS OF A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

BY ONE

I

I HAD the curious good-fortune of first seeing my mother-in-law without knowing who she was. This happened, of course, some time before I had been invited to marry her son. I caught sight of her at a lecture, of all places in the world, and as the programme went on I found myself stealing refreshing glances at her bright and quizzical face. After the lecture we drifted toward each other, as congenial spirits may, in the confused Virginia reel of greetings and remarks. For purposes of scrutiny she had greatly the advantage over me, because she did know who I was, and was looking upon me, doubtless, with mixed feelings of her own. But I was well enslaved and enchanted before she announced her name to me.

I wish that every daughter-in-law might have a preliminary moment of this kind, meeting her future mother-in-law as a private individual, unbeknownst, with no suspicion that she herself was being scrutinized. For I suppose that I shall never get over the feeling that she and I are independent friends, luckily given a chance to meet more often because her son and my husband happen to coincide.

If she were not in the world, I should be deprived of three distinct benefits that only a mother-in-law has power to confer. The first has in it an element of the pictorial, the second of the practical, the third of reverie and dream.

These three benefits, I think, are not consciously bestowed: certainly not

the first, the picturesque presentation to me of the most gracious points in the family tradition. The experienced mother of a family holds the key to all the most charming customs, the most cherished rituals, the dramatic setting of her children's early home; each detail fragmentary in itself but significant as a clue.

For instance: it still takes my conservative breath away to observe this family's inspired capacity for transfiguring real estate into something far more beautiful than it was. All the members of the tribe think in the architect spirit. Blueprints run in their blood. To me, before my marriage, a house had always seemed a fairly substantial phenomenon, not lightly to be pulled about. Now I have seen what can be done with a flash of imagination and an astonished carpenter managed with a firm hand. I have seen an idea strike my mother-in-law at the dinner-table, at a time of family reunion at their summer home. I have seen her sons kindling instantly with hot-headed objections to her scheme — all pencils whipped out of their scabbards and brandished with reckless points, plans sketched rapidly on the backs of envelopes, slashing criticisms exchanged across the table, lines modified, lines crossed out — and the lady of the house finally collecting all plans, all criticisms, with a creative flash, and evolving a fire-new idea from the heat of argument: an idea better than her first, different

from her sons', bullet-proof, delightful, practical, instantly recognized by her roaring rivals as a flawless thing.

I have seen her convince a rebellious carpenter of the futility of a bracket. I have seen her make a blank staring window look romantic with a trellis, and a cramped entry look spacious by removing a meaningless bit of wall. 'It seems to me,' she told me once, 'that I have spent my life in taking down partitions.' She was thinking of lath and plaster when she spoke, but it is true also of the less palpable staging of spiritual life. Without my stirring mental pictures of her in the act of pouncing on crude materials, knocking them deftly about, clearing them of trash, and making them take on order and design, I could never have dreamed how implicitly I may trust in the similar inspirations of her son. My own cautious residential type of mind needs some such vivid reassurance before it can feel easy in the presence of the authentic builder — and judicious wrecker — type.

It is a great asset to know, through direct observation of one's mother-in-law, that certain traits which one's own family might have deemed out of the ordinary have always been considered the usual thing, safely domesticated, in one's husband's early home. A father-in-law might give one the same general information, but it comes more reassuringly from his wife.

The mental picture just described, of course, visualizes an important central trait. But I shall always treasure equally another sort of picture that my mother-in-law has given me, focused on a smaller scale. One afternoon early in our acquaintance I was invited to take tea with her, all by myself. As it happened, one of her adoring little grandsons had been left with her unexpectedly by his mother, who had dropped him there, like superfluous baggage in a

checking-room, on her way to town. The little boy, with all the rapture that a three-year-old heart can hold, was encamped in the lee of the daffodils in the sunny bay-window, playing a game that had been invented by his grandmother once upon a time for a certain little eldest son of her own — a game especially adapted to eldest sons, because it can best be played solitaire. All the little boys of the family had played it, however, in their day; and this tiny grandson was sensitive enough to be doubly happy in playing with his father's and uncles' toys. They were only a collection of small tin things that would 'pour': a miniature coffee-pot, a teakettle, a tin dipper with a nose, a toy watering-can, and a fluted bowl, most perilous of all. To play the game you were allowed to have exactly enough cold water to fill the smallest of these. From this — the dipper — you poured into the next container, and from that to the next, varying your sequence and your fractions of volume at will, and never spilling overboard a single drop. The glory and pride of the game centred upon the budding masculine joy in an accurate eye and a steady hand, the unflagging thrill of highly specialized negotiations with a tricky fluid largely forbidden as a plaything in one's career.

It called for an imagination somewhat expert in spiritual values to invent and perpetuate that heavenly game for baby boys. In the midst of his play the little grandson turned to ask a question of his grandmother, and called her 'Mother' by mistake. Whereupon, remembering the conventions, he politely changed it to 'Drandma,' and they both laughed. His grandmother stepped over to the window to answer his question about a twist in the teakettle's spout. And now, if I choose to shut my eyes, I can see them still with their bright heads together, gravely

examining the tiny venerable bit of tinware in the sun. A rapid twitch with an accomplished hand, and the trouble was rectified; the thing poured straight as a die. Mutual congratulations followed — the entirely sympathetic triumph over material imperfections by two resourceful and exacting hearts. The scene was typical of hundreds that I watched later. Beginning at the beginning, she thoroughly knew the breed she had to handle, and all their springs of joy.

Such pictures as these that I remember are not only pretty — they are the bright window through which I understand the exquisite and ineradicable beauty of my husband's early home-life, the essential position that it will always hold in the sequences of his thought.

One day, later, when we were visiting the family, we rummaged out a heap of old advertising matter among my husband's treasure-boxes in the attic, and he told me with what fortitude his mother had borne her lot when he and his brothers were struck with a craze for machinery, and sent for catalogues of every kind purely for the pleasure of gazing upon the pictures of great machines. Their tastes were ambitious, and they gathered catalogues illustrating newest models of every mammoth sort. In consequence, in the daytime when the boys were in school, agents from all these companies would come out to the house, a ten-mile trip into the suburbs, supposing that they were on the trail of a 'prospect,' and thinking to place important orders for steam-turbines, oil-well machinery, traveling cranes, magnetic chucks and radial drills, steam and electric capstans and windlasses, drop hammers and power-shears, foghorns with electric and gasoline-engine drive, automatic stokers, Otis elevators, Bessemer converters, and reaping-machines. Their hostess

received them all with charming apologies and light refreshments, and sent them away entirely mollified.

A comprehending mother of this stamp does not bring up a family for nothing. After thirty-five years of perspicacious manœuvres she is in a position to give a newcomer into the circle many practical points. With entire unselfishness she has given me all I asked, including her choicest and most secret copyrighted rules for celebrated dishes invented by herself. Thanks to her I am able to serve, of a Sunday night, a traditional supper-dish whose sheer aroma stirs memories of informal suppers with guests around the fireplace long ago, of far-away faces and eager talk, and of a certain active figure flitting incorrigibly about, not easily to be reduced to order — her sons, feeling their conversation wasted when she was on the wing, adjuring her at intervals to 'come and sit down!' To invoke the most lively memories of those days I have only to turn to certain extra pages pasted into my cookery-book, where in her handwriting I find the detailed rules that she wrote down for me one evening by lamplight at the beach.

II

The practical advantage of possessing a mother-in-law includes not only advice received and valued 'points,' but also the sense that in a dilemma there is always a court of grand appeal. For this purpose my mother-in-law has served her children well, a fact that is true of my own mother no less. In combination, these two can at any moment form an incomparable team. When my husband and I became engaged, his mother and my mother, living in widely separated towns, had never met. One day, in my own garden at home, he and I were discussing plans for the wedding, and struck a point on which

we were in doubt. 'Call up your mother on the telephone,' said I with sudden inspiration, 'and let my mother and your mother work it out together.' Accordingly he corralled my mother, planted her at the telephone, put in a long-distance call, and finally got the connection, with the two capable mothers, both laughing, on one wire. He introduced them elegantly, and then sat with me in attentive ecstasy on the staircase — while Greek, over the long-distance telephone, met Greek.

Perhaps one need hardly state that there remained, after that brisk conference, no shadow of doubt about our plans.

This practical department of a mother-in-law's proper function is, I suppose, the traditional field for clash. And I think, though my own experience has been perfect, that I know one reason why. Practical advice firmly administered implies sometimes a deficiency in the mental equipment of the advisee. Carried to a critical extreme, it puts the daughter-in-law chronically on the defensive, for she feels that every detail of her life's plan is being scrutinized. Of all beings on earth, the mother of married children has a right to scrutinize the world with the most apprehensive and responsible eye. The responsible eye is unwinking, very bright and clear. Its glance calls for an answer. The eye of Queen Marie of Rumania, mother-in-law of the Balkans, is responsible. The eyes of Buddha are not.

With the glance of our mother-in-law, however loving, upon us, we are anxious to toe the mark. We should hate to have her consider us a drag upon her son. Therefore the most tentative shaft of her criticism strikes home.

The classic mother-in-law remark in my own family was made by my father's mother on one of her delightful

visits to us. Two of us children and the maid had recently recovered from what corresponded to influenza in those days. Everything had returned fairly to the normal, but certain of the usual household duties had been overlooked in the rush. We were all sitting around the fireplace after tea when my grandmother, then quite an old lady, turned inquiringly to her daughter-in-law at the opposite side of the hearth. 'Elizabeth dear,' said she to my mother, 'don't you *like* to have your andirons bright?'

After the shout that went up from the circle, our grandmother joined in the laughter at her own question with comforting chuckles, and assured my mother that she had been entirely innocent in her remark. She thought that the dull finish might be the latest style, and that the younger generation perhaps preferred its brasses with a little tasteful tarnish here and there. One never could tell unless one asked. But her question proved to be a paradigm remark. Ever since, the accepted formula for criticism in our clan is the half-anxious, half-indulgent query, 'Don't you *like* to have your andirons bright?'

It is not only keen-eyed criticism that has power sometimes to strike panic to a daughter-in-law's inmost heart. Nearly every good homemaker who has successfully managed her family has acquired an immense knack for what my own mother calls 'slave-driving.' We all used to take a morose sort of pleasure in calling her Simon Legree when we found her in this mood. 'Now,' my mother used to observe cheerfully upon occasion, 'I am going to slave-drive a little.' Whereupon we knew that some member of the family was about to be goaded on to vaster achievements and ampler fates.

A mother, with all the humorous backing of long acquaintance with her children, can slave-drive far more

safely than a mother-in-law. Yet it would be a calamity if our mothers-in-law could never give us suggestions, never spur us on.

It all depends on the vocabulary and the context and the mood. From my own experience I know that the thing can, with immense good profit, be neatly done.

For illustration: I had an ambitious project in mind not long ago that I knew would interest my mother-in-law. Said I to my husband, 'Shall I write and tell her?'

'Well,' said he, 'you must remember that any idea as interesting as this will act on her mind like touching off the fuse on one of these fireworks that we used to call a "flowerpot." You've seen them — all sorts of things flowering out, Roman candles and pinwheels and chrysanthemums, ending with the face of Theodore Roosevelt and the American flag. If you don't mind variations on your plan, go ahead.'

I did not mind variations. I went ahead. And by the earliest possible return post my plan was doubled in value, alight with unexpected inspirations, brightened almost beyond belief. Yet it was my own workable plan still — only ever so much the better for being also hers and mine. With her knowledge of the available resources she was able to show me possibilities and practical expedients that advanced my project far beyond my dreams.

III

This sort of practical interchange would in itself be quite enough to keep our relationship unspoiled and sweet. But there is another realm of her influence more difficult to describe, one that penetrates to the rarely entered contemplative areas of my own mind. It involves her entire life and letters, and all her casual deeds. It is not enough

to say that her achievements have shown me what can be done in the harmonious home-life of that particular family-line. That is part of it, but my contemplation is also fascinated by the entire tone and tenor of her busy days. And here is where, in the matter of benefits, the father-in-law comes in. Together he and she provide a precedent; they are a sort of College of Heralds to interpret the family mood and trend. They have blended for us, in a workable combination, all the various traits and tendencies of their separate ancestral strains.

And now, when I meditate upon them, I see them in a hundred flashing, companionable moods — planting a tree together, hatching business projects with a pile of papers between them, training up a rambler-rose vine, training up also, in belated details, their grown sons. I remember especially the ancestral homestead that they took me to visit, on the edge of the New England coast, where one of the great-great-grandfathers had lived in Colony days. I shall not forget the lovely moment when we all stood together at the quiet doorway of the house and watched the white sea-gulls flying over the dunes. A spear of beach grass by the pathway was describing perfect circles around itself in the wind, with the point of its blade in the sand. We let ourselves in with a big key, through the old doorway under the wide fanlight. The high, white-paneled rooms were empty for the moment, but they had been left spruce and neat, with a freshly laid heap of pine-cones and driftwood in the fireplace, traditionally put there always for the use of casual summer visitors among the scattered clan. As a very special treat, my mother-in-law told me that I might be the one to light the driftwood fire. And as we sat and watched it, it burned with all its long-stored colors of strange violet and

wavering green and electric blue. The moment seemed almost like an initiation ceremony to me. The hearth where we were sitting belonged to us all: to my father-in-law and to his son by right of lineage, to my mother-in-law and to me by right of imagination, and by election into the family line.

It is a good deal of a venture, this business of accepting an unrelated per-

sonality into the vivacious family group, with all the intimate privileges of full membership in the line. Mothers and fathers of grown sons and daughters perform, I think, their very most gracious act of generous love when they ratify these nominations, and make for the sensitive newcomer such a warm and beautiful hearthside place in the spiritual continuity of the home.

THE UNARMED INVASION

BY STUART H. PERRY

I

Nor long ago, after a chase during which a hundred shots were fired, a motor-boat was captured off Long Island. It carried two hundred cases of whiskey brought from a liquor ship hovering just outside the twelve-mile limit, and in the captain's pocket was an unmailed letter from one of the ship's sailors to his parents in Glasgow. In it the sailor wrote:—

Well, parents, this is a very exciting life up here. There are boatloads of Chinese, Italians, Greeks, and so forth, all waiting to be smuggled into the States. There are also a couple of steamers loaded with heroin, morphia, and cocaine, all of which is smuggled in day by day. We have a seaplane which comes out daily and takes nineteen cases [of liquor] every trip, making an average of six trips a day.

Regardless of the sailor's veracity as to the details of that particular case, his letter fairly reflects the character of present-day smuggling in the United States. Multiplied and magnified, and

similarly interwoven, the same practices extend far and wide, the whole constituting a problem of grave import. Superficially, as this glimpse discloses it, the problem is only a domestic administrative matter; but, more deeply considered, it stretches away far beyond our time and our immediate affairs, and in its farther reaches it involves our polity, our relations with the world, our national and racial destiny.

The new smuggling, as thus disclosed, forms a chapter in the national control of foreign traffic that is unparalleled in both character and magnitude. The old smuggling, as it has been known for centuries among all nations, was almost uniformly an offense against revenue laws, its results being measured chiefly by the loss of customs duties to the Government thus defrauded. That kind, which exists whenever and wherever customs duties are imposed, raises only an ordinary problem of law-enforcement. The new

smuggling — of liquor, narcotics, and persons — is a far more important matter from the standpoint of national welfare and interests. It has to do, not with mere dutiable entries, but with entries that are wholly prohibited on high grounds of national policy, and, in so far as it succeeds, the result is not a mere pecuniary fraud but the defeat of policies deemed vital by the American people. Our exclusion of liquor and narcotics on grounds of social welfare is still a new policy, and though it is not uniquely American no other nation has applied it so rigidly or on so great a scale. Our exclusion of aliens is altogether new in both genesis and purpose, and, as will be pointed out later, is fraught with a novel and profound significance.

As the essential nature of the smuggler's offense has thus changed, so has the technique of his operations and of the necessary counter-operations. His pecuniary incentive is greater, his opportunities are enlarged, and the task of suppression is rendered more difficult by a variety of causes.

In mercantile smuggling of the old type the measure of the smuggler's profit in no case could exceed the amount of the duty, even if his operations could be conducted without expense. In the case of wholly prohibited articles, on the other hand, the profit from contraband trade is indefinitely great; the smuggler is no longer in competition with legitimate importers, and the only limit to his demands is what the traffic will bear. The profit on smuggled liquor may be several hundred per cent of its original cost. In the case of narcotics the profit is still more, and the risk and expense less. Thus morphine, for example, which in the inferior grades can be bought in Europe for two or three dollars an ounce, and in Germany as cheaply as a dollar, has recently been

sold at \$35 and \$40 an ounce in the Detroit underworld, this being the smuggler's wholesale price to the 'dope peddler' who may make a further profit of from \$100 to \$150 an ounce.

In the case of smuggled aliens the possibilities of gain are even greater. As far back as 1913 the fee for smuggling a Chinese from Ensenada, Mexico, to the vicinity of San Francisco was \$250, which rose to \$650 as the efforts of immigration officials became more effective. One of the prosecutions in that year disclosed that a certain launch, whose total cost equipped was only \$1300, brought from Ensenada to Half Moon Bay thirty-eight Chinese at \$450 a head, earning over \$17,000 in two weeks' time. Another launch carried twenty-two at \$500 each. This, it is to be noted, was in a time of lower prices, and the aliens in question were Orientals of the poorest class. What the rewards are, or may become, for the smuggling of Europeans better supplied with money can only be guessed. According to Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor, aliens are willing to pay from \$100 to \$2500 for illegal passage from Cuba to Florida. For bringing an alien across the Detroit River, one of the simplest and easiest of such operations, the ruling fee is said to be from \$25 to \$100.

Not only are the profits of the new smuggling much greater, but various factors have combined to make the traffic easier, and detection and capture more difficult. Ships with the aid of radio can easily make a rendezvous with confederates at any desired point offshore, where motor-boats can soon transfer contraband persons or cargo — or if pursued can quickly lose themselves in some remote inlet or crowded harbor. Along our land frontiers automobiles and good roads have aided smugglers, as they have other kinds of criminals. Even aircraft is beginning to

engage in the traffic, and unquestionably will do so increasingly. Liquor has been carried in that way, and it is said that as many as two hundred Chinese have been brought by air from Mexico to points in California. The smuggler of aliens enjoys a further advantage in the fact that he can operate in remote places, and also in the fact that he collects his pay in advance and is quit of his charges as soon as they are landed, in contrast with the smuggler of merchandise, who must incur the trouble and risk incident to its handling and sale. Moreover the new type of smuggler has the aid of a much larger body of abettors and sympathizers than the old, whether he deals in prohibited articles or prohibited persons.

These factors of difficulty, from the standpoint of law-enforcement, are aggravated by certain other difficulties of an international nature. The law of the sea, not having kept pace with mechanical progress, hampers the authorities in operations of search and seizure. The restrictions on the activities of officials along the land frontiers remain the same as they were before railroads, automobiles, aircraft, telephones, or radio were known. As regards liquor, there is a conspicuous lack of sympathetic coöperation on the part of foreign Governments touching such matters as fraudulent clearance-papers and the exchange of information. In the case of aliens there is not only lack of voluntary coöperation, but a positive desire on the part of some foreign nations to unload their undesirables upon us.

A still further difficulty arises from the indifference of neighboring countries to the south of us, which themselves impose little if any restriction upon immigration, and which thereby become easy stepping-stones for persons seeking to enter this country illegally from Europe or Asia.

II

The three kinds of smuggling under discussion — liquor, drugs, and aliens — are so interwoven as to form a single problem; but the last is immeasurably the most important of the three, not only from the domestic standpoint, but because of its international bearings. Our immigration policy is in fact a challenge to the world, actuated by profound national motives on our part, but by the same token inviting foreign opposition the exact character and extent of which no man can foresee. In its larger aspect it involves nothing less than the question of what nations and races of the earth shall succeed to the yet unabsorbed residue of the earth's resources and opportunities.

This is strictly a modern question, indeed one largely of the future; for it has only recently begun to take form in the minds of the world's leading nations. Also, for the present, it is almost uniquely an American problem. Other nations, it is true, such as Russia and Turkey in recent times, have undertaken to exclude certain classes or nationalities, but those efforts at most had a limited objective. The restrictions imposed by Canada and Australia on Asiatic immigration parallel our action to a degree, but they are directed only against certain races deemed intrinsically undesirable. The present Canadian restrictions on European immigration, though rigid as far as they go, are occupational in character, no immigrant being disqualified for entrance because of his nationality, and no numerical limit being applied to immigrants of the occupations specified for admission. The United States is the first example of a great nation adopting a general programme of restriction against aliens of all kinds in order to carry out a far-reaching national, racial, and economic policy.

As long as the unoccupied areas of the earth seemed indefinitely great, natural resources scantily utilized and largely unappropriated, and populations in most countries not disproportionate to food-supply, the problem of either immigration or emigration was too remote for serious consideration. That was the situation up to about a hundred years ago. But the last century has seen virtually all unoccupied lands appropriated, and most of the known natural resources in the world either acquired outright by the more active nations or controlled by them in some way for national purposes.

During the same period the development of applied science has resulted in enormous industrial expansion and a corresponding increase of populations. This change was not the sole cause of the great wave of European emigration that began in the nineteenth century, but it greatly accelerated that movement. Even in the absence of such a development, and if each nation had remained self-contained economically, presumably populations still would have increased according to the normal curve until the exhaustion of food-supply stimulated emigration. But an unequal industrial development of nations took place, whereby the more active drew food and raw materials from the backward and undeveloped ones, making payment therefor by the exportation of labor in the form of manufactured goods. This in effect augmented the food supply of the progressive nations and permitted their populations to expand with a rapidity and to a degree that otherwise never would have been possible.

Thus the world, from the standpoint of food-supply and population, has come to a state of unstable equilibrium. Some industrial nations have reached, and others are approaching, the stage where a depression in their export

markets or any serious disturbance of their industrial activity has the same effect as a crop shortage in an overpopulated agricultural country. In such a situation the result must be (a) further industrial expansion — that is, the acquisition of new markets — a step that only postpones the day of reckoning; (b) voluntary restriction of population; or (c) emigration. The last has been the historic answer of agricultural peoples to a diminishing food-supply, and it is likely to be increasingly the answer of industrial peoples to a waning standard of living.

The whole problem might be stated in terms of the standard of living. Whether among a primitive pastoral folk, an agricultural and commercial people, or a highly complex industrial community, the effect of overpopulation is to depress that standard, first among the economically weaker classes, and to a certain degree among all classes. There is no essential difference in that regard between the most primitive and the most advanced nations; the plain lack of food in the former is merely translated into diminished incomes and curtailed opportunities in the latter. Their reaction also is identical — an effort to expand, either by mass movement or infiltration, into regions where land is cheaper or, in the case of industrial peoples, where opportunities for labor and exploitation are better.

III

In the light of these fundamental historic facts we can appraise the situation of the American people, their opportunities, their necessities, and their possible dangers.

By good fortune America was colonized before the causes of economic migration began to operate. The United States had time to attain a secure independence and political maturity,

and to become populous enough to occupy its entire territory effectively, before the results of science and industry had greatly stimulated emigration from Europe, and before the rivalry for markets and sources of raw material had reached anything like its present intensity. During that long period we had no food problem, no land problem, no employment problem. Opportunities of all kinds were abundant and they were exploited with the utmost energy and success. The result was that by the time the pressure of population in the crowded industrial nations became acute — a condition visibly expressed in the Great War in Europe and in the Japanese programme of expansion — the American people had developed a standard of living unequaled elsewhere in the world.

To-day we live as in a walled garden of opulence, into which less favored nations gaze with envious eyes. Thanks to our geographical situation, the physical strength we have attained, and the rapid occupation of all our habitable area, the danger of any national invasion in mass disappeared long ago. But unarmed invasion, invasion by infiltration, took its place. The individual in Europe or Asia notes the superior opportunities in America, expressed in the American standard of living, and wishes to share them. The prevailing motive of this 'new emigration' is neither spiritual, emotional, nor political; it is one of material self-interest. And his Government, equally from motives of self-interest, favors and promotes such emigration. Especially it encourages the inefficient, the inferior, and the undesirable to emigrate to America and divide up with us the advantages that we enjoy. We, on the other hand, with an insight that is clear and unerring, though tardy in developing, are determined to conserve these opportunities for ourselves, to ex-

loit them for our own national ends, and to maintain that superior standard of living which we have created.

In this policy, born of an absolutely logical and righteous determination, we array ourselves in interest against those nations that have reached, or are approaching, the limits of their economic opportunities. The lessons of history teach that no people can continue indefinitely to enjoy unchallenged any great economic advantage. When or how that challenge may come depends upon the magnitude of the advantage, the necessities of other nations, and their relative strength. We may be sure, however, of this much: that if we maintain and strengthen our restrictive policy it will be done not only without the approval of the older and crowded nations, but against more or less opposition on their part. How active that opposition may yet become, time alone can reveal. The attitude of the Japanese Government and people last spring was a sign that cannot be ignored.

Fog always lies between us and the future, but if anything takes clear shape on that distant horizon-line it is the inevitable alignment in economic interest of the more crowded nations against the less crowded. This is only another aspect of a forecast that has often been expressed in other terms — that the rivalries and wars of the future will be economic, just as the last war and the rivalries from which it sprang were economic. Religious, dynastic, and even racial factors become subordinate in the presence of the inexorable pressure of populations and declining standards of living; and it is precisely the most capable and energetic nations that will feel the effects of those forces most acutely. The form and extent of their reaction have no assignable limits. As against thinly populated nations that are weak, the

aggression of the populous ones may in some cases take the form of political domination or even conquest. In the case of the stronger ones, such as the United States and the British Dominions, it seeks the desired results through infiltration.

This process of infiltration naturally began in the United States, the land of highest standard and greatest opportunities. That movement we have forbidden entirely from Asia and undertaken greatly to curtail from Europe. This raises our immediate problem—the enforcement of our own law in our own territory. But the next stage involves us more broadly, for our sphere of national interest does not stop wholly at our frontiers. For racial as well as economic reasons we should regret to see Canada invaded by extensive immigration of nationalities that we deem it necessary to exclude; for, racially and economically, North America is virtually one country, and the maintenance of the American standard of living and of Anglo-Saxon supremacy in Canada is a vitally important corollary to our own policy. It is to be hoped that the Government and people of Canada will recognize, before it is too late, the essential identity of the alien-problem in the two countries by adopting a similar policy as far as the racial aspects of immigration are concerned. For political reasons we might be impelled to oppose an extensive Asiatic infiltration into Mexico—a process that might lead to the same results against which the Monroe Doctrine was directed. There may, therefore, be occasion for diplomatic endeavors to obtain the support and coöperation of other countries of the less crowded type, in which racial and economic changes might have a direct connection with our own interests.

The wisdom and expediency of main-

taining our present immigration-policy, and even making it more stringent, ought by this time to be beyond argument. It is the only means whereby we can conserve our racial character, our Anglo-Saxon culture, and our political ideals. It is the only means whereby we can preserve the American standard of living, or retard its decline. The internal opposition, in fact, proceeds largely from alien elements, whose views on such a matter obviously should not be heeded, and from exploiters of cheap labor, whose attitude is self-serving and antisocial. There is another element of opposition, it is true, made up of those who would keep the doors open from motives of conscience or emotion; but it should be a sufficient answer to their plea to point out the fact that the filling-up of this country from Europe would be detrimental to America without being permanently beneficial to Europe. It would depress our standard of living, but it would not appreciably raise the standard of the crowded countries, because emigration from those countries would be replaced by new growth of population, thus keeping them constantly at the point of saturation.

America, too, will reach the point of saturation in time. Even if the period and extent of our growth should be enlarged through the development of new food-supplies, the final result would only be postponed—the stage when the limit of food-supply would check further increase. That stage, according to very convincing reasoning, is likely to be reached within two centuries at the latest, when our population will approximate 200 millions and our standard of living will inevitably be lower than it is to-day. The practical question, therefore, is whether we purpose to have this additional hundred millions of population made up of persons of our own race and traditions, or

recruited from the submerged strata of European countries; whether we shall try to retard this lowering of our standard of living or to accelerate it. The voice of wisdom can give but one answer.

IV

We are, then, embarked upon a vital national policy which is likely to be imperiled by forces both within and without the country. What measures should be taken to ensure its success?

Beginning with the domestic phase, which is merely one of law-enforcement, the only logical method of approach is to treat the whole collective problem of the new smuggling as a unit; since all three kinds are carried on more or less by the same persons and instrumentalities, and all tend more or less to the same result of forcing in upon us persons and things that we desire to exclude. With this in mind, and taking the weakest spot first, the primary step should be to strengthen the immigration service, in both personnel and equipment, to whatever degree may be necessary to obtain the desired results. Its equipment should at least be as effective as that of the Prohibition unit. The next should be to coördinate closely, and as nearly as possible to unify, the mechanism for the suppression of liquor- and narcotic-smuggling and that directed against the smuggling of aliens.

Three legislative steps also are particularly called for. One is the amendment of the lax and mischievous provisions of the La Follette Seamen's Act, whereby alien sailors may land on sixty days' shore-leave, regardless of their admissibility as immigrants, and under no control whatsoever. Through this loophole alone in the last fiscal year 23,194 aliens entered this country as deserters from merchant ships. Another imperative legislative step is a

law requiring the registration of all aliens and providing adequate funds for the deportation of all that are unlawfully here — the latter feature being especially important because the funds now available are grossly inadequate, resulting in the virtual breakdown of that part of our immigration policy. The third, hardly less important, is the application of the quota law to Mexico, Cuba, and the West Indies — incidentally as an aid in stopping illegal immigration from those countries, but primarily to reduce an alarming and increasing influx of legal entrants who are less assimilable than perhaps any of the European races to which our quota law applies.

With these measures taken, we should be able to enforce fairly well our laws against all kinds of smuggling. However, to carry out our policy with full efficiency and in its broader aspects, certain matters of foreign relations are involved. Among those of immediate importance the first, already partly accomplished, is the extension of our right of search in territorial waters. The extension of that right by the recent British treaty, in the case of operations against liquor-smugglers, is a very important gain, evincing a spirit on the part of Great Britain which is fully appreciated in America. We should, however, try to extend the zone of our operations against all kinds of smuggling, and not only by specific treaty provisions but by efforts to bring the general rules of international law into closer conformity with modern conditions. This would involve seeking such changes in existing rules as the nations can be persuaded to accept — such, for example, as a broad interpretation of the principles of 'contact with shore' and 'hot pursuit' of offenders from territorial waters on to the high seas. It also might involve new rules touching the use of aircraft, giv-

ing all nations such freedom of action in the air outside their territorial limits as may be reasonably necessary to the enforcement of their laws. Diplomatic efforts should be equally directed toward securing all the coöperation obtainable from other nations in aiding our officials to prevent illegal entrances of all kinds from their ports or through their territory.

Such is the problem of the new smuggling — a problem born of our new policy of excluding persons and things on fundamental motives of national welfare. As such it obligates us to the utmost efforts on our own part to make that policy effective in all its three applications; and it also justifies us in asking from other nations such freedom of action as may be reasonably necessary, and seeking such coöperation from them as we can obtain.

The evil of liquor- and drug-smuggling is already familiar to the public in all its bearings, and the urgency of suppressive measures is recognized. The same is not true of the public attitude toward the smuggling of aliens. The exclusion of aliens is still a new policy, not yet completely mature. In consequence the public is not so fully aware of how that policy is being nullified, nor does public opinion fore-

see so clearly the results of its non-enforcement. Yet the fact remains that of all forms of smuggling that of aliens is incomparably the most important, and its consequences the most profound and irreparable.

This phase of the problem, therefore, is the one to which Congress should immediately address itself, the one upon which the sentiment of the nation needs most urgently to be awakened. Our immigration policy has come to stay, and is bound up with our future welfare as intimately as the Monroe Doctrine; indeed it is a logical and inescapable corollary to that doctrine and to the Declaration of Independence. As a measure of national conservation — economic, social, and racial — this great *démarche* of the United States has no counterpart. It is a normal product of new world conditions, and the worthy answer of a great nation to the demands of the time — wisely and presciently given while those demands still can be answered effectively.

We shall meet with difficulties, but the nation must follow its true course. There is no other course that does not involve a confession of impotence or lead to a surrender of our national birthright.

MAJORITY RULE

BY VALESKA BARI

WITH tropical swiftness the twilight faded. A few moments before the gayly clad groups blazed by. Now orange, purple, and magenta softened into the background of green and rose-colored houses. Norah Whitney closed the neglected book in her lap. She had not yet been away from New England long enough to gaze in unembarrassed idleness at the passers-by, but before the vivid panorama of the tropics the volume in her hands was the merest of excuses.

Still the little groups sauntered by. From the darkening verandah Norah watched them frankly — the pleasant, laughing girls, high-combed and hatless; the straight white figures of linen-clad men; the punctuation of tiny feet in high-heeled slippers; the click of fans incessantly opened and closed; and through it all the running inflection of clear Latin voices rippling through soft Spanish syllables. Suddenly a little group would halt. Someone was talking whose speech was accompanied by so many gestures that to walk at the same time was impossible. The little oration would end and the group would move on. It was the nightly parade, but their voices and gestures seemed unusually excited. In place of the customary sauntering back and forth everyone was going in the same direction.

At the end of the verandah Roman Angel was whittling sticks for a new kite. Norah called to the boy. 'Is something going on at the plaza to-night?'

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Jabbing the knife and the sticks into the earth of a potted plant as he passed, the boy stood at Norah's chair. 'Going?' he echoed and shook his head doubtfully. 'Comes a man to the plaza to-night. He speakas about' — he hesitated — 'governamenta.' With the reënforcement of additional vowels Roman Angel attacked the word manfully. 'Shall you go — with me?' He paused, and added persuasively, 'a little time?'

So for 'a little time' Norah Whitney stood with Roman Angel Morales amid the swaying, attentive crowd. The blazing arc-lights fell upon faces of all shades from the blond of northern Spain to the black of Africa. All eyes were lifted to the speaker. Standing on the narrow platform at the centre of the idle fountain, he rested his hand between gestures on the shoulder of the cement fireman from whose hose — on Sundays and feast days when the water-supply was sufficient — gushed the fountain.

Every Porto Rican is an orator. From the lips of the speaker flowed soft, caressing words. 'He says,' interpreted Roman Angel after a few moments, 'he says, "How beautiful are the cocos!" He says it many times.' As though to acknowledge the tribute of the orator, a near-by clump of cocos bent their supple trunks to a passing breeze and bowed their heads with the soft 'Swish!' which is the accent of silence in the tropics.

The crowd was applauding. 'He says,' continued Roman Angel, '"The

coco is the friend to all man.'" The speaker grew more emphatic. His gestures rose from horizontal to vertical. His words burst forth in a fountain of eloquence. 'Friend to all man,' interpreted the boy, 'poor man and richa man.' The eloquence rose to a climax. The crowd cheered wildly. 'He says: "Vote for the coco, and poor man can have cocos very cheap" — another burst of applause — "and can sell to the States for much money. Vote for the coco!"'

Back at the house Norah questioned her uncle. 'What is this "Vote for the coco!" and how are they going to have them for nothing and all get rich selling them to the States?'

The orange-planter smiled. Twenty years in the tropics brings great placidity. 'They've one trick in politics that we have n't in the States. Congress gave them the vote without a literacy test. Most of the voters can't read, so they have to vote by pictures. For candidates it's not so bad, but for measures they have to use symbols.'

'But how are they going to vote for free coconuts?'

The old man knocked the ashes from his pipe with exasperating deliberation. 'The coco on the ballot has nothing in the world to do with coconuts. It's the symbol adopted by the prohibitionists. The islanders love their cocos and they'll vote for that picture — and vote themselves dry in the bargain.' He rapped his pipe meditatively against the railing as he rose to go indoors. 'Democracy — ' and the door clicked sharply on the sentence he was wise enough to leave unfinished.

A moment later it opened again, but softly. With his good-night offering of a fragrant *refresco*, Roman Angel appeared, gently tinkling the ice against the glass, the wonder of newness still undimmed. Absent-mindedly Norah accepted the fruit punch. The boy

waited silently for the glass. At last Norah laid it down. 'I think, Roman Angel, you'd better recite your school lessons to me every night.'

The boy reached for the empty glass, but halted abruptly at her words. 'Recite lessons to you every night?' he repeated to make certain that he had heard aright.

'We can start to-morrow,' added Norah.

Slowly he picked up the glass. Only a shade of huskiness in the boy's 'Si, señorita' betrayed the leaping dream which would keep him awake for hours with its unfolding vistas of the great world opening to meet him.

It was through an official whom she had met on the boat that Norah had taken Roman Angel into her uncle's household. The story of his visit to the department of education had appalled Norah by its simplicity. In barefoot silence the boy had stood like a dusty apparition at the desk of the supervisor.

'Is this the department of education?' he had asked.

The supervisor had nodded. Something in his earnestness had prevented her from motioning him away to the information clerk.

'I want one,' he had said simply.

'One — what?'

'One education,' and his tone added 'of course,' as though that were the only thing one could possibly ask for at the department of education.

'You must take him,' the supervisor had concluded her story. 'It's his one chance for an education. We're swamped. The station doctor has taken the seventh child into his house besides having six children of his own. He's been my stand-by, but I can't ask him to take another.'

'We must take him,' Norah repeated to her uncle after Roman Angel had

been presented for inspection. 'He can go to the town school here and I can teach him a lot, too.'

'Teach,' repeated the old planter, dropping his hand affectionately on her shoulder. 'And you might learn something, too.'

In quaint English which he had picked up from an Irish priest, Roman Angel told Norah scraps of stories from which she pieced together a picture of the life that lay behind him. He came from the mountain district of Moca, where the little coffee-planters stood by uncomprehending as the sixteenth century rolled into the twentieth. Each season more mouths had to be fed and less and less of the hillside lay idle from which friendly Nature could hold out gifts of bananas and other fruits to her children. Those of the workers who were landless now went down for the harvest to the cane fields in the bottom lands. Sometimes they returned with extravagant tales of having lived in wooden houses, of having rice to eat every day, of streams of water which flowed when one turned on a faucet, and even of strange, flat contrivances whereon one slept instead of in a hammock. One man had returned with still wilder tales; of a city with great houses of stone, of people who ate from white dishes with forks and spoons of metal, of sewers, and libraries, and free concerts, of great white ships which were said to come from incredible places, of people who paid huge sums of money to have their shoes cleaned, of schools of unimaginable size where the children learned everything and spoke in English.

The hill folk listened and shook their heads. Old men told tales of the time when land and trees and food were endless, when no one ever had any money and no one wanted to read and write, before the evil day when the land

grew small and things began to have prices and someone invented work and education. Sometimes a boy slipped away from the hills, but none of these adventurers returned, and the little myths of their fortunes, and even of their existence, faded away.

Only surreptitiously had the city invaded the hills, until one year from far down in the valley there began to creep toward them the great white highway whose building was the wonder tale of Roman Angel's early childhood. From his hill perch, through the endless days of childhood, he looked down on the white ribbon crawling slowly nearer. In fascination he saw the white line move across the bright green world. His mother drew her foot across the narrow trail which led down to the stream. The ribbon was like the trail, only larger, she explained. With the valor of his six years Roman Angel tried to widen the path so that it too might turn a magic white. In one soft spot he pulled grass and uprooted bushes until the trail was fully three feet wide, but even then it failed to turn white. Disbelief entered his soul. The great white highway was something else.

In the early morning of a day of high adventure, Roman Angel started forth down the familiar path to the stream, but instead of halting at this point he made his way boldly across the water, stepping carefully from one to the next of the flat stones on which the women, a little later in the day, would squat at their eternal job of washing and beating garments. Beyond lay a wagon road leading to unknown territory and over this road he started out, terrified and exalted. The road went on endlessly. The sun stood still overhead. The few people he met on the road paid no attention to him. At last the road turned abruptly and before him lay the baking expanse of the great highway.

In the shade of a gorgeous red tree he sat down to gaze upon the untrodden road. Again curiosity surged. To the very edge of the white road he made his way and stretched out his foot. The beautiful white highway was hot and hard to his bare toes. He touched the broken limestone with his hand, gently. Down the road he peered until the ribbon curled out of sight. Up the valley it ran a little way, and there innumerable men were shoveling and raking and tamping. It was music, the sound of men, and achievement. In the shade of a near-by bush he squatted, to watch and to listen to the rhythm of movement and sound. It was a wonderful rhythm, exciting, then monotonous, and finally very, very sleepy.

The sun was straight overhead when Roman Angel awoke. A noise was screaming in his ears and a monstrous machine puffed slowly by before him. Again the giant screamed and Roman Angel leaped madly backward into the bushes. The man in the steam roller laughed and waved a friendly hand. Spellbound the boy gazed upon the monster puffing back and forth.

It was a day of unbelievable marvels, one crowding on the heels of the next. The god from the machine finally stopped for lunch. Seating himself in the shade of Roman Angel's bushes he shared strange, delicious food with the boy and through his hour of rest talked of the glories of building roads. He told of the great highway built by the soldiers of the Queen of Spain, which cost so much gold that Isabella swore she could see it glitter all the way across the ocean. What gold and the ocean and the Queen of Spain might be Roman Angel knew not, but uncomprehending he bathed in the glory. 'I too will build a road,' he promised at the end of the tale. Gravely the engineer shook hands with him on the promise. For a moment the little

brown fingers rested in the big sunburned hand. It was a solemn occasion. 'I will give you one ride in the great machine and then you must go home.' Roman Angel agreed. 'And you must go to school. Roads are built with heads as well as with hands.'

For one glorious, thumping, puffing, screaming lap Roman Angel rode in the great machine. With a promise not to wander again — which he understood — and to go to school — which he did not understand — he started back to the hills.

From his hillside the boy watched the road stretch out until it was lost behind a hill. Later strange black objects darted back and forth over the white road, and later still came word that a school would be started in their district. It was another day of fulfillment when Roman Angel followed the older children to the tiny shack where the lone teacher struggled by day and by night to lift up his charges to meet the modern age which was seeking them. With eagerness not unmixed with doubt and suspicion, the countryside accepted education. Only Roman Angel surrendered his liberty with no hesitation. This was the school he had promised to attend, and at the end of school glittered a great white road.

Four years in the rural school opened and closed the door of education for the others. For Roman Angel the foot of the engineer kept the door from closing. On the rosy-cheeked padre who ministered to the group of mountain hamlets the boy tried out the snatches of English which the overworked teacher gave them along with all the other subjects, from arithmetic to agriculture. The padre responded. From his tales and instruction Roman Angel emerged with a working knowledge of English flavored delicately with brogue, and a disjointed familiarity with the battle won by Saint Patrick at Bunker Hill, and

other inspiring events in the history of the country that was his.

This was the age of fulfillment. The road and the school were the signs and symbols of a friendly world reaching out a hand to help every boy to follow in the footsteps of Washington and Lincoln. With never a doubt Roman Angel had taken the elaborately printed certificate from the rural school as his sole baggage and had started out for the capital over the highway of his dreams. Between lifts and walking, the sixty miles had been only an adventure. That the department of education had listened to his story and had found him a bed for the night was part of the kindness of a kind world, and when he found himself in the household of old Cyrus Whitney he accepted the miracle simply, as only a believer can.

With shy pride Roman Angel recited his lessons to Norah. His classes were still conducted in Spanish and the effort of translating to Norah brought a flush to his cheek and to his eyes a light that wavered between triumph and baffled impatience.

The class in geography had reached Alaska. 'The capital of Alaska is Sitka and Juneau is the largest city,' Roman Angel recited fluently.

'Juneau is the largest city,' agreed Norah, 'but the capital has been changed from Sitka to Juneau.'

Roman Angel's eye rested upon the closed book and then moved slowly to one who could so lightly contradict the authority of the printed page. Norah saw his doubt. She opened the geography to the page on Alaska and placed her finger on the word 'Sitka.' 'I know the book says Sitka, but the book is a little old and since the man wrote it the capital has been changed.' The doubt in his face darkened. To the child of illiterates the printed page was created inviolate.

'A man wrote the book,' repeated Roman Angel, trying to take in the import of the words. It was a new idea. Books came from the department of education. That back of the department some person wrote them was a disturbing, a revolutionary thought.

Norah watched the play of uncertainties on the boy's face. A curious sense of distance and helplessness came over her. 'All books have to be written by someone,' she went on. 'They write what is true' — her words fell on her ears as oversimple — 'but afterward things may change.' She hesitated. Roman Angel was evidently not convinced. Alaska was so vast and so cold and so far away that to visualize it at all was difficult. To visualize it in process of change was asking too much. From Alaska to his own valley Norah leaped. 'If a man had written about your valley ten years ago he would have said, "There is no highway," and that would have been true. But since then the highway has been built.'

Roman Angel nodded and the puzzled look left his eyes. 'All right,' he agreed. 'The capital of Alaska is —' he paused to recollect the name.

'Juneau,' relief in her voice at hitting upon an acceptable analogy. In his geography she crossed out 'Sitka' and wrote in 'Juneau.'

'Juneau,' repeated Roman Angel. His tone was satisfied. The building of his road belonged to a world that changed and progressed.

It was an unhappy Roman Angel who brought back word of the rejection of his corrected information. 'Miss Incarnacion said, "What is the capital of Alaska?" and Luis said, "Sitka." And she said, "Yes." But I said, "No, Miss Incarnacion, now it is Juneau." She said, "Open your books!" and in all the books it was the same. It was Sitka!'

Norah suppressed a desire to smile.

'I wanted to tell her all about it,' went on Roman Angel, 'but she was too busy. She is always busy.' He glanced up at Norah for assistance. 'To-morrow,' he spoke the word slowly as though doom itself were contained in the word, 'to-morrow we will also recite the lesson of to-day. To-morrow Miss Incarnacion will say, "What is the capital of Alaska?" and I will say, "Juneau!"' His glance was tragic. 'And she will say: "Sitka!"'

It was a challenge and Norah accepted the challenge by writing a careful explanation to Miss Incarnacion.

With vindication in his hand Roman Angel set forth triumphantly for school. Crestfallen he returned. 'I told her and she read the letter. When she had read both pages she said, "Roman Angel, what is the capital of Alaska?" I was happy and I said, "Juneau!" Then she said, "Children, what is the capital of Alaska?" and all the children said "Sitka!"' While he spoke he jerked the leaves from a twig in his fingers. He threw away the bare stem. 'But I believe,' he added, earnestly, 'I truly believe that Juneau is the capital of Alaska.'

At recess the following day Norah appeared at the school. Until the question of Alaska was settled there could be no peace. Faith and belief as well as the whole principle of education and authority were involved.

With the courtesy which more effectively than rudeness preserves distance between people, Miss Incarnacion welcomed Norah. 'Will you drink a chair?' she asked with startling clearness. Her gesture explained her meaning, and Norah remembered that in Spanish to 'drink' and to 'take' are one verb. Choosing her words with the exactness of one born to a foreign tongue, Miss Incarnacion inquired about Norah's voyage, of the North,

whither she hoped to go some day, of the differences between the North and the Tropics.

It was Norah who had to bring up the question of Alaska. By way of referring to a friend who had gone to the Territory, she spoke about the Governor's ball, the great party of the season, and then led up to the session of the legislature at Juneau.

Miss Incarnacion listened courteously but defensively. 'Alaska is very far away,' she commented politely. 'It is inhabited by Esquimaux, a variety of Indians, who speak a language of their own.' This sentence Norah recognized as a direct translation from the geography.

'They are strange people,' agreed Norah. The unlucky geography had contained pictures of them, ugly enough to grip one's attention. 'But also in Alaska there are Americans and Canadians and other people.'

A flash of dissent reminded Norah that the geography as translated by Roman Angel had omitted mention of any races save the Esquimaux.

The bell had rung. The children were passing to their seats in normal noise and confusion. Miss Incarnacion stepped to the front of her desk and rapped sharply for order. The noise quieted. The children moved hastily to their seats. All eyes were fixed on the tense figure of the teacher standing before her desk in an attitude dramatically protective.

The room was silent. Miss Incarnacion turned to Norah. A queen robbed of her throne could not have shown greater dignity. 'You desire to say that our books are not correct.' She spoke slowly, half turned so that the class could hear her words distinctly. 'You desire to say that Sitka is not the capital of Alaska!'

Norah sat still. Her tongue was tied, her gaze fascinated by the flash in the

eyes of Miss Incarnacion. In an over-dramatic situation a self-conscious American is lost. As an outsider at a spectacle Norah looked on. The sanctity of a textbook to these children of illiterates! It was not a mere error that she was trying to correct. She was sweeping away their whole security.

Miss Incarnacion turned to the class. The tense silence was broken: 'We will vote!'

The responsive Latins sat upright at attention.

'Those who believe the capital of Alaska is Sitka will stand!'

With the exception of Roman Angel the class rose at the word. For a moment of triumph and vindication the teacher stood motionless. With a gesture she seated the class. Only

courteous dignity was in her voice as she held out a generous hand to Norah. 'They have voted,' she announced simply, 'and the capital of Alaska is Sitka!'

As she crossed the plaza Norah tore from a tree a prohibition dodger. With a curious sense of unreality she examined it. There was the ballot, the picture of the coconut, and the box stamped to vote 'Yes.' With impatient neatness she folded the paper and slipped it into her purse.

Her footsteps quickened and then slowed down. She took out the ballot again and looked at it searchingly, then put it back and resumed her way: 'And I suppose some day I shall think this was funny!'

CAN CHRISTIANITY SURVIVE?

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

IN his recent book, *Prospects of Industrial Civilization*, in which a brilliant and bitter cynicism begins to betray the inevitable consequences of a 'philosophy built on the firm foundations of unyielding despair,' Mr. Bertrand Russell outlines the future of our civilization and incidentally finds no place for religion in the task of redeeming society. He holds its extinction to be both inevitable and desirable; desirable because its constitutional traditionalism is inimical to social progress, and inevitable because it grew out of primitive man's conflict with the natural world. This conflict, in which man sought the benevolent intervention of a supernatural ally, has become too

remote to influence the thought and life of a citizen of a modern industrial and urban civilization. The ills from which he suffers are obviously the consequence, not of nature's enmity, but of the cruelty and selfishness of his fellow men. If he wants for bread the cause of his hunger is not the reluctance of the soil to yield him her increase, but the unwillingness of the strong to make an equitable division of the riches which they have pressed from nature's bosom. In this situation modern men, particularly industrial workers, will become increasingly naturalistic and regard the Christian ethics as a fraud and religious faith as an illusion.

In this analysis Mr. Russell does not

take into account that religion is as much the product of man's conflict with himself as of his battle with nature; nor does he consider that even an urban civilization, in which man is divorced from the soil and freed from the caprice of the elements, cannot finally eliminate the grim hostility of the natural world to everything which man holds dearest and which he will try inevitably to save from nature's last and most implacable servant — Death. Yet, in the main, much may be said for Mr. Russell's analysis and prophecy, particularly since our contemporary life already threatens to fulfill the latter.

As a matter of fact religion is not at present a vital factor in our civilization. Its icons still adorn our family hearths and, in circumscribed fields of human conduct, it still influences moral life; but it is not reckoned with in the more complex moral problems and the wider social relationships in which the destiny of our civilization is being determined. If organized religion enjoys a prosperity in America which seems to invalidate Mr. Russell's argument, that is only because, in our paradise of national security and universal opulence, we have not yet felt the enormity of the sins of greed and violence which are corrupting our civilization and which seem to prove the impotence of religion. In fact, our American situation offers an interesting confirmation of Mr. Russell's observation that religion may long continue in the life of those classes which benefit, or at least do not suffer, from the limitations of our industrial civilization. These are the very classes which still maintain their loyalty to organized religion in Europe; and if religious sentiment seems more general in America than in Europe that may well be because these classes practically include our whole population.

What is true in Europe, and is

becoming increasingly true in America, is that the humble and lowly folk, the world's burden-bearers, whose religious attitude was once proverbial, are not only alienated from but hostile to religion. This alienation is due not so much to the remoteness of the natural world as to the unwillingness of the dominant classes, who still profess religious faith, to be guided in their social actions by the obvious moral implications of their declared faith. For every person who has renounced religion in our day because it failed to convince his mind, two have renounced it because it outraged their conscience by its tacit support of traditional social wrong. So the sin of hypocrisy has generated the cynicism which is so characteristic of the labor revolt in every country, and the futility of religious idealism in economic life has produced the economic determinism which has become the worker's creed.

In France religion has never recovered the power which it lost when the Revolution found it in league with feudal reaction. In Germany, the cradle of more than one vital religious movement, the nation is being torn asunder by a violent communism in conflict with an equally extreme nationalism, and the Church survives only as a more or less despised ally of nationalism. In this desperate struggle Catholicism has gained some influence as a conciliatory factor in the conflict, but Protestantism has been rendered practically impotent. In Russia organized religion has survived the Revolution, but the class-conscious workers are its sworn foes. Even in countries which did not suffer from the war, such as Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark, and in which the class struggle is not quite so desperate, there is the same strong drift to cynical economic determinism among the workers. In England alone the situation is somewhat more

favorable, for the English Church never lost contact completely with the labor movement; and so the class struggle is tempered with a measure of religious idealism.

Contemporary European history shows quite clearly that any religious interpretation of the universe by which man maintains himself against the hostility of nature cannot survive in the modern world if it does not issue in a social morality which is inspired by a spiritual appreciation of human life. For men do suffer in the modern world more from the cruelties which in their mutual fear and their greed they inflict upon each other than from the hostility of the natural world. If the Christian Church is dying in Europe it is because it has failed to develop the clear moral implications of its faith and has not dared to insist that men are children of God and therefore neither to be used as things nor feared as devils. It has permitted an arrogantly secular industrialism to enslave human beings as tools of its avarice; and it has lacked the imagination to deliver the nations out of the vicious circle of mutual fears and hatreds into which a lack of confidence in human nature betrayed them.

This moral failure of traditional Christianity is regarded as inevitable by the cynics who believe religion to be without moral potency. Though immediate evidence may support their conviction it ought not to be accepted too readily; for it is quite obvious that a religion which teaches us to trust the universe itself as ultimately good can never completely disavow, though it may be too slow to avow, the moral implications of this faith, and must insist that men are to be trusted and loved. Religious transcendentalism does finally issue in a spiritual morality, and nothing less than a morality buttressed by such a faith can develop the strength to restrain and sublimate

the baser instincts of men. Though the apostasy of the Church from the religiously oriented ethics of Jesus runs through its whole history, it has never been so complete and will not remain so general as in our contemporary civilization.

The complete secularization of society is a fairly recent historical development. The Protestant Reformation contributed to it immensely when it centred the moral dynamic of religion upon the drama of the inner life and removed every spiritual restraint from social groups. So Machiavelli's political philosophy became the creed of nations, and with Adam Smith business joined the State in its defiance of moral law. A soulless economics aggravated a pagan politics, both outraging the spiritual evaluation of human life and defying the moral law which was meant to preserve and protect it. It might be maintained that this secularization of economics and politics is not new, but as old as history, and that neither Christianity nor any other religion has ever really conquered a nation or brought economic relationships under the dominion of its conscience. But the naive connivance of Protestantism with rampant nationalism and the economics of *laissez faire* will hardly compare favorably with the best that the Middle Ages accomplished when the Church tried, however qualifiedly, to subject social instincts, which express themselves in political and economic life, to some kind of law.

Thomas Aquinas's insistence on a 'just price' was a potent influence in the commercial life of the Middle Ages, and the modern doctrine that the avarice of producers should be restrained by nothing but the law of supply and demand was a heresy. Whatever may be said of the alloy of personal ambition which entered into the dreams of Hildebrand and the

achievements of Innocent III, they did place some wholesome restraints on the capricious self-will of nations. It is only in modern civilization that groups and nations are absolved from obedience to every law except the will to power. Economic and political ruthlessness has been the natural result of this freedom. Any political philosophy which insists that a nation is not subject to moral law is bound to issue in an international diplomacy which operates upon the assumption that nations are not to be trusted. And the political economy of Adam Smith inevitably creates the antithesis of the social philosophy of Karl Marx. The effort of liberalism to preserve peace between warring classes and nations by pitting self-interest against self-interest was bound to fail. It only served to aggravate the fears and hatreds which the groups and nations had for one another. The Great War came to reduce the whole philosophy of unrestrained self-interest and undisciplined power to an absurdity.

Among well-meaning people the hope arose that the war would profit mankind at least to the extent of revealing that absurdity to man's blindness. But that hope was vain. As the years pass and Europe remains fretted with national fears and class struggles the melancholy conclusion forces itself upon the reluctant mind that the war was an episode and not an epoch in the history of Western civilization. One need only analyze the perfectly hopeless situation between Germany and France, and the deeply ingrained conviction of each that the other is not to be trusted, to realize the anarchic condition of our modern life. It is the perfect fruit of modern paganism. There is neither mutual repentance nor mutual forgiveness and therefore there can be no mutual trust. Wherever national animosities are composed it is only by forces which hope to substitute the

class struggle for the national conflicts and to eliminate vertical social divisions that they may create horizontal ones.

It is quite clear that such a world can be saved only by a spiritual ethics which will inspire men to trust human nature as essentially good, and which will make economic and political institutions subservient to human welfare. The Church has such an ethics in the Gospel of one whom it reveres as Master. In the original Gospel, which the Church ostensibly regards as revealed finality, the moral implications of a transcendental conception of the universe are made unmistakably explicit. We are bidden to love even our enemies and to trust our fellow men beyond their immediate ability to validate our trust. But the Gospel of Jesus became diluted with Greek philosophy, and the Church, which was sworn to teach it, became involved with social groups and nations whose interests and instincts ran counter to its ideals; so that in time an emaciated ethics of mere respectability was substituted for real Christian morality. This failure of the Church to insist on its own religion has been disastrous to civilization and to the Church itself. Having become impotent before or in actual league with the forces of economic greed and racial passion which have destroyed our civilization, it must face the scorn of the millions who suffer from the sins of modern society and are beginning to understand the causes of their misery.

There are indications that organized religion is awakening to the challenge which the sorry plight of modern civilization offers to it. The tendency of liberal Christians is to substitute the authority of Jesus for the authority of the Bible and thus to deliver the Church from the futile quietism which it derived from Paul and the barren Puritanism which had its roots in the

Old Testament. That is a tremendous gain. Yet Christian liberalism would do well not to be too sure that it is the force which is to vitalize religion and redeem civilization. It lacks the necessary passion for that task. Its position is weak because it was reached by a retreat and not by an advance. Liberalism rediscovered the religion of Jesus because it found the authority of the Bible untenable in the modern day. It was captivated by the theological simplicity rather than by the moral splendor of His Gospel. It was the impatience of our age with theological subtleties and dogmatic absurdities, rather than its sense of moral need, which prompted this development. Having arrived at the religion of Jesus by a strategic retreat, liberalism has lacked the spiritual passion to make a bold advance upon the positions of economic and political paganism which imperil our civilization. In its hands the heroic vigor of the Gospel has frequently been reduced to a few amiable ethical precepts which have no power to match the social iniquities of our day. If it believes that men ought to be loved and trusted it has gained that appreciation of human nature more from the Renaissance than from the genius of its own religion. It consequently fails to understand how evil essentially good men can be. That is why Christian liberalism, particularly in America, is corrupted and vitiated by a facile optimism. It deludes itself in the belief that the monstrous sins which lurk in our economic and political traditions may be overcome by a

few well-meaning church resolutions, generally judiciously qualified to soften their rigor.

Spiritually the orthodox pessimism which thinks the world too evil to be saved, and waits for redemption upon a divine receivership for a bankrupt civilization, has many advantages over the fatuous optimism of most current religious liberalism. In Europe, where the forces which are destroying our civilization are less obscured and better understood than among us, a marked asceticism characterizes much religious thought. Even this asceticism, which offers the sensitive soul some way of escape from the sins of the world, is in some respects superior to religions which obscure rather than define the task which confronts modern civilization. Religions which despair of the world or persuade us to flee from it will of course make no great contribution to its redemption; but they have at least the merit of correctly measuring the strength of the forces against which the best in men must contend.

If religion is to be restored as a force in modern life, it must be able to gauge the evil in human life and yet maintain its faith in the spiritual potentialities of human nature. It must be able to deal with the problems of economic and political life in the spirit of scientific realism and offer for their solution the dynamic of a faith that is incurably romantic. Nothing less than a transcendently oriented religion is equal to this task, but it must be a religion which fearlessly faces the moral implications of its faith.

THE LADIES

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

In those forbidden gardens that I pass,
With walls my eyes may never wander through,
There are paths I know like ribbons in the grass
Where the roses walk all summer two by two
As ladies do.

Up and down the garden all the idle day
They trail their skirts, and in the evenings
I always listen, for I know the way
The white rose whispers and the red rose sings
Of fair far things.

SAINT GEORGE'S EVE IN ALBANIA

BY ELIZABETH L. CLEVELAND

It was night — night on the mountain, and night in the house of Imer. The cattle were shut into their wicker pens on the ground floor of the solid stone building. The fierce wolf-dog was tied outside his kennel in the yard. The women, in their heavy mountain-clothes, their heads swathed in dark cloths, bent over the fireplace in the lower room, busy with the cooking of the evening meal — bread in the ashes, and a black, bubbling pot of corn-meal hung on the iron chain over the fire.

Upstairs, Imer and Imer's three tall sons sat cross-legged smoking by the

ashes of another fireplace, for this was a rich house with two fires, and three rooms above the lower floor, one for the men and one for the chickens, and one for the women and children.

The four men were all giants; even the youngest, a slim boy, had already passed six feet. Imer was blue-eyed with sandy hair and clear-cut strong features. The others, with some darkening of hair and eyes from the mother, had thinner faces, through which ran a trace of the father's strength. All four were clad in the picturesque costume of the mountains: long white-felt trousers,

skin-tight, braided with black on the seams, and strapped low over the slim hips; waists wound with yards of colored cloth, red, green, and yellow; then, above, the snug short jackets that made no pretense of meeting over the sturdy chests.

The faint flicker of the dying fire glinted on the silver chains hanging from neck and shoulder and on Imer's long silver cigarette-holder, with the huge amber ball at the end to which every now and then he pressed his lips.

The men were not talking, for no one chatters in these high places. Men live too near reality to waste themselves in words. They speak only when they have something to say, so that here all words have meaning.

Suddenly a savage bark tore the silence. Imer lifted his head. He was the chief one of this household and as such must answer for all, good or ill, that might befall it. Perhaps someone passed to a house farther up the mountain. Perhaps strangers would knock for hospitality, or friends come late with news. The wolf-dog growled in frantic rage. Imer descended the steep wooden stairs. The goats bleated in foolish fear in the pen beneath.

The women had ceased their work and were waiting for Imer to open the door. Voices outside and the mad barking of the dog, stilled at last through the opened door by Imer's peremptory, 'Be still.'

And then, welcome in his voice, 'Qerim, my brother, God be praised that you have come! Enter, enter.'

Qerim, a tall lean cousin from a far tribe, came into the firelight, followed by two men, his traveling companions, for it is not wise to take the trail alone in these hills. One of these men was a gentle-faced creature with a graceful and unassuming bearing, known to Imer as a man of high standing in a near village, trusted, and enjoying al-

ways the prestige and privilege of that trust. He was safe anywhere among these people; his very escort meant protection. The other was a dark, sharp-eyed fellow, with a sort of quick liveliness that could make friends or enemies as occasion warranted.

Imer greeted them; Qerim with the cheek salute of intimacy and affection, for blood counts here; the second, Gjelosh, with a more formal greeting, yet warm; and the last, the stranger, he clasped by the hand and they exchanged the courteous phrases of an ancient and ceremonious hospitality.

The men went up the dark stairs. The eldest son stood at the top, holding a piece of lighted pitch-pine to show the way. Greetings were exchanged and all went into the men's room. Three little girls came shyly in and stood whispering in the corner. Imer piled the fire with fagots and set the tiny coffee-saucepans against the embers. The newcomers hung their guns on the wall, then squatted about the fire with the others.

The familiar queries as to the road and 'Have you been able to do it?' and 'Are you tired?' opened the conversation. The fire blazed up and blankets were spread for greater comfort, though Qerim had been given a sort of glorified three-legged stool with back and arm rests.

One of the younger children, a pale boy of perhaps eleven, quietly started cutting tobacco. He crouched over the rude cutting machine that he had carried into the centre of the room and the knife went chop-chop on the down stroke, shaving off the stacked leaves into fine shreds like soft hair. Gjelosh assisted with the coffee-grinding, the slim brass cylinder clutched in one muscular hand. He gently rotated it like a swaying top against the steady circular movement of his other hand, which turned the short iron handle, grinding.

One tall son stood gracefully at ease, his head reaching nearly to the low brushwood ceiling. In one hand he held the bit of burning pine, hardly more than a splinter, which with its murky light made fitful glimmerings over the shadowy room. The fire flared up and sank. Imer's wife came in bearing a fagot bundle and one or two heavier sticks. The fire revived. The coffee bubbled. Imer passed the hot little cups. The guests sipped. Cigarettes went round.

The dark stranger had an easy and intimate way with him. He slipped off his heavy jacket. He was wearing more clothes than the average mountain-man. He was extremely good-humored and extremely comfortable. He left the fire for a moment to return in the white trousers and shirt he was wearing under his heavy garments. He settled luxuriously before the flames, stretching — the clothes were tight — and scratching himself in a very abandon of comfort. He rewound his colored girdle — yards and yards of it — around his slim waist and hips. He was a good-looking rascal. He talked. He had a volubility unusual among these silent dignified men. He had much to say, story, anecdote, and opinions, and through all a sort of humorous twist and turn and the flash of his black eyes. He laughed at himself occasionally. He rolled a cigarette for his monstrous silver holder with its gigantic amber bead at the end. With compliments he took one puff and passed it to his host, his hand on his heart. Imer accepted it, responding with the conventional phrases of blessing and good-will. Imer asked his name. 'Ndue.' He had been named for Saint Anthony.

Ndue felt he was among friends and he related something of his past. He liked these men; two of them had befriended him on the road and had given him the protection of their company.

He wanted to stand square with them. So he told a rather long story.

He was in trouble, very deep trouble. His family was 'in blood' — some regrettable incident of his father's life. The feud was the only mountain law. His brother had paid the penalty and the killing of his brother had angered Ndue. He had been very fond of his brother. He had decided to pay this debt to the full. He had descended one night on the village of his enemy, accompanied by two or three of his friends, and had systematically burned six houses. One sees burned houses now and then in the mountains. The thatched roof goes, and the store of corn, and all the laboriously made shelves and fixings of the simple interior; only a stone shell is left, blackened and forlorn and open to the weather. The friends had some grudges to square. The burning had been enthusiastically done.

The tribal council had met to settle what should be the penalty for Ndue. He had been conspicuously absent from home and from his accustomed haunts since the burning. The council had decided on the payment of a huge sum of money in an effort to terminate the feud and square all scores. Ndue had been notified that this money must be paid. He intimated he would pay it — it was law. But so far as he was concerned honor would inevitably drive him to avenge himself on the man he paid. So that was that.

The slayer of his brother, though houseless, was still at large, and here was a debt no money could settle. His brother's blood — and he had loved his brother — cried to him day and night. The black eyes grew serious. He sighed; he spat eloquently into the fire. He confessed there was a stupid prohibition that kept him from going to Scutari, the nearest city. Now where was one to buy cartridges except in the

city, and without cartridges — Well, a man must have respect. After all a man was a man, and how prove it with an empty rifle?

He looked quickly, frankly, about the little circle of men, who were silent, reflecting. These things to them were commonplaces — mere usual things, inherent in mountain life.

Ndue thoughtfully rolled another cigarette. He liked this house. These people trusted you. He helped with the coffee, rinsing the little cups and pouring out the water on the hearth.

Suddenly the fierce half-growl, half-bark of the chained dog outside cut jaggedly the quiet of the room. No one started, but all looked up. The lateness of the hour brought question. Imer went to the door as before. In mountain tradition guests were sacred — an obligation never refused, a responsibility never shirked, more often eagerly sought. And the responsibility was real enough in a land where tribal law and a man's gun were the only forces respected and a guest came under the protection of the host exactly as if he were one of the family — as, for the time being, he was. All hurt or insult to a guest became hurt and insult to the host himself, and feudal practice demanded blood payment to keep clean the honor of the family.

But as Imer greeted the man at the door none of these thoughts crossed his mind, for this code was part of his very life, accepted and lived by unconsciously. And the man entered, sure of welcome and safety.

A stranger he was to Imer, and by his costume, the pattern of black braiding on his trousers, a member of Ndue's tribe. But, when with Imer he entered the upstairs room, Ndue showed no sign of intimate recognition, merely rising for the formal greetings with the rest and returning to the coffee, which he now got ready for the stranger.

The evening meal was imminent. The women had brought in the low circular table. The guests gathered — squatted — around it.

It was Saint George's Eve and a candle must be made in the Saint's honor. Ndue wished to help and offered his services. One of the sons handed him a cake of beeswax, greenish wax and very holy, blessed by the priest across the river. The village had no church of its own. Ndue had proper respect for holiness. He crossed himself before taking the wax in his hands, then kissed it, pressed it to his forehead, and crossed himself again, three times rapidly.

He began to roll, reverently, but swiftly, efficiently. The candle took shape. He modeled it around a strip of woolen cloth. Crossings and mumbled prayers continued until at length the wax assumed the veritable shape and being of a candle. Ndue gave a quick glance around as if for approval.

All at once, and quite quietly, as if someone had given the signal, everyone in the room stood up. The three little girls stood quietly in the corner; the little boy had stopped cutting tobacco and stood also; two sons of Imer towered in the shadows near the door. The eldest still stood gracefully like a sculptured torchbearer, motionless, holding the flickering pitch-pine. Qerim and Gjelosh were standing near the low table, the stranger beside them. Imer took the candle from Ndue's reverential hands. Everyone bowed his head.

Imer lighted the candle. The murmur of prayer filled the room, quick crossings and moving lips. Saint George was being invoked. For several minutes men prayed and the Saint listened. Then, the ceremony ended, Imer fastened the candle in a niche in the stone wall. The men seated themselves again on the floor, the guests about the low table. Cheese and raki, the native brandy, were passed about.

Downstairs the women poured melted butter on the hot white corn-meal and counted out the wooden spoons, one for each man. They had heard the murmur of prayer above. The sacrificial candle was burning. Their men had propitiated their gods. Surely their house would prosper, no evil should befall them or theirs.

They silently carried up the food and set it before the men, the wooden bowl in the centre of the low table. With deliberation, spoonful after spoonful, the corn-meal was eaten. There was conversation, ceremony. This was not mere feeding of hungry stomachs.

Ndue was more silent than before. The stranger spoke easily but seldom. After the last courteous phrase of praise for the meal and gratitude to the host had been spoken, and the crumbs of the coarse corn-bread had been swept with the brush-broom into the fire, the men, guests and family, settled themselves to their cigarettes. The women and children withdrew to their sleeping-quarters.

Songs were in order, the shrieking falsetto chantings of the mountains. Was no singer among them? The stranger bowed and began. Through three long sagas he carried them, old histories of fights and feuds, persons and politics, the working-out of tribal law and vengeance, called always justice and honor. All things were celebrated, traditional sanctities, the sacredness of hospitality, or this sanctuary broken to make the theme for death and tragedy.

The third shower of thanks and compliment had barely died when the singer rose and, tightening his girdle, made known his intention of leaving. Imer, amazed, for the trails were seldom used at night, pressed him to stay.

'Whoever heard of leaving shelter late like this,' he chided, 'and only half my hospitality partaken of.'

But the man was obdurate, though courteous always. One gathered an unwonted necessity was upon him. He made apologies for this unusual faring-forth as best he could, knowing the slight it was upon his host's generosity. Then he bade prolonged and ceremonious adieu to Imer and his sons, Gjelosh and Qerim, and to Ndue.

Imer went with him to the lower door. Ndue heard the heavy bolt sliding into place again, and back came Imer to the upper room.

The candle of Saint George was burning low to its finish.

Outside the stranger shifted his rifle to his other shoulder and set his feet to the trail that led down the hillside.

Upstairs the men smoked the last cigarette together — that good-night ceremony between host and guests — quietly, ruminatively.

Then, as by mutual consent, off came the colored girdles, socks, and sandals. It was time for sleep.

Ndue stretched himself, feet to the fire, with the rest, and Qerim spoke as if in slow reflection: 'Odd the man left so late. These are hard trails at night.'

Ndue raised himself on an elbow. The half-light of the dying fire lit his face. The black eyes sparkled. Across his features flashed and died excitement, pain. And then his finely formed chin took on new lines; determination shone from his face like a still light — resolve it was, grim and unshakable, yet impersonal as justice is impersonal.

His eyes sought Qerim's calmly.

'He will go far to-night,' he said. 'And to-morrow my brother's blood will set my feet on the trail he takes.'

A GERMAN VOICE OF HOPE

BY KUNO FRANCKE

I

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING has recently attracted international attention through brilliant and intensely original essays on political and industrial subjects of the day. It would, however, be a mistake to think of him chiefly as a man interested in contemporary problems of practical affairs. What he really stands for is a moral reconstruction of Europe, a fundamental and abiding remodeling of the spiritual structure of the individual, a new outlook upon life in all its higher possibilities. An analysis of this inspiring personality from a somewhat wider point of view seems worth while.

Keyserling belongs to that Baltic nobility of German stock which for centuries has been one of the foremost outposts of German culture on Slavic soil. The history of his family contains a goodly number of names prominent in the annals of the landed gentry of Lithuania and Estonia, of leaders in local and provincial administration as well as in the literary, social, and political life of the Russian capital. His own make-up combines in a remarkable degree the aristocratic virtues of the cavalier and the man of the world with the unbiased temper of the scientist, the democratic leanings of the rationalist philosopher, and the universally human sympathy of the mystic dreamer.

In 1902, as a youth of twenty-two, he took his degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Vienna, having specialized in biology and geology.

There followed years of travel and study in all European countries, alternating with periods of solitary meditation in the retreat of the ancestral estate of Rayküll in Estonia. The years 1911 and 1912 were devoted to a trip around the world, the early part of 1914 to observations in Africa. The World War brought complete isolation in the Rayküll countryseat, until the victorious drive of the German armies reestablished connection with Central Europe. The Bolshevik revolution swept away all the family possessions, and the year 1919 saw Count Keyserling a refugee on German soil. Here he married Bismarck's only granddaughter; and in the following year, at forty years of age, he founded in Darmstadt, under the patronage of the former Grand Duke of Hesse, the 'School of Wisdom,' a loose intellectual organization analogous to the Platonic Academy, which is meant to form a rallying-point for free spirits seeking, in the midst of the wreck of all traditional forms of state and society, the foundations for a new life of the soul.

The key to this strangely complex, world-embracing character is to be found in the 'Travel Diary of a Philosopher' (*Das Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen*), a comprehensive record of the impressions, emotions, and thoughts called forth by experiences in the Far East and North America during 1911 and 1912. Its first draft was finished just before the outbreak of the war; but

it was revised, in part at least, in the midst of the war, and published in 1919. An English translation has been recently brought out in this country.

'The shortest way to one's self is by a détour around the world' — this motto on the title-page aptly expresses the state of mind in which Count Keyserling approached the various countries, the many different racial and national types, religions, philosophies of life with which his travels brought him in contact. From beginning to end this book is not so much an account of ethnological facts or social conditions as a reflex of successive inner experiences, the gradual and consistent self-unfolding of a spiritual personality. It should be read — so the author tells us himself — as a novel of the inner life.

Keyserling is indeed something of a *Wilhelm Meister*. His emotional and intellectual life is in constant flux. Transformation is a demand of his innermost nature. So he greets the beliefs and ideals of one people after another, as long as he dwells among them, as opportunities of identifying himself with them. Buddhism, Hinduism, Confucianism, Japanese self-mastery, American belief in progress, European striving for culture — of each and all he tries to see the positive side, the most fruitful part; in each and all he finds something helpful, some stimulus for heightening his own personality, for linking himself to what is more than personal, what is beyond all individual limitation.

II

I doubt whether the spell of India — the first country where a longer sojourn was made by the world traveler — has ever, by a European, been put into words more impressive or genuine than in this notebook. By this I do not mean descriptions of scenery or art or people — the tropical exuberance of vegeta-

tion, the marvelous effects of light and shade, the wonders of temples and palaces, the inexhaustible variety and beauty of human types. To all these Keyserling does justice. But the real spell of India is reflected in his reaction to the vital energies of the Indian mind.

The fundamental quality of this mind Keyserling sees in its universality, its acceptance of life in all its forms and phases. For even the Buddhist negation of the ultimate reality of this world of appearances does not imply indifference to the forms in which this essentially unreal world happens to appear to us. The Buddhist conception of charity may be cited as one among many evidences of this spirit that forced themselves upon Keyserling. 'Christian charity,' he says, 'means the desire to do good to others; Buddhist charity means understanding and acceptance of others, each in his own place. For it is common Indian belief that every individual holds exactly the place where he belongs, whereto he has ascended or descended according to his own merit; every stage of his existence therefore has its inner justification and its own ideality. Christianity, as long as it was ascetic, rating the worldly life far below the monkish, would have liked to relegate all mankind to the monastery; Buddhism, although on principle still more hostile to the world than early Christianity, and although on principle rating the ascetic life as the highest of all, is far from condemning the lower on account of the higher. The flower, to the Buddhist, does not deny the leaf, the leaf does not deny the stalk and the root. To wish well to our fellow men does not mean to attempt to change all leaves into flowers, but to let them be leaves and love them as such. This superior charity shines forth from the faces of all Buddhist priests, however intellectually insignificant.'

It is, however, not in this abstract

realm of Buddhist doctrine that the universality of the Indian mind has found its widest manifestation. For Buddhism was after all a disintegrating influence in Hindu religion, comparable to the rôle played by Protestantism in the development of Christianity — a narrowing-down of all spiritual effort to one specific problem of individual redemption; and it has, as a church, ceased to be the religious interpreter of India. The catholicity of the Indian mind comes to light in forms of conduct and belief dominated by Brahmanism, the ancient but ever-youthful and honored popular religion.

With the avidity of a soul thirsting for the infinite, Keyserling drinks in all that he sees and hears of popular Hindu spirituality. Again and again he marvels at its wide sweep, its human breadth, its freedom from dogma, its sympathy with all living being. As its deepest source, however, he discerns the cardinal conception of the primacy of the psychic over the physical; and in this conception he finds an explanation for everything which in Hindu life appears strange and fantastic to the Western mind: the caste system, the exaltation of silence and meditation, the excesses of trance conditions, the indifference to material progress. But he also sees in it an important element of culture, the engraving of which on our own mentality, overburdened with external things, would make for the rejuvenation of the Occidental world.

Two consequences of this Hindu insistence upon the primary reality of the psychic, and the derivative character of the physical, Keyserling singles out as of paramount significance for our own civilization: the Hindu ideal of perfection and the Hindu practice of *Yoga*.

The state of mind in itself and not what it accomplishes, not its relation to physical conditions, is according to Hindu belief the true measure of char-

acter. To be sure, this insight is not a monopoly of Hinduism. The Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount as well as Kant's definition of goodness mean essentially the same thing. But nowhere, Keyserling thinks, since the early days of Christianity has this principle had so deep a hold upon ideals of life as in the India of to-day; nowhere has it brought out so strikingly the fundamental difference between perfection and progress. The Hindu believes whole-heartedly in perfection, but only qualifiedly in progress. He believes that to each individual there is assigned in the universal scheme of things an individual sphere of outward activity within which he may reach perfection, but which it would be wrong to transcend. He believes that a lower state perfectly fulfilled is nearer to the Godhead than a higher state imperfectly fulfilled. At the same time, he believes that this very restriction of individual perfection to specific spheres established by an over-individual power may, through reincarnation, lead to individual progress beyond these spheres. He who has faithfully and with complete self-surrender lived out the tasks of a lower form of life will be reincarnated in a higher form; and thus there is indeed an ascending line of spirits spread through the universe.

Thoughts like these naturally appeal to a man of Keyserling's spiritual bent. To him the Hindu ideal of perfection appears indeed, theoretically at least, as the very climax of human wisdom. And he is willing to accept its practical consequences even in so extreme a case as that of the hermit saint who in absolute detachment and absolute silence spends his years of meditation on the banks of the Ganges, worshiped by the whole countryside. For this man is to him an embodiment of the profound truth that it is not doing — not even doing good — that counts, but only

and exclusively being: that is, the state of mind in which one does or does not as the case may be. Since happiness and unhappiness entirely depend on this inner state, even the most favorable change of outward conditions does not accomplish anything truly essential. To do good is a wise rule of conduct not so much for the sake of the beneficiaries as for the sake of the benefactors. The beneficiaries indeed are very often inwardly harmed by these very acts; they are confirmed by them in their selfishness, they are hampered in the necessary task of becoming free from themselves. The benefactors themselves, on the other hand, are helped by these acts toward their inner freedom. Complete freedom from self, however, the highest goal, is best typified by such an existence as that of the hermit saint by the Ganges. He lives as an example of what others strive for, a life raised above both egoism and altruism; and such an example is worth more than any quantity of good acts.

With equal open-mindedness and sympathetic understanding Count Keyserling enters into the second fundamental Hindu conception, the practice of *Yoga*, the training of the will by ever-repeated concentration upon its higher possibilities. He is not blind to the fact that this practice is often perverted from its true purpose; that instead of leading to the freeing from selfish desires it often leads to the very opposite: to the concentration of the mind upon nothing but itself, and thence to individual self-glorification and self-adulation. But that an immense service has been rendered by this practice to all higher life in India seems to him beyond question. He has tried it himself and found it so useful that he would advocate its being made an integral part of all education everywhere.

Can there be any doubt that the three essentials of *Yoga* practice —

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heightening the power of concentration, putting a stop to the vagaries of automatic soul-action by fixing one's mind upon its deepest sources of strength, vitalizing psychic processes the prevalence of which will increase the soul's efficacy — are all of them calculated to make a man master of his soul in the same sense in which an athlete has become master of his body? These exercises, then, trivial as they may appear to the superficial observer, may indeed be made most powerful instruments in the spiritualization of a man's whole being, in raising him to a new and higher level of consciousness. This higher level of consciousness, a chronic state of inspiration, so to speak, induced by calling up the innermost and essential energies of the subconscious self, is the avowed goal of all Hindu philosophy. The need of this in our present age, estranged from the religious faith of former centuries, harassed by national passions, overwrought by humdrum toil, material greed, and sensual excitement, is so self-evident that any rational help for attaining to it must be welcomed. Keyserling is convinced that among all the helps offered for a similar purpose from many quarters the Hindu call to the deep is the most rational¹ and the most momentous; he sees in the reception of India's message by Western civilization a real hope of restoring Europe to her spiritual equilibrium.

These are some Diary entries from Benares: 'The great superiority of India over the Occident consists in the fundamental insight that true culture cannot be acquired by expansion, but only by deepening of one's self; that the process of deepening is necessarily a process of concentration. Hindu philosophy, so called, does not rest upon what we understand by thinking.

¹ For myself, I confess that I do not see its rationality. But I feel its inspirational quality.

Witness the traditional Hindu method of instruction, as described in the Upanishads. When the pupil raises a question, the teacher does not answer direct, but simply says: "Come and live with me for ten years." And during these ten years he does not instruct him as we understand the word; he gives him some maxim for meditation. The pupil is not to criticize it, analyze it, develop it; he is to sink himself in it until his whole soul has been completely suffused by it. Kant used to say to his students: "I am not going to teach you a particular system of philosophy, I am going to teach you how to think." Just that is what the Hindu guru does not teach his pupil. Instead, he tries to help him to reach a new level of consciousness, through transformation of his psychic organism to get beyond the limits set to ordinary human experience.

The Hindus, one might say, have replaced the static conception of knowledge by a dynamic one. Sooner or later we also shall come to see that knowledge of the essence of things is not to be attained by however far-reaching a perfection of our critical faculties, not through however exhaustive an analysis of our consciousness as it is, but only through the evoking from the depths of our being of a new and higher form of consciousness. Man must lift himself above his secular instrument of knowledge, he must reach out beyond the biological limits the classic definition of which is contained in Kant's *Critiques*; he must outgrow his present measure; his consciousness, instead of clinging to the surface, must mirror the spirit of the deep which is the psychic foundation of its whole being. This higher development has begun in India, hence the wonders of Hindu insight into the essence of things. It is for us to carry this development further.

'This is the path, the only one, that leads beyond our present state. We

need not renounce any of our intellectual achievements. The breadth of horizon acquired by the modern mind is not to be reduced. The enormous differentiation of our faculties is a gain and must be maintained. The task is to make all these differentiated faculties subservient to our inmost central being. If we succeed in this, we shall have made ourselves types of a new and higher humanity.'

It is a pity that Count Keyserling did not see India after the Gandhi movement had stirred all classes of the nation to a new and unprecedented spiritual effort. The last days, however, of his Indian sojourn were devoted to a stay with the other great representative of modern Hindu culture, Rabindranath Tagore. Of an evening spent at his house, listening to native musicians, he says: 'Indian music is only another, richer, and fuller expression of Indian wisdom. He who wishes to understand it must have realized his own self, must know that the individual is only a fleeting tone in the great world-symphony, that everything belongs together, that nothing can be isolated, and that every objective existence is only the glimpse of a moment in the current of mysterious ever-flowing life. He must know that all phenomena are only a reflection of the invisible Being, and that our redemption lies in anchoring our consciousness in this Being. Tagore himself impressed me as a visitor from that higher region. Never perhaps have I seen so much spirituality concentrated in a human form.'

III

It is not easy to state briefly² what spiritual harvest Count Keyserling

² Perhaps I should say that in this whole essay I have taken the liberty of condensing and in a way vulgarizing Keyserling's highly metaphysical and often elusive language.

gathered from his contact with the two other great Asiatic civilizations: the Chinese and the Japanese. Certain it is that he entered into both of them with the same divinatory understanding, the same capacity for reproducing in himself states of mind traditionally not his own, which had been such a help to him in fathoming the Hindu soul.

What in China seems to have impressed him more than anything else is the settled popular belief in the fundamental harmony between the moral world and the physical, and the serene submission to the natural order of things resulting from this belief. The Chinaman, as he appears in this Diary, is the very embodiment of proper adjustment to existing conditions. His is a static world, but this static world contains a wealth of refinement, of beauty, of happiness, of wisdom, such as the restless striving of the Occidental mind rarely brings about. Neither Confucius nor Lao-tse distinguishes, as most European thinkers have done, between the inexorableness of matter and spiritual freedom; to them there is nothing but nature — nature living out a moral process, and therefore easily accessible to moral appeals and motives from the human end of it. Whereas Christianity and Western philosophy challenge man to rise above the world of the senses into the free realm of the spirit, Confucianism counsels man to adapt himself to the all-embracing law of nature. The former inspire us to dare the impossible, the latter teaches how to accomplish the possible. Instead of the Kantian imperative 'Thou shalt,' Confucius holds out to his followers an alluring 'Thou wilt.' Instead of addressing himself to the chosen few, he appeals to the multitude of average men. Obviously Confucianism does not lead to the cultivation of highly differentiated individualities, but it does lead to a mass morality of an extraordinarily high

order, perhaps the highest in existence.

Two types of Chinese character as described by Keyserling — the peasant and the high official — may serve to illustrate the effect of such principles upon human conduct. This is what the Diary records about the Chinese peasant in Shantung Province or the basin of the Yangtze River: 'Nowhere have I seen such impressive pictures of country existence as on this trip through the interior of China. The whole soil is under cultivation, carefully enriched, neatly and skillfully tilled, reaching up to the highest crests of the hills, which slope down, like the pyramids of Egypt, in artificial terraces. The villages, built of clay and surrounded by clay walls, appear as integral forms of the landscape; so little are they set off from the brownish background. All over the wide plain the peasants are at work, methodical, deliberate, serene; the blue of their frocks is as necessary a part of the picture as the green of the fields or the glaring yellow of the dried-up river-beds. But this whole plain is also one immense graveyard. Hardly an acre that does not contain numerous burial mounds; again and again the ploughman is compelled to wind his way around the memorial tablets. No other peasantry creates so strong an impression of autochthonousness. Here all life and all death are absorbed by the ancestral soil. Man belongs to it, not it to man; permanently entailed, it never releases its children. Be the increase of their number ever so large, they remain upon the soil, forcing its chary returns by ever more assiduous toil. In death they return confidently to the bosom of their common Mother. There they live forever, and the glebe exhales their spirit to reward the descendants for faithfulness in work or to chastise them for neglect of duty. For the responsibility of the peasant is great. He is the foundation of the whole order of the

world. If he does not live up to his duty, then heaven and earth are shaken, and the whole moral order is out of joint.' But if the peasant's life is as it should be, then nature also will be in a friendly mood, and the long-looked-for rain or sunshine will come.

And this is from the notes on a company of viceroys, governors, and other high officials ousted by the revolution, whom Keyserling met as exiles at the then German port of Tsingtau: 'These men are superior types of humanity, whatever they may have been as officials. Not alone because they are masters of their exterior fate, at present so distressing. They are above their own thoughts, their actions, their selves; not in the manner of the Yogi, who has lifted himself above the realm of phenomena, but in the manner of the man of the world who in the midst of the affairs in which he partakes has preserved his inner freedom. In India the people as people had disappointed me; they are less than their thoughts. Their highest and profoundest being has found expression in abstract knowledge; and the living Hindus are for the most part not incarnations but actors of their striving for the ideal. The Chinese intellectuals are more than their wisdom. They live Confucianism. What I looked upon as a theoretical postulate is to them the natural form of their existence. To all these statesmen it seemed self-evident that the State rests on a moral basis, that politics is the practical expression of ethics, and justice the normal outgrowth of benevolence. Our own political culture is something of an external garment; it is the result of a system which forces the individual to act correct'y; it has nothing to do with the soul life. The political culture of the Chinese rests upon the cultivation of this very thing, the inner life. And if we remember that the Chinese Empire has been ruled for

thousands of years hardly worse than modern Europe, without much of an administrative mechanism automatically keeping people in order, solely through the moral qualifications of its citizens, one must admit that the average level of moral culture among the Chinese intellectuals must be remarkably high. Remarkably high it surely was with the intellectuals with whom I came in contact. . . . They consider us moral barbarians. Our systems, they admitted, were admirable; but what of the men and their fundamental character? I fear these gentlemen are right. Our political systems are functioning with precision. But we are inferior to our systems; the Chinese are superior to theirs. That is the result of Confucian education.'

To sum up. China, Imperial China (for the Chinese Republic is still a thing of doubtful character and uncertain prospects), has given to mankind a highly valuable type of collective moral strength, based upon a view of the world of striking unity and consistency. According to this view the moral law and the physical law belong to the selfsame all-embracing system of terrestrial existence. Identical norms regulate moral conduct, the sequence of the seasons, the recurrent changes of night and day. There is one great living whole which contains in itself the human and the nonhuman, the organic and the inorganic, the natural and the moral, as component parts of a higher harmony. The moral element, however, is the primary element. Therefore nature runs the risk of sinking back into chaos when men neglect their natural duties; when the fathers are no good fathers, husbands no good husbands, princes no good princes, subjects no good subjects; when the five heavenly virtues — justice, magnanimity, courteousness, insight, loyalty — are not assiduously practised. As

soon, however, as the moral law is upheld, everything else automatically sets itself right. In this fundamental trust in moral principle lies China's greatness. 'China has remained great, although she hardly ever was a great political power, and although in war she has almost always been defeated. China will remain great, even if she should be divided up among other nations.'

It would seem that the liberal-conservative Keyserling was better qualified to appreciate Chinese civilization than the radical Bertrand Russell, who from his recent sojourn in Peking brought back as his chief impression the conviction that the sacrifice of the individual to the social order is the curse of all Chinese life. Keyserling, indeed, like Bertrand Russell, clearly sees that the cultivation of mass morality entails the danger of leveling all individuals down to the standard of the average. But, being temperamentally given to seeking out the positive side of things, he discounts this defect of Chinese culture in comparison with the inestimable benefits which all mankind may derive from the Chinese principle that ethics is the only safe basis of conduct in all human affairs, private and public, national and international.

IV

What is it that in Japan impressed our traveler as containing a message of world import? Many of his observations are in line with what other writers, from Lafcadio Hearn on, have told us about Japanese landscape, Japanese feeling for nature, the exquisiteness of Japanese art, the charm of Japanese women, and the depth of Japanese patriotism. One contribution, however, of Keyserling's to the understanding of Japanese character seems to me to outweigh all the rest.

He objects to the word 'imitative' as applied to it. No, the Japanese are not imitators — they are exploiters, appropriators, adaptors. Without having the depth of the Hindu absorption in the infinite, they have evolved from Buddhism a religion of superlative heroism. Without their artistic originality and productiveness being equal to that of the Chinese, they have, by closest observation and assimilation of Chinese models, in many ways outdistanced Chinese art. Without having invented any of the methods of modern strategy, they have applied them with such supreme skill as to shatter the military strength of the vast Russian Empire. Theirs is a civilization of mental tactics; the fit symbol of their whole national life is their method of wrestling, the *jujutsu*. As the Japanese wrestler watches every play of muscle, every fleeting facial expression, every involuntary motion on the part of his opponent, and instantaneously adapts his own movements thereto, so the Japanese as a nation are constantly on the alert in trying to find out what in other national cultures is either strikingly beneficial or strikingly harmful, so as to avoid or adopt similar characteristics or states of mind as quickly as possible. They are fully abreast in this respect with the progressive nations of Europe.

V

So Japan forms intellectually as well as geographically a fitting transition stage to the last protracted stay in Count Keyserling's flight around the civilizations of the globe: the United States of America. And here the observer of the past turns into a prophet of the future.

His first pilgrimage is to the giants of the Mariposa forest. He greets them with enthusiasm as messengers of the

spirit of the West: exuberant nature, which in India produces a promiscuous, bewildering jungle, creates on American soil the mighty, sovereign sequoia, sharply outlined, rivalry-defying, soaring skyward: what a symbol of American individualism! What an encouragement to the Occidental state of mind in general! For it is the spirit of modern Occidental Europe, carried to its furthest limit, which Keyserling sees everywhere in the United States, from his first sight of the Golden Gate to his passing the Statue of Liberty.

Being by temper and tradition a conservative, and having just steeped himself in the conceptions and ideals of the timeless, immutable East, he has a keen eye for the defects and dangers of a society the very essence of which is fluidity and absorption in the moment. The modern individual in general, and the modern American in particular, only too often is a fanatic of progress. There is nothing definitive for him; everything is but a stepping-stone toward something else; instead of identifying himself, like the Hindu, with a permanent task and striving for perfection in it, he thinks of it as a rôle temporarily assumed, and the change of rôles quite as much as the acting of them is what gives zest to his life. The same fanaticism of progress is responsible for many other defects and dangers of modern European, and particularly American, life: its prevailing materialism, its lack of true culture, the enslaving influence of machinery, the impoverishment of the soul by what is called success. Keyserling's notes are full of serious observations on these evils.

And yet, that first vision of American greatness which came to him at the sight of the giant sequoias in the Mariposa forest was not a fleeting dream. It stands by him as he crosses the country; it upholds him in Chicago and New York; it gives to the last chapters of his

book the character of a strikingly hopeful finale. All the evils mentioned and many others are to Keyserling after all but necessary concomitants of a comprehensive movement essentially forward and upward: movement from a democracy of material wealth toward a new aristocracy of the spirit.

Even Europe has been transformed during the last hundred years by the typically Western spirit of individual initiative. In many ways this spirit has acted as a destroyer. It has broken up inherited allegiances, undermined religious beliefs, subverted moral systems, disintegrated governments, leveled down social distinctions, sacrificed beauty to utility, commercialized and barbarized the soul. But it has also freed from bondage, bettered social conditions, increased popular health, brought forth great leaders, strengthened the will, created a new idealism, throughout Europe. Present-day America, however, is the classic soil of this spirit of individual initiative; here its effects have been unparalleled, both for good and for ill. As for the latter, it is hardly necessary to dwell on the avalanches of ugliness with which individual enterprise has covered the country; or on the singular form of barbarism to which it has led by producing a class of inordinately rich totally unable to enjoy their riches aesthetically; or on any other distortions of human nature for which it has been responsible. The point is that Keyserling, while not ignoring these distortions, keeps his gaze steadily fixed on the positive contribution which this intensely individualized American society has made to the world's advancement, and on the prospects which it holds in store for the future.

America, Keyserling thinks, is of all countries the country where a higher type of the Occidental temper is in the making.

In the first place, the Occidental conception of strife as a fundamental form of human existence has in America been modified by a peculiarly optimistic and humane tinge. The American rightly feels that the conditions under which he lives are such that he can enter the strife with a good chance of winning out. This gives to American business competition a certain charm of daring adventure, hiding the bald egotism which underlies it after all. And, by giving larger scope to the principle of fair play, it takes away from the struggles of industrial life, violent as these struggles may occasionally be, much of the bitter and chronic hatred which in Europe poisons the relations between Capital and Labor. These are, however, not the only instances of the American's good-natured acceptance of fight as a part of the day's work; the national games, college rivalries, the contest of political parties — all have this same aspect of boyish exuberance and delight in trying one's limbs, literally and metaphorically. In fact, the whole history of the settlement of the continent and the opening-up of vast areas to civilized life has been one continuous testimony to the optimism of a people spoiling for a good fight. What this means for the future of higher culture in America, it is hard to overestimate.

The optimistic and frankly condoning attitude toward material wealth, so characteristic of American life, is another point in which America is carrying forward tendencies that have long been at work in Europe, and is bringing them to their full fruition. Early Christianity was, theoretically at least, a religion for the poor and an enemy of riches. Luther reasserted the dignity of secular pursuits; Calvin made worldly efficiency a touchstone of spiritual selectness. But in America for the first time has worldly success been sanctified, not only by popular opinion, but by the

churches as well. With the exception of the Salvation Army, there is indeed no Protestant church in America which did not make its primary appeal to the well-to-do, and was not chiefly supported by them; and the two most modern and particularly active sects, Christian Science and New Thought, avowedly cultivate a state of mind that makes for a happy and prosperous material existence. Who would deny that revolting consequences have arisen from this union of Church and Mammon? But who would not also agree with Count Keyserling that it is after all a good symptom when rich men are beginning habitually to supplement their quest for the goods of this world by the striving for ideals? Where wealth, as is the case in America, is looked upon by the rich themselves as carrying with it the obligation to provide for the things of the spirit, the rise of an intellectual aristocracy seems assured.

Is it fanciful to believe with Keyserling that its rise is also being prepared by the present rapid strides in substituting machinery for human labor, or by the extraordinary advances in the organization on a large scale of all the agencies catering to the daily needs of life? Perhaps he is a little too confident that the energy released by these changes will really be put in the service of the spirit. One aspect, however, of his augury of the future we can accept without reserve and whole-heartedly: the new aristocracy of the spirit, destined to bring about a golden age of American culture, will recruit itself largely from the ranks of the intelligent, moderately well-to-do freemen — farmers, mechanics, village storekeepers, engineers — who constitute after all the vast majority and the true strength of the American people. In them the Occidental spirit of individual initiative has found representative

types of rare sturdiness and efficiency; and in the fluid state of the society of which they are a part there is nothing to hinder their sons and daughters from rising, externally as well as internally, to higher strata. Of this type is peculiarly true what Keyserling says of the American in general: 'Aus ihm kann noch alles werden (in him there is the making of everything).'

VI

The Hindu ideal of individual perfection within a given limit, Chinese belief in the harmony between the moral and the physical order, Japanese genius for intellectual exploitation, American power of individual initiative — these, unsatisfactory as all such formulas are, may be said to constitute the mental harvest which Keyserling brought back from his trip around the world.

More valuable, however, than any of these acquisitions was to him and is to us the fact that his very delving into the differences of national types and beliefs strengthened and vivified his feeling of the solidarity and common humanity of these different peoples, and thus gave him something of that over-individual consciousness which he had set out to attain. This feeling upheld and inspired him when in the midst of the World War, on his lonely estate in Estonia, he set to work digesting and revising his travel notes. And ever since he has devoted himself to the spreading of this gospel of a new world-consciousness, a world-consciousness based not upon illusive notions of a supposed equality of national types, but upon exact knowledge of their differences and of their peculiar contributions to the common stock of humanity. Poor, embittered, down-trodden Germany is the land where

this message at the present time is perhaps needed most, but it is needed everywhere. And, wherever it is heard, it cannot fail to bring a new hope for the future.

'We are coming' — these are among the closing words of this remarkable book — 'We are coming to a broadening of the generally human basis of our life such as was never known before, and at the same time to a deepening and intensifying of every individual racial tendency equally unparalleled. While formerly there was the alternative, nationalism or cosmopolitanism, there will henceforth be a mutual penetration of the two. The different types of culture and belief will come to respect each other as necessary complements of each other. The former "He or I" will more and more be transformed into a conscious and deliberate "We." And this will take place almost independently of all good will, because the life of the world is itself a connected whole. Already, in science, in money, in economic interdependence, foundations have been laid on the basis of which mutual agreement is inevitable; soon the same will be the case in legal relations. These objective realizations of internationalism, on their part, react upon the subjective side, the states of mind. More and more leading minds are renouncing all exclusiveness of national culture. The international solidarity of Labor is daily becoming more powerful. On some day of grace all humanity will feel as one, in spite of all conflicts and contrasts.

'To help in bringing about this blessed day and this better world — that, and not the Occidentalization of the rest of the globe, is the mission of us Occidentals. It is the mission of the West to put into practice what the East, and especially India, has first understood as a theoretical command.'

MRS. BUCKLE

BY ELIZABETH DE BURGH

I

CHARLES liked Mrs. Buckle from the very first moment that he saw her. It happened that we needed somebody temporarily in the house while our regular prop and mainstay went home to help her mother during a period of domestic embarrassment. I was away when Mrs. Buckle came, in answer to our advertisement, and Charles found her so attractive that he quite forgot to ask for references. The only doubtful point seemed to be her age, but she anxiously assured him that though she was 'coming' fifty-seven she did n't feel a day over forty.

'And it's all in what you feel, sir, ain't it? My old Dad always used ter s'y so, and now there's that there forring gentleman, Mr. Coo-ee—'e comes along and says the sime. It's all in what you feel, that's what it is!'

And so I returned to find Mrs. Buckle engaged. Thereafter she came at eight and went at five, and if she had her drawbacks she had her virtues as well.

For one thing, there was no false pride about Mrs. Buckle.

'None of yer lidy'-elps for me,' she declared, when Charles was politely engaging her, 'I'm a char, I am. I've seen some of them reel lidy'-elps in me time — 'elp-compangions they calls theirselves — the ones what sings du-hets with the curate and messes about with fancywork in the droring-room. All I've got ter s'y is, Gawd 'elp the 'ouse *they* henters!' She drew a finger

pityingly across her nose. 'Not but what you don't feel sorry for 'em, some'ow. Always the same broken-down, skinny old maids. Not 'ardly what you'd call *sexual*, if you know what I mean, sir.'

Charles tactfully admitted he quite understood Mrs. Buckle's meaning.

It will easily be seen that Mrs. Buckle was not born on this side of the Atlantic. London was the city of her birth. She came, to be exact, from the Walworth Road, S. E.

The name seemed vaguely familiar to Aunt Emily. I once overheard her asking Mrs. Buckle if that was n't where Wat Tyler lived.

'Don't know about Wat,' said Mrs. Buckle, 'but there was *George* Tyler, the chimbley-sweep, 'oo lived at an 'undred and seventy-seven. A nice, soft-spoken man 'e was too, 'cept p'raps of a Saturd'y night when 'e'd come 'ome from the Marquis of Granby with a drop too much and set about 'is old mother somethink chronic. P'raps 'e was the party?'

Aunt Emily explained that he was not. *Her* Mr. Tyler lived long before Mrs. Buckle's time.

'Ah, then it must 'ave bin 'is Grandad,' declared Mrs. Buckle, not to be balked. Now she come to think of it, 'e was a 'W.' She remembered seeing it in the cemet'ry the time they all went on young Georgie's birthd'y for a bit of a spree.

In appearance Mrs. Buckle is small

and wiry. She has beady black eyes, a long, inquisitive nose, and a thick raven-hued fringe. Seen from behind, her hair appears scanty and gray, but the fringe, doubtless purchased many years ago in the Walworth Road, heroically defies the passage of time and refuses to keep in step with the rest of Mrs. Buckle.

She is an enormous eater, with a passion for pickles. On one fatal occasion I unfortunately left a large new bottle of Aunt Emily's special gherkins open on the kitchen dresser. At three o'clock I observed, with a start, that the bottle was half empty, but refrained from moving it for fear of hurting Mrs. Buckle's feelings. At six-thirty, I regret to say, the bottle was found — high and dry. Vinegar and all had disappeared! Temptation had proved too strong and Mrs. Buckle had fallen. After that we were careful to provide a supply of the delicacy 'in bulk' for her own particular consumption.

'I don't mind a pickle or so, once in a while,' she remarked the first time that I produced her cardboard boxful, 'but too many of 'em ain't good for you; gives yer what the doctors call larfing gastritis — that's wind on the stummick. And it ain't no larfing matter, neither. Buckle used ter suffer from it somethink crool. 'E was a marster to 'is digestion, Buckle was, but 'e would n't never give in to it. "I 'as to eat, Mother," 'e used ter s'y to me, "or else I car n't 'eave me bricks. And then w're should we be?" I can see 'im now, setting over a rare old blow-out of sausages and mashed, with a panful of fried onions to bring out the flavor, like. 'E would n't never give in ter nothink, Buckle would n't. To 'is dying day 'e could eat 'is three pounds of beefsteak with anybody!'

'Marvelous!' I exclaimed in amaze-

ment. A quaint martyrdom indeed!

In dress Mrs. Buckle rises superior to fashion. Her bonnet proved a continual source of wonder to Charles. It was small and black — or blackish — with a crown like a giantess's thimble, and with a little piece bitten out at the back to allow for the display of Mrs. Buckle's 'bun.' (A courtesy title, this!)

It was rich in trimmings — an assortment of beads, some loops of ribbon, and a minute, forlorn-looking bit of ostrich feather. But the *pièce de résistance*, the crowning glory of the whole, consisted of a pair of quivering wires, each supporting a large knob of jet. These antennæ, once on the head of Mrs. Buckle, were never for a moment still. They seemed to transform her into some sort of grotesque, rusty, energetic, but entirely respectable, insect.

At first Charles used to worry as to where Mrs. Buckle would purchase the successor when the present bonnet wore out. Fashion, he said, did not appear to smile on that type of head-gear nowadays. I explained to him that the dodge was worked by means of a 'shape' — a white skeleton of a bonnet — decorated in the privacy of the home. But I assured him that he need have no fears. Mrs. Buckle's bonnet might be retrimmed; the ribbon loops, for instance, might be superannuated; the ostrich 'tip,' in time, might pass away; antennæ might come and antennæ go; but the shape would survive forever.

An admirable arrangement, thought Charles.

II

Conversation was as the breath of life to Mrs. Buckle. Well, hardly conversation, perhaps. A listener was all that she desired. It happened that I was rather busy during the time of her occupation and I was anxious to

work in the library absolutely free from interruption. I had not, however, the heart to say so. Every morning the door would open and Mrs. Buckle, armed with dusters and mops, would enter beaming, and moistening her lips with her tongue by way of dreadful preparation.

'I 'opes I'm not disturbing you, m'm?'

This was invariably the overture, so to speak. Had I put my foot down the very first day all might have been well, but unluckily I failed to do so. There was Mrs. Buckle, her beady eyes gleaming with friendliness, her tongue loosened for chatter, and her poor nobby hands grasping her mops.

I caught her eye.

'Not at all, Mrs. Buckle. Come in!'

That settled it. How easily bad habits are formed!

It was during this time that the hot weather set in. On the fiercest morning there came the usual rap at the door.

'Come in!' I called wearily.

The door was pushed open.

'I 'opes I'm not disturbing you, m'm?'

She advanced, damp but smiling. Considering the weather and considering the work, I thought that verging on the heroic. Though all I had to do was to sit quietly at a table I felt distinctly bad-tempered.

'T ain't arf warm!' remarked Mrs. Buckle briskly. 'I'm all of a sweat, I am, and no error! You jest ought to feel me! I'm ever so!'

She had drawn close to the electric fan on the writing-table and, stooping, received ecstatically the full benefit of the breeze. Immediately the fan proceeded to flirt with the 'front.' Mrs. Buckle did not seem to mind, but I was hypnotized with horror. Every moment the fringe appeared about to break loose from its moorings and be whirled aloft, leaving a strange,

transfigured Mrs. Buckle beside me.

At last, however, my suspense was at an end. Mrs. Buckle suddenly straightened herself.

'Well, must n't stand 'ere all day. Got work ter do, I 'ave.'

She began operations with the carpet-sweeper. I rested my head on my hand and wondered if another aspirin would do any good.

Mrs. Buckle observed me.

'Got an 'eadache, 'ave you, m'm?' she asked sympathetically. 'It's this 'ere sweeper, p'raps. I'll stop it.'

'It's this confounded weather,' said Charles, who had come in for a paper-knife. 'That fan makes the devil of a noise, too.'

Mrs. Buckle beamed.

'Ow I do like to 'ear 'im say that, m'm! Sounds like a man about the place! I miss it, living alone as I do. Never 'ave got used to being single, as you might say, in spite of all these years. I told you about Buckle, m'm, did n't I?'

'Did you?' I said rashly, occupied in wiping my leaking pen on a piece of blotting paper.

I had made a slip and was lost. Mrs. Buckle seized her opportunity.

'Buckle and me corsed the ocean twenty-one years ago come September.'

I was in for it — there was no escape. But after all, work was almost impossible.

Mrs. Buckle cleared her throat for prolonged action and I put down the pen.

'E was a fine, well-set-up man, Buckle was. Stood five-foot eleven in 'is socks, and was that broad, you would n't 'ardly believe!'

'He must have been a splendid man,' I said.

Her eyes gleamed with delight. I could not disappoint her. After all, it was a very cheap way of giving pleasure. I settled down to it.

'Why did you leave England?' I asked.

She drew in a breath. 'It was like this 'ere,' she said. 'Buckle 'e 'ad a roving dispersion. 'E was always hitching to be off somewhere. Even as a nipper 'e found 'is way to Gravesend once, and 'ad 'is Gran'ma in fits. 'E did n't arf catch it when a copper brought 'im 'ome!'

'I suppose he did n't,' I said. There was something wrong about this, but it was far too hot to try again.

Mrs. Buckle continued. 'So when Buckle's Uncle 'Erbert left 'im twenty-five quid 'e says ter me, "Come along, Mother," 'e says, "let's skip over to America!" "Go hon!" I says, "don't you talk so silly! You don't catch me going on no water!" But the very next day 'e went and paid for the passages, and as we could n't waste the money we 'ad to go. 'E was a dashing man, Buckle was!'

She gave a rapid whisk under a book-case with a mop, just to show that the work was going forward.

'And to see 'im on the ship! 'E was n't arf a comic, Buckle was n't. 'E 'ad the wimmin larfing fit ter split the 'ole way over. Well, when we got acrost we thought we 'd better stay a bit in Noo York and save up till we could pay our way out to California, where Buckle was mad ter go. So 'e got a good job as bricklayer's laborer until 'e went and fell off of a scaffolding two weeks after we landed.'

I expressed my sympathy.

She swelled with pride. 'It was the biggest drop, so 'is mates told me, as they ever seed. 'E come down wallop and lay on the pavement. The police 'ad a job moving the crowd on!'

Mrs. Buckle breathed heavily. It is n't everyone who can boast of such a happening in the family.

'E did n't arf make a beautiful corp'. I wish you could 'ave seen 'im,

m'm. I buried 'im quiet 'cos I did n't 'ave much cash. As it was, I 'ad ter borrer from some of 'is friends — they was very good ter me, them chaps was — but it took me two years to pay it off even then.'

Poor little Mrs. Buckle!

'After the accident I went to work to save up money to go 'ome on, 'cos my girl Mabel was in London along of 'er 'usband and the kid.'

I asked her how it was that she was still here.

'Well, you see, m'm, it was like this,' she explained. 'I was saving slow-like, and getting on nice, when Mabel wrote to s'y as 'er 'usband — Tissick, 'is nime was — 'ad gorn — 'opped it with another woman!'

'Abominable man!' I said.

'Not arf 'e was n't!' agreed Mrs. Buckle, her eyes snapping with delight. 'I never did take to that Tissick. Could n't think what Mabel ever seed in 'im meself. 'E looked at yer that cross-eyes it fair give yer the creeps!'

'But why could n't you have gone home then?' I asked.

'It was like this 'ere, m'm. I 'ad n't quite enough at the time, and I thought I could 'elp better be sending somethink back at once. So I did. And then I kep' it up. It seemed the best way.'

'I expect it was,' I admitted, 'but you must have been very lonely here all by yourself.'

'Not arf I was n't! I fair et me 'eart out at first. But you get used to everythink in time. Mabel would n't come out 'cos she would 'ave it that Tissick might go back to 'er some day. But I prayed to Gawd 'e would n't — prayed that she 'd seen the larst of 'is ugly mug!'

She gave another twirl to the mop.

'Abominable man!' I said again. 'She seems to have been well rid of him.'

'You 're right, m'm,' said Mrs. Buckle. 'Well, sending money 'ome

reg'lar left me little to save on, after I'd paid me board and lodging, and the years flew by somethink chronic!"

III

She blew upward to cool herself and the fringe jumped responsively. Then, for a brief interval, she returned to the mopping. I snatched a hasty glance at the newspaper and managed to read half-a-dozen lines before we picked Mabel up again.

'As I was going to tell you, m'm — when Mabel's boy began to earn a bit on 'is own I did n't 'ave ter send so much, so I saved a bit quicker. Then the war come and 'e lorst a leg, pore lad. 'Owever, 'e got a good persision as 'all-porter at a club, through one of 'is ossifers, and 'e 'as 'is pension, so Mabel was n't ser badly orf. That give me a chanceet to get a'ead.'

'You waited very patiently,' I remarked.

'Oh well,' she said cheerfully, 'it ain't no use kicking against the pickles, as I 'eard one of them Romeopathic clergymen say once. It did me a world of good, 'earing that. "That's the ticket, Eliza Kate Buckle," I says to meself, "you like what's put before yer and be thankful!"' I made up me mind that 'aving waited so long as I'd done I'd save till I 'ad not on'y me passage money, but a bit over, so as not to be a burden to anybody.'

'Your daughter would be glad to see you,' I said confidently, 'money or no money. I'm sure of that.'

'I reckon she would,' agreed Mrs. Buckle, wiping her face with the duster, 'but I'm doing it for me own satisfaction, see? The money 'll larst a goodish while. I'm just on sixty-five and I don't count to 'ang on much over eighty. I can always do a bit of char-ring to 'elp things out, too.'

'Sixty-five?' I exclaimed in utter

astonishment. 'I never would have believed it!'

Had there not been something about 'coming fifty-seven' and a certain foreign gentleman of the name of Mr. Coo-ee? Mrs. Buckle, however, appeared to have forgotten. Or, if not, she ignored it most magnificently. At any rate I need feel no embarrassment.

'Yes,' she said, 'I've put by a fairish bit be now, so I'm thinking of going 'ome this year. In October I believe I'll go — and walk slap in on Mabel! You see, she don't expect I'll ever come after all this time. I ain't said nothink about it for years. Fancy seeing London Bridge again! And the "Ephelant"! And a muffin-man! What-o! And I ain't going steerage this time, neither. I've bin thinkin' it over and I'm going to blow myself on one of them one-clars boats sailing from Montreal or Quebec. Gawd, if on'y Buckle could see me!'

She gave a screech of delight. I tried hard to imagine Mrs. Buckle reclining in a deck chair, or dining in state at the chief engineer's table, and failed utterly. Do what I would I could never see her entering the dining-room or gracing the deck unless accompanied by mops and brooms, and wiping her shining face with a very dusty duster.

She turned to the mantelpiece and I took up the paper again. I was still reading the front page when heavy breathing informed me that Mrs. Buckle was in the rear. The dusting had stopped.

'Puh!'

I knew, though I could not see, that the fringe had jumped again.

'Take things quietly to-day, Mrs. Buckle,' I said. 'Don't try to do too much.'

'You're right, m'm.'

I continued my perusal of the paper. Two whole columns were devoted to the sufferings of the children in the

poorer districts during the great heat. The Fresh Air people were appealing for funds to enable more of the little ones to be sent to the country. There were several photographs of little thin babies at the top of the page.

At this moment I was aware of a hand on the back of my chair. Mrs. Buckle, still breathing heavily, was looking over my shoulder.

'Pore little kids!' she said. 'Ain't it a shime? Tchik, tchik, tchik!'

To my relief she turned to her work again, tchking frequently. But she was curiously silent. Only now and again she would shake her head and say, 'I carn't 'elp thinkin' of them pore little kids. It's bad enough w'ere I live.'

On the last day she came to say good-bye, tying her wisps of bonnet-strings carefully.

'Have you decided on a boat yet?' I asked her.

Immediately an odd little look of defiance came into her eyes.

'Well, m'm, to tell you the truth, I ain't ser set on them one-clarss boats no more. I was thinkin' of it over, and I should n't 'ardly feel at 'ome, as you might s'y. 'T is n't as if Buckle would

be along with me, to 'elp me keep me lip up. Why, there might be lidies on board 'oo went of into V-necks and elbow sleeves in the hevenings, and I should n't arf look a fish out of the frying-pan! I ain't one ter go in for a lot of dressing up — never 'ave bin. So I'm going back steerage after all. I'll be more in me emelent there. One-clarss boats ain't in my line, and that's flat!'

Her eyes, as she spoke, were brighter than ever. The antennæ indicated considerable emotion.

'We shall miss you very much, Mrs. Buckle,' I said, as I shook her nobbly, grimy hand. 'Good luck to you, and a happy journey!'

'The sime to you, m'm, I'm sure,' she said, 'and many of them.'

She walked to the door.

'T ain't arf warm to-night,' she remarked briskly. 'I'm all of a sweat, I am, and no error. You'd 'ardly believe!'

The door closed behind her. Gallant Mrs. Buckle! I hoped fervently that the 'Ephelant' would be looking its very best and that a muffin-man, tray on head and bell in hand, might still be found to ring his cheering way along the Walworth Road.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS IN FRANCE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

DURING the past year a new France has emerged: it is the France which makes peculiarly its own ideas of internationalization, of pacifism, of universal friendship. It is possible to discover many flaws in the present reasoning of France, and some of the political beliefs which are held argue a strange credulity. Moreover, Radicalism — it is perhaps necessary to state that radicalism in France has not the same implications as in America — is overlaid with many foolish and false doctrines; much of the religious controversy which has been raised was altogether uncalled for. It did not appear that the new majority could at once behave differently in any material sense from its predecessors. The elections had not been fought, for example, on the question of the Ruhr, and nobody could pretend that the Herriot Government had a mandate to reverse the policy of M. Poincaré. Yet, although it seemed to be hard to deflect the current of public opinion, and although it seemed at least doubtful whether M. Herriot, and many of his followers who leaned toward the Right, seriously wished to deflect the current, in the sequel it was shown that none of us had sufficiently realized how, when once a stream is turned, its new direction may bear no relation to its previous course. The application of metaphors to politics is always misleading, and certainly it was wrong to imagine that the bed of the stream could be shifted a few feet to the

Left or Right; the truth is that a new orientation was effected, and the current began to flow in an almost diametrically opposed direction.

For years we had been accustomed to a France that relied upon coercion. We had seen France chiefly desirous of stereotyping the victory of 1918. Germany was to be kept down at all costs; if possible, she was to be broken up. M. Clemenceau had agreed with Marshal Foch that the Rhine was the real frontier of Germany, although he was unable to impose his views straightforwardly on the Peace Conference and was obliged to accept an occupation of Rhineland nominally limited in time, though in reality capable of indefinite extension. M. Poincaré had, after many manœuvres, managed to extend the occupation in a territorial as well as a time sense. Impossible reparation-claims were maintained, chiefly, it appeared, in order that the nonpayment of Reparations might be exploited. France was engaged in constructing a chain of States from the Baltic to the Black Sea, designed to create a permanent coalition of interests against Germany. Militarism was rampant; the army was to be maintained even in peace time at the amazingly high figure of nearly three quarters of a million men, while in Central Europe France encouraged the maintenance of armies which she helped to equip.

Public opinion, both in England and America, although sympathizing with

the unhappy experience of France, nevertheless turned against her because the country was supposed to have adopted conceptions based purely on the employment of force. Just as Germany had endeavored to dominate Europe by mere brute strength, so France, after the victory rendered possible only by British and American aid, was supposed to seek the domination of the Continent by material might.

Even those Americans who do not favor the League of Nations in its present form do at least recognize that for Europe some such clearing-house for quarrels has become a necessity; but from the beginning France was seen to be cynically antagonistic to the whole notion of the League. There can be no doubt that France had come to be regarded as a public nuisance — a country altogether reactionary. This was not entirely her fault. The manner in which the country had been treated by its war associates was hardly creditable: England had taken what she wanted in the shape of the German colonies and the destruction of the German fleet, while France, who had been promised enormous sums by way of Reparations, found that little was to be obtained. America, though declining to take anything for herself, had gone back on promises made by President Wilson, which the French justifiably supposed had been made in the nation's name. The Triple Pact, which was to guarantee France against invasion, had fallen to the ground. The United States neither ratified the Treaty of Versailles nor accepted the Covenant of the League. Both England and America held over France the menace of huge war-debts that had been incurred in the common cause. England and America together had become the financial leaders of the world, while France's finances were — partly owing to her advances for the repair of the devas-

tated regions — in parlous case. In addition there was a feeling that France was being dragged down to the level of a second-rate nation, compelled to obey the behests of England as represented by the astute Mr. Lloyd George and the overbearing Lord Curzon. And when France believed herself deserted by her allies and swindled by her former enemies she determined on the desperate policy that resulted in the seizing of the rich Westphalian coal-fields.

There was much excuse for France; but whatever her provocation, she incurred the reproaches of the world; and the other France that has always been in the vanguard of civilization, that has always generously originated and fostered ideas of human progress, appeared to be obliterated — altogether forgotten. It seemed hardly possible that there could be a speedy reversal, that France in a few months could recover her old position as one of the moral leaders of mankind.

But the miracle happened. It happened much more quickly than anybody could have anticipated. The bitter feelings that had been engendered between France and England were swept away as if by magic; the Reparations problem was — at least provisionally — solved by the acceptance and application of the Dawes Report; there was a promise to abandon the Ruhr within a stated period of time; more normal peaceful relations between France and Germany were fostered, and the two countries began to hammer out economic and commercial accords; the League of Nations, which had been scoffed at from its earliest days, was suddenly rediscovered; and France was foremost in promoting a protocol that — with all its defects — may at any rate lead to general disarmament. The stigma which had been placed upon France was removed: no longer was she represented to be a

militarist country, bellicose and aggressive, ungenerous and unimaginative, immorally taking advantage of her victory; she was now recognized to be peace-loving, inspired by high ideals, striving for the general good.

That this extraordinary transformation should be brought about in a few months may well appear to be one of the most surprising facts of modern history. It is interesting, therefore, to examine some of the causes and to glance at some of the persons who have contributed to this remarkable emergence of the new and — as many would say — the true France.

II

In the first place, the greatest tribute should be paid to America. Only American participation in the proceedings of the Dawes Committee could have imposed a Reparations settlement on France and on Germany. There are many critics of the Dawes Report. It is possible that the scheme simply gives us a breathing-space: that in a few years it will break down completely. Even its authors recognize that the difficulties of transferring large sums of money from one country to another have not been overcome. Nobody — neither banker nor expert nor statesman — has anything but the vaguest plan for making use of the money which Germany is to pay into a pool at Berlin for Reparations purposes. The central problem has not even been tackled. But enough has been done to satisfy both sides for a few years; and in a few years we shall be able to look at the whole question in an entirely different spirit. Further, the onus of collection is placed upon the Allies, and Germany cannot be held to account for defaults for which she is not responsible. There is no acute quarrel between France and Germany, and a means is provided by

which France can honorably evacuate the territories which she holds, perhaps illegally, without doubt unfruitfully.

It is impossible to exaggerate the enormous service that America has rendered to Europe in furnishing this way of escape, which even M. Poincaré could hardly refuse to take. The money for various purposes — including the restoration of Germany — which America has contributed is of first-rate importance, as opportune and as vital as the intervention of America in the war. Just as American soldiers saved the situation in Europe in 1917 and 1918, so did American financiers save the situation in Europe in 1924. Any account of the change in Europe which did not take heed of this factor would omit the central circumstance; but we must further give every credit to the MacDonald Ministry which, whatever its record in domestic affairs, in nine months accomplished more for the pacification of Europe than all the preceding governments had accomplished in five years.

It would not be too much to state that Mr. MacDonald, inexperienced as he was in practical statesmanship a year ago, proved to be the best Foreign Secretary that England has had in recent times. Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré between them had made Anglo-French relations worse than they had been for many years, and bad relations between France and England meant bad relations between France and Germany. It was not by bullying or threatening that M. Poincaré could be dislodged and French sentiment could be changed. Had Lord Curzon continued in office, M. Poincaré would have been supported even by the Radicals, and there would have been no substantial turnover at the May elections. The tactics which had been pursued were altogether wrong.

Mr. MacDonald tried a new method,

one that succeeded. He set out to make friends with France, and a rapprochement between France and England meant the possibility of a rapprochement between France and Germany. The great merit of Mr. MacDonald was to rediscover the elementary truth that to come to terms it is necessary to talk reasonably; that it is impossible to talk reasonably in an atmosphere of hostility; that a common policy can be discovered only by nations who are animated by good feeling toward each other. Such a return to the rudiments of diplomacy — which had been overlooked by proconsular persons — was the signal service that Mr. MacDonald rendered to Europe. The Labor Government in England, whatever may be said about it in other respects, was timely and admirable in that it determined the victory of the Radicals in France. The mood altered amazingly; France was just as anxious for an all-round understanding as she had appeared — in the earlier years — to be anxious for perpetuation of misunderstandings as the alternative to a complete surrender of England and of Germany to her own views.

It is of relatively little importance to ask whether the arrangements that have now been made are workable or not; the essential thing has been accomplished, and the essential thing was to foster a fresh spirit. The London Conference was the most helpful one that has yet been held. It was followed by the League Assembly at Geneva, whose practical results may be questioned, but whose moral effect on the relations of European countries is excellent. If it is foolishly premature to say that war has been abolished, at least it is possible to say that an attempt has been made to exorcise the malign influences which separated peoples. The inclusion of Germany in the comity of nations — and presumably

the ultimate inclusion of Russia — means that in future European countries can discuss without passion the problems which remain.

III

Although a good deal has been written about M. Herriot, most of the men in France who have helped to fashion the new policy are almost unknown abroad.

There is, first of all, M. Gaston Doumergue, the President of the Republic. His part has not been very active; at the Élysée, warned by the fate of his predecessor, he practises impartiality to a point where it would seem to resemble lack of convictions. But at any rate, the presence at the Élysée of a man who will not oppose the party in power has rendered possible the making of numerous concessions which, had M. Millerand remained in office, would not have been accorded. It should always be remembered that the French president has nothing like the authority of the American president; he may, indeed, be a mere cipher. Some of the best presidents of France have interfered with the course of events to an exceedingly small degree: one would put President Loubet and President Fallières in this category; they were popular, and managed — unlike most of the French presidents — to reach successfully the end of the seven-year tenure of office. Other presidents, with the exception of M. Poincaré, — who had certainly more influence on events than M. Loubet or M. Fallières, but who nevertheless never openly opposed his Prime Ministers, — fell before the expiration of the period for which they were elected and fell because they tried to become real rulers. The French are afraid of a dictatorship: they shrink from the Bonapartist tradition. Napoleon I seized the reins of power by sheer

force of character, indeed, of genius; but Napoleon III—Napoleon the Little, as he was called by Victor Hugo—was originally elected as President, turned himself into Emperor, and the disastrous crash of the Second Empire is vividly remembered. When General Boulanger appeared to be seeking personal power, he was ruthlessly broken by the French. The struggle with Marshal MacMahon, who sought as President to exercise real authority, lasted for some time, but it was MacMahon who was crushed. Any president who is not content to be a mere figurehead runs great risks.

M. Millerand, who in 1920 was elected to the presidency, was a somewhat headstrong, obstinate man, who tried to direct affairs as he considered a president should. He did not disguise his party leanings; he was the founder of the Bloc National, and stood even more than M. Poincaré for a policy of military alliances and of military coercion of Germany. It became necessary, in the opinion of the leaders of the Radical Party, to get rid of a president who claimed to count in the ministerial councils. M. Millerand was suspected of aiming at a sort of dictatorship. By a series of manœuvres—in reality a strike of ministers—he was compelled to resign, and the National Assembly, that is to say, the Senate and the Chamber meeting together, on June 13 elected M. Gaston Doumergue as the thirteenth President of the Third Republic. The Radicals would have liked to place M. Paul Painlevé in this position, but in the two Houses they had not sufficient strength to impose their own partisan choice.

In these circumstances it would be surprising if M. Doumergue—selected chiefly because he offends nobody—were to be anything more than a colorless President. His function is to make pleasant speeches of a meaning-

less character, and to allow the Cabinet to govern as it pleases. So far, M. Doumergue has not gone outside the rôle allotted to him, nor is it likely that he will take sides in any quarrel. When he is called upon to form another ministry he will have no prejudices; he will accept whatever prime minister is designated by the sentiment of the two Houses. He would be equally at home with M. Poincaré, whose friend he is, — were M. Poincaré again to be indicated, — as with M. Caillaux, for whose acquittal he voted when M. Caillaux was tried by the Senate on various charges concerning his relations with emissaries of Germany.

Though the part of M. Doumergue in the making of the new France may fairly be described as negative, this does not mean that M. Doumergue is without character; he has throughout his career shown considerable ability and exceptional political sense. As is fairly common in France, he has risen from the most humble beginnings to the highest post. His father was a small farmer at Aigues-Vives in the South, and considerable sacrifices were necessary to send the boy to the Lycée of Nîmes. There he distinguished himself, and an effort was made to enable him to continue his studies until he became a lawyer. He went as a judge to Cochin China and then, after a short Colonial career, entered politics. Here his cordiality, industry, attention to affairs, and care not to make enemies, served him in excellent stead. He has held a number of ministerial posts. Doubtless a good deal of luck has aided M. Doumergue; nevertheless he is precisely the type of politician who in France, where personal jealousies and intrigues are intense, is often destined to succeed. M. Doumergue, if not a great figure, is at least a charming one, and he permitted M. Herriot, leader of the Radicals, to have full scope.

M. Paul Painlevé, who was his opponent at the presidential elections, is a man of another type, who counts for much in the shaping of policy. He was made President of the French Chamber, — in itself a post calling for impartiality, — but personally is a Radical of the Radicals. He feels strongly, thinks quickly, and expresses himself with emphasis. As he is one of the most brilliant mathematicians in France, one may well be surprised at his strong and ardent feeling; but one must remember that great mathematicians are not necessarily cold and cautious. Intuition's swift leaps are, as Henri Poincaré pointed out, essential to the mathematician — indeed, to any scientific man who is not content to be the mere professorial person. Brilliant guesses and flights of imagination must afterward be checked and verified, but the true scientist is also an artist. Such is M. Painlevé, a strange mixture of the emotional and the critical faculties. He has an extraordinary facility of instructing himself in a subject through conversation. M. Henri Poincaré, the finest mathematician that France has produced, would read through a hundred pages of an abstruse memoir in a few minutes, and completely absorb it. M. Painlevé prefers the method of talking with an author, of putting penetrating questions. He too extracts the quintessence in a few minutes and he never forgets anything he has thus acquired.

Although M. Painlevé has never neglected to keep himself informed of the progress of mathematics, and was able to engage in a memorable discussion with Einstein two years ago, his attention has for a number of years been turned to politics, and with his lightning-like intelligence he gets to the heart of any question of domestic or foreign politics. For example, — if a personal reference be permitted, — I

was greatly impressed when, after I had expounded in an hour-long lecture a subject to which I had given particular study, M. Painlevé, who was in the audience, arose and compressed into a dozen pregnant sentences all the points of my own discourse. In foreign affairs he not only knows the French point of view but, unlike most other French politicians, has thoroughly grasped the American and the British point of view. It is this ability to assimilate that has made him one of the most redoubtable of French statesmen, and although he formed no part of the Herriot Government he had more influence over some of its decisions than any other man. The part he plays in the present Parliament will probably be more conspicuous than it has been hitherto.

IV

In the background there is M. Caillaux. In spite of his misfortunes he is looked upon by many Frenchmen as the financier who will eventually tackle the greatest of all French problems, that of the national finances.

Certainly everything will be done to bring him back. There is a good deal of opposition to him, and while the Bloc National held the majority there was no chance whatever of his return. But now that his friends are in office it is anticipated that he will, sooner or later, become not only again a member of parliament, but even a minister. This is possible, yet there is undoubtedly much against him; the handicap which he will carry may prove to be too heavy. It is unnecessary in this place to retrace his political life at any great length; it is sufficient to say that he was bitterly reproached for his negotiations with Germany in 1911, which resulted in the cession of a portion of the French Congo to the country that even then was threatening war; and that during the

Great War he was arrested by M. Clemenceau on the allegation that he had improperly entered into relations with German agents. After his trial by the Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice, he was deprived of his political rights and prohibited from entering the French capital for ten years.

This ban naturally had to be lifted when the Radicals won the elections. There were many Frenchmen who held that, although M. Caillaux had permitted himself to be mixed up in a number of unfortunate affairs, there was no real evidence of his disloyalty; nevertheless he has been branded as a pacifist and a pro-German. It remains to be seen how far he will be able to live down this reputation, how far some of his actions and aspirations may, indeed, in France's new frame of mind, be regarded as to his credit. Since the days when he was the acknowledged chief of the Radical Party other chiefs have arisen, and he will not find it easy to overcome a certain personal opposition in his own party. Yet even when he remained in his retreat at Mamers his speeches and his writings and his interviews with prominent Radicals and Socialists were by no means negligible. His power, exercised openly or occultly, was indeed formidable. The present tendency is clearly toward a real reconciliation with Germany, and there are those who go so far as to foresee a definite economic and political union of France and Germany which will constitute what is known as a 'Continental bloc.'

In addition to the fact of M. Caillaux's attitude toward Germany, a legend has sprung up around him as being the great financier who alone can put France on her feet again financially. It cannot be denied that the budget which M. Clementel, the Finance Minister in the Herriot Cabinet, prepared for 1925 is altogether inadequate;

it does not go to the root of the French trouble. Probably one could not expect more to be done in a few months, but before the expiration of the four years for which the French Parliament is elected it is imperative that a better budget be prepared. For many, M. Caillaux is the man to prepare it. While England is financially sound and economically sick, France is economically sound and financially sick. The chief point to notice is that, altogether apart from the French debt to the United States and to England, there is an internal debt which is altogether out of proportion to the annual revenue of the country. If one assumes that the annual revenue must remain somewhere around the figure of thirty milliard francs, at least half this revenue must go, not to the current needs of the State, but simply to the service of the internal debt. There is the canker; and German payments to France, even at their highest, hardly touch the spot. Can M. Caillaux indeed discover the way out? He is certainly skillful, but those who call him the new Necker have perhaps chosen an unfortunate name for him. Necker did not avert the crash in the years which preceded the French Revolution.

M. Caillaux is one of the originators of the income tax in France and, as its protagonist, may be able to apply it better than it is applied to-day. His personal character is not, however, altogether *sympathique*; he is proud and irascible; he cannot lightly support contradiction; it is to be doubted whether he could long hold together any team.

Aristide Briand considers that he has found a Chamber after his own heart. Strictly speaking, he is not a Radical, since he stands aside from the parties, but he undoubtedly leans to the Left. It is believed that the ultimate configuration of the Chamber will be such

that neither the Left nor the Right will have a clear majority. At the beginning the Radicals were able to govern with the active support of the Socialists, but the Socialists refused to enter the Radical Cabinet and the assistance which they gave could be withdrawn at any moment. There were, from the beginning, many reasons for supposing that the union of Radicals and Socialists could not long continue: if M. Herriot accepted the Socialists' support, he had to accept to a large extent the Socialist doctrines or he would be overthrown in the Chamber; if he accepted the Socialist doctrines, then he would sooner or later be overthrown in the more moderate Senate. Thus the proper solution, as seen by some of the best observers, was a coalition of the Radicals with the moderate Republicans sitting on their right. A Cabinet of Concentration — a sort of Centre Party — was indicated.

Now M. Briand was capable of leading such a coalition. He is the most supple politician in France. He has been compared with Mr. Lloyd George; but Mr. Lloyd George, in the strict party-system which prevails in England, had not the same opportunities as M. Briand in France, where the group system usually operates. Mr. Lloyd George, during the war and the years which immediately followed the war, was eminently successful because the party system was broken down and there was, indeed, the possibility of a coalition. But now England has had enough of coalitions. France, on the other hand, appeared to have reverted to a more English system of party divisions; but in reality the groups still exist with their chances of multiple combinations. It is in manipulating the cards that M. Briand excels. Already he has been seven times Prime Minister of France — a remarkable record, which is not even approached by any other French politician. His

versatility, his tact, and one may say his sense of opportunism are unequalled; his policy is always nicely balanced and full of nuances. He is a great improviser. There are more florid orators in the French Parliament, but for persuasiveness he is unmatched. His voice is deep and rich like a violoncello, and he plays on every chord; it changes perpetually in accordance with the effect he is producing on his audience, and nobody has ever been better able to catch the mood of an audience.

Certainly M. Briand will come again to the front in the present Parliament. With his stooped shoulders, his inveterate smoking of cigarettes, he gives an impression of indolence and, in fact, he is not to be numbered among the tremendous workers, such as M. Herriot and M. Poincaré. He depends upon his alert intelligence, his ability to appreciate instantly what should be done. When he is not in office he spends much of his time in the country on his sheep farm in Normandy. It was expected that M. Herriot would offer him a place in the Cabinet as his Foreign Minister, and failure to do this was perhaps a mistake; but M. Herriot's temptation to put himself in the lime-light was great, and at London he was eminently successful.

Nevertheless, when the Geneva Assembly met, M. Herriot had thought better of his desire to fulfill all the tasks himself; and with some difficulty he persuaded M. Briand, whose skill as a diplomatist is well known, — witness his wonderful handling of the Upper Silesian dispute and his all-but successful attempt at Cannes to bring about a European settlement, an attempt spoiled only by the intervention of M. Millerand, — to represent France at the League of Nations. The reentry of M. Briand at Geneva was taken to foreshadow his early return as Prime Minister.

America knows M. Briand chiefly because of his oratory at the Washington Conference for the limitation of armaments. His efforts will, on the whole, be directed toward the furtherance of a permanent peace.

V

M. Louis Loucheur is a man of great ambition, and believes that he too, during the coming four years, will be given an opportunity of presiding over the Council of Ministers. He hesitated when the offer of an ambassadorship was made to him, because he did not want to be absent from Paris at the moment of crisis when he could best push his claims.

M. Loucheur is eminently likable; he seems to be all things to all men. He was a minister in the Clemenceau Government, and he then contrived to be a minister in the Briand Government. With the accession of the Radicals he at once made his peace with M. Herriot and was chosen one of the representatives of France at Geneva, where he was ubiquitous. He talks with volubility, and is certainly skilled in figures. What is reproached against him is that he is somewhat too volatile, and is inclined to mistake his wishes for realities. The truth has never been completely known about the mission on which he managed to get himself sent to London during the Poincaré régime, in order to effect a reconciliation between France and England; but it is significant that M. Loucheur's own account of his conversations with British ministers was vastly more optimistic than the official account. Unfortunately his speculations were without solid foundation, and it is to be feared that his effusiveness is generally apt to evaporate into nothing. Nevertheless, he is one of the most remarkable of the newer men, and if he becomes

a little more sober in his judgments he will clearly be one of the leaders of the present Parliament. For a long time it was the fashion to rail against him because of his reputed riches: M. Loucheur is the type of the great industrialist who, after acquiring an immense fortune, comes more or less accidentally into politics, acquires a liking for the game, and applies to politics the principles which have served him well in business. He is on good terms with everybody, is extremely active, and in the end will probably obtain all that he desires.

The greatest revelation of the Geneva Conference was M. Paul Boncour. He is an excellent orator of the florid kind, indulging in long, rolling, picturesque phrases and striking statuesque attitudes. In his manner on the platform there is much which is Dantonesque. His pink, clean-shaven face, surmounted by a shock of white hair, is the face of an actor. M. Paul Boncour is a successful advocate and one of the chiefs of the Socialist Party. He is a man of letters, and an authority on education. His knowledge of the law is profound; his argument is conducted with convincing logic. Altogether, he must be put among the intellectuals, with whom the Socialist Party in France abounds. Whatever may be true of other countries, it is true of France that Socialism seems to produce the greatest scholars and the best thinkers. Of course I do not refer to the revolutionary Communists; but the Socialists proper are in no way dangerous: they simply express and stand for a deep desire for human justice, human culture, and human uplift.

While Paul Boncour is somewhat to the Right of his party and favors the greatest possible coöperation with the bourgeois parties, M. Léon Blum, who has even more authority, insists on remaining aloof and was, from the

beginning, ready to break with the Radicals if they did not do his bidding. M. Blum may not unfairly be described as the man who pulls the strings. He is exceptionally clever, and is one of the most learned men in France. He has written on a variety of subjects, literary, dramatic, and social. Politically he has devoted special attention to financial questions. Some of his speeches on this subject have been masterpieces of exposition.

M. Henry de Jouvenel is a Senator, and the editor of *Le Matin*. At a time when his newspaper was giving its support to M. Poincaré, M. de Jouvenel was — curiously enough — personally showing the greatest possible liberalism. Somehow he manages to combine friendship for M. Poincaré with a policy of the Left, and although his influence has perhaps not yet been conspicuous in the new France, he is alive to the changing needs of the hour. He has identified himself with the cause of the League of Nations, and has spoken eloquently on its behalf. In France he has been one of the ablest lieutenants of M. Léon Bourgeois, the venerable father of the League, who now appears to be dropping out of active public life. Others are now rushing to the rescue of the League, which has established itself, if not as a world institution, at least as a European institution; but M. Henry de Jouvenel had faith in it from the first, and deserves the utmost credit for his valiancy and his vision.

On the side of the Opposition there are few outstanding figures. They seem to have been entirely routed by the elections. M. Poincaré himself has become silent, and is content for the time being with a decent obscurity. It is M. Millerand, the defeated President, who is chiefly endeavoring to rally the scattered forces. He is a stalwart fighter, and may be depended upon sooner or later to engage in a serious

battle with the Radicals. His principal assistants are M. Maginot, the former War Minister, — distinguished for height and pugnacity, — and M. François Marsal, the powerful financier who gallantly agreed to form the short-lived Government that presented to the Chamber and to the Senate the messages of M. Millerand just before his resignation, during the strike of the ministers who could command a majority. Although Radicalism as such may not remain exclusively in office, it is doubtful whether the Opposition properly so-called will recover its lost ground until 1928. It may be taken that France has now entered upon a path leading away from the things for which M. Millerand and his followers unreservedly stood; but among those followers M. Poincaré is not to be numbered. In spite of his policy from 1922 to 1924, M. Poincaré professed liberal doctrines.

VI

M. Herriot is not and never will be the rigid, austere, haughty statesman. He is incapable of animosities, he is incapable of concealing his frank delight in the majority of persons whom he meets. He is always acting unconventionally, out of the bigness of his heart — is not afraid to be a shirt-sleeved Prime Minister. One can really picture him in the magnificent *cabinet de travail*, of the Quai d'Orsay, with its gilt ornaments and its Gobelin tapestries, taking off his coat to tackle a job. He shocked State officials by smoking the plebeian pipe over his papers; there were even some remonstrances against the supposed lack of dignity in his pipe-to-pipe talks with the British Prime Minister. But his homeliness was honest: he comes from the people. His erudition, his taste, his clarity, and his industry made him first an excellent professor, then a sound author and jour-

nalist. Those same qualities were used in his administrative work at Lyon and his parliamentary work at Paris. His activity has always been extraordinary. For a score of years Mayor of Lyon, he would two or three times a week make the journey between that city and Paris to attend to his parliamentary or his municipal duties, snatching brief sleep in the train.

Whether M. Herriot declines or develops, he is certainly to be thanked as the man who, above all others, gave the impetus to the movement for better relations with England, with Germany, with Russia, and indeed with America. He is to be thanked as the man who led France from a policy of isolation, which the uncertain alliances with little States in Central Europe did not seriously modify, to the policy of coöperation and universal friendship. He is to be thanked as the man who, more than any other, made the new France — which is really the old France, the traditional France of generous impulses — the France which marches in the vanguard of civilization. He has probably made many mistakes during his administration; he has not been able to prevent the religious strife which some of his followers desire; he has not yet been able to place the nation's finances on a sound basis; he has possibly under-

rated the forces of reaction in France and in other European countries; it is urged that he has indulged in a vague idealism, moving with his head among the clouds and his feet not always on the solid earth. But when criticism has done its worst, M. Herriot has in truth given a new turn to events. He has begun a fresh chapter of French history.

One could perhaps make up the number of pivotal men of the Third Republic to half a dozen, but outside this half-dozen the rest are mere politicians, who come and go and play their parts for good or for evil, who carry on for better or for worse, but historically do not represent supremely significant dates and events.

Herriot does represent one of the supremely significant dates and events of the Third Republic. He represents a turning-point. It would be invidious to attempt to determine how far this honor falls accidentally upon him, but that it has fallen upon him there can be no doubt: M. Herriot has been the instrument of the emancipation of France from the war mentality. He has unlocked the prison in which the nation after the war voluntarily placed herself, and France again walks freely and splendidly abroad in the wider world.

THE TRIUMPH OF ATHEISM IN RUSSIA

BY STANLEY HIGH

I

THE Marxian text, on which the Soviets base their programme of aggressive atheism, brands religion as 'the opiate of the people.' To the end that 'the drug' may be stamped out, Russia has been generously placarded with that declaration. It is posted conspicuously, near the shrines and churches. It is blazoned on the wall of a building across a narrow street before the Shrine of the Iberian Virgin near the Kremlin. Yet through the day this Holy Place is thronged with worshipers. Beggars clutter its little square. Passers-by, pausing before it, cross themselves devoutly. For six years atheism has been officially enthroned in the Kremlin. But the people of Moscow still go, as they have always gone, to the city's shrines, and neither heed nor care how Karl Marx regarded their faith.

And the Soviets, themselves, now that the frenzied period of the revolution is past, tolerate the faithful. They even take some pride in insisting that the guaranty of 'full freedom for religious and antireligious propaganda,' contained in the Soviet Constitution, is upheld. This tolerance obviously is dictated, not by a friendliness toward religion, but by a recognition of the fact that the vast majority of the Russian people — the non-Communists — are deeply religious, and that religious persecution in Russia throws serious obstacles in the path of the advances of Chicherin and the Soviet Foreign Office to the Christian nations of the West.

But passive tolerance, however much it may characterize the attitude of the Soviets toward Russia's religious elder generation, cannot be said to describe their policy toward the youth of the nation. If the youth can be won to atheism, it is of no importance that their elders die in the faith. Religion in Russia, it is confidently predicted, will pass with the passing of its elder devotees. And the Government, certainly, is sparing no effort to make sure that a new generation of believers does not arise to perpetuate it.

That the Communists are master propagandists is indicated by the fact that the methods of this attack on religion are not merely negative and destructive. The destructive methods, of course, are the more spectacular, and in consequence have served to furnish most of the material for those who have sought to describe the antireligious activities of the Soviets. The fact that the direction of this phase of the campaign is in the hands, largely, of turncoat priests accounts for the unusual degree of plausible familiarity with the history and sacred rites of the Church that it reveals, and the extraordinary blasphemy that characterizes it.

The Russian Clergy has been divided into two classes: the 'Whites' and the 'Blacks.' From the Black Order — composed entirely of monks — the higher clergy, the bishops and officials of the Church, were chosen. The White Order was composed of the village

priests, the pastors. Between the two Orders there have been frequent and most bitter feuds. It is from the White Order, largely, that the Communists have recruited their clerical support. For the 'village popes,' as they have been called, were almost always very poor; their work was confined to the routine of prescribed services; their education, frequently, was little better than that of their illiterate congregations. Many of them lost all touch with the world beyond the village, and fell into ways of ignorance and sloth. They were often in secret sympathy with the advocates of revolution and in touch with the underground organization that fostered it. They were of immediate value to the Communists when the Revolution toppled the throne of the Tsars.

These priests edit *Without God* — the slander sheet of antireligion. They furnish the material for many of the pamphlets that are spread among the youth of the nation. Cartoons and songs and antireligious slogans are, frequently, of their inspiring. Without them the Soviet campaign against religion would be carried forward with much less show of success.

I have seen the handiwork of these elder atheists in many places. For instance, every clubroom of the League of Communist Youth — the organization through which the atheistic regeneration of the youth of Russia is to be carried out — has an 'Antireligious Corner.' Displayed in that corner are pictorial representations of religion as it appears to the young Communist — representations obviously inspired elsewhere. Many of the posters are as ingenious as they are blasphemous. One in particular — a Crucifixion cartoon — is very popular. In it Christ is represented ascending Calvary. He walks alone, and behind Him the cross is borne by the toiling masses. Astride

the cross, grinning triumphantly, sits the Capitalist, weighted down with moneybags.

In these clubrooms, too, the members of the League of Communist Youth gather for their religious 'sings.' The music of the ancient hymns and chants of the Church is adapted for use with new and mocking words. I have seen groups of youths, under the leadership of a designated 'priest,' go through a mock church-service, every part of which was a carefully calculated caricature of religion.

II

This, as I have indicated, represents the destructive aspect of the antireligious programme of the Soviets. Ridicule and slander are used to popularize atheism. Although there has been no apparent modification of the Communist's determination to uproot every vestige of religion in Russia, there has been a rather widespread revulsion against the employment of these methods toward that end. A greater emphasis is being laid at the present moment, therefore, upon what might be termed constructive atheism. Religion, we are told, may still persist indefinitely, even though it is ridiculed and its adherents persecuted. It is necessary, therefore, that religion be supplanted, since, apparently, it cannot be crushed. The Soviets, in consequence, have set about it to provide substitutes for religious faith.

Consequently, instead of decrying the Christian Holy Days, the Soviets have organized substitute celebrations of their own. Sunday, for example, is observed by the Communists, particularly by the Communist Youth and Young Pioneers, — the Communist Boy Scouts, — with hikes and concerts, with classes in nature study and great festivals of sport. The value of Sunday

is readily admitted, but every effort is made to organize the day in such a way as to ensure a decreasing interest in the prescribed Church observances of it. Thus too, at Christmas, the effigy celebrations that were very popular find less favor, and the holiday among Communists is observed to commemorate the achievements of their own leaders. Easter, explained as the Christian myth of Spring, is likewise celebrated, not only with broadcast denials of the resurrection of Christ, but with popularized accounts of the scientific laws of life and growth that Spring typifies.

A pamphlet entitled *Christ Did Not Rise* was given to me by a member of the League of Communist Youth. 'This,' he said, 'is our Easter message to the youth of Russia.'

The cover, in striking colors, shows a youthful Russian, dressed in the hiking outfit of the young Communists. 'We've done with devils and gods!' he shouts, as he kicks high into the air an Easter egg, the sacred symbol of Russia's Easter celebrations.

Chapter one of this pamphlet describes Easter as 'A Holiday of Suppression and Deception,' and chapter two outlines the 'Origin of the Tale of the Resurrection of the Son of God.'

'The tale of Easter,' so the Communist story goes, 'runs back two thousand years, but its origin is much earlier. It had its beginning when men first began to realize the significance of spring — with new life appearing after the long death of the winter. To the world, living then in superstition, this new life seemed like the revelation of a great God who was giving humanity its chance to live. To-day, of course, we know better. Now our young people have learned of astronomy, of the influence of the sun, and of the laws of growth. Science has taken the place of the God of Easter.'

Chapter three recounts how 'Jews and Slaves Created the Tale of the Resurrection of Christ.' The hope that Easter represents was born of the despair of oppressed peoples, we are told. 'Mysterious tales about the miracles of Christ were circulated and finally believed. But Christ never existed. No one of the ancient scientists or historians saw him. Few old books mention him. The information upon which religious people base their proof of his life was created by priests who saw, in the story, the hope of profit. Christ, therefore, is only an imaginary being.'

And Easter, the pamphlet points out, 'has been, since then, at the service of the landlords and the capitalists. At Easter the priests walked about among the people, saying that Christ had suffered and that, in consequence, they should be willing to suffer. "All power," said the priests, "comes from God. Therefore do not turn against the landlord. If he smites you on one cheek, turn to him the other. Love your enemies. Forgive your landlords!"' Thus the representatives of the landlord's Easter went about, in white robes, to quiet the people with superstitions.'

But now, the concluding chapter declares, there is 'The Resurrection of Suppressed Humanity.' 'When the Revolution took away the treasures from some of the churches, the old priests began to yell. They attempted to ring the church bells. "Christ is risen!" they said. But the people answered, "Enough of this, my gentlemen. You've had a fine time doing that, but we are through with your myths."

'And there is a new Easter. It is a very sad Easter for the priests and those who oppose the Revolution. It is seven years now since the capitalists have gone. Soon the revolutionary thunder will be rolling into the West. Religion, the snake that suppressed the

people, is dying in anger. The proletariat hears the church-bells ringing the funeral of the dying old world. The springtime now has become the humanity holiday. Oppressed peoples are fighting for the future. Looking back on the burning remains of the slave world that has been damned, they are asking: "Is the suppressed world risen?" And the answer, already, has come: "Yes, it is really risen. This is Easter."

"There is no God but science," a prominent Communist declared to me, and science-worship, clearly, is the cult with which the Soviets propose to supplant Christianity. Darwin shares with Marx the homage of the devotees of this new faith; the *Origin of Species* and *Kapital* jointly provide their Bible. In pamphlets without number the Soviets have sought to make scientific refutation of every important Christian doctrine. They have done more than pamphleteer. The destruction of the straw-stuffed 'bodies of the Saints' in some of the peasant churches was carried on, not so much as an act of ruthlessness, but as a scientific experiment to prove that, regardless of the incantations of the priests, the bodies of the Saints did not and could not possess the magic they were declared to have. From Genesis to Revelation, the antireligionists are seeking to demonstrate their ability as destructive higher critics. When they set out to destroy the religious worth of the Bible they make a clean sweep of it. Their attack is based, almost exclusively, upon the extra-religious element in the Bible literature. But their conclusions are in conformity with those Fundamentalists who assert that, if one jot or tittle is questioned, the significance of the whole is destroyed.

That there can be any reconciliation between science and religion is, of course, bitterly denied by the Com-

munists. Such a proposal, in fact, would be viewed with the utmost suspicion and hostility. Exactly as the efforts of capitalistic nations for improving the condition of the working classes are regarded, by the Soviets, as means for the further enslavement of the masses, so the reconciliation between science and religion would be regarded, inevitably, as a fine cloak beneath which all of the old and ragged superstitions were hidden.

III

The religious situation in Soviet Russia cannot be understood unless it is made clear that this antireligious wrath, however blasphemous, was stored up by the Church itself against this day of reckoning. It is not necessary to go into a long account of the extent to which religion in Russia was the instrument of political oppression. The period just prior to the Revolution is typical. For nearly twenty-five years the procurator of the Holy Synod of the Russian Church was Pobiedonostsev, a layman and a worthy exponent of tyranny. His hatred of democracy and his scorn of the cherished hopes of the proletariat were unbounded. His religious policy was that of the mailed fist and his persecutions were relentless against all sects. His aim was to drive from Russia all faiths save that which he represented. The record of Constantine Pobiedonostsev furnishes unlimited material for those in Russia who seek to prove religion the tool of autocracy.

Pobiedonostsev was succeeded by a German who took the name of Deviatkovsky. The policies by which the faith was protected did not change with procurators. The masses of the Russian people, however pious personally, began to look upon the representatives of religion with mistrust. Many thousands grew to hate the Church with a

bitter hatred, as they hated the police and Cossack emissaries sent out to do their bidding. The ranks of revolution were thus increased, and the fate of the Church in Russia became linked inseparably with the fate of the Tsarist Government.

And while the people were kept in line by force, the doctrines preached were those of Christian humility, submission, patient suffering here that one might merit reward in the hereafter. Such preaching, strengthened by superstition, was a powerful antidote for whatever poisons of unrest threatened to infect the people.

But now the Soviets, so they declare, have stamped out the last vestiges of priestly tyranny. They have thrown open the windows and doors of Russia so that the old darkness may be dispelled before a flood of light. Religion is to be exposed as a colossal fraud, and not a shadow of it allowed to remain in any corner of the land.

But religion in Russia is neither dead nor dying. Nor is the Church greatly weakened, though it has endured, through six years, the most bitter attacks without resisting. The Soviets have followed the same policy of hostility toward religion that the Powers have followed toward the Soviets. The results, in both cases, have been the same. The authority of Communism has been prolonged because it has become a martyr cause; and for the same reason the hold of the Church upon many thousands of the people has been strengthened.

'Not less than 95 per cent of the whole population in our country believe in God, in various ways,' declared a Communist at a party meeting recently. And that, I suppose, is not an exaggerated statement. During the recent 'cleansing' of the universities, when from 30,000 to 50,000 students, for one cause or another, were dismissed

from their studies, considerable concern was expressed among Communist officials that so large a number of the most intelligent students examined confessed to and defended their religious faith.

The support of religion, of course, varies greatly between the cities and the country. Practically the sole remaining strength of the Church in the cities comes from the old bourgeois class — the remaining remnants of it. Persecution only served to increase the loyalty of these people to all that the Church stands for. The churches and the ancient ceremonies of worship constitute the strongest remaining link between the impoverished bourgeois of the present and the golden prerevolutionary period. The workers, however, were never so loyal to the Church, and their support of it now is negligible.

In the rural districts the peasants were held to the Church, to a very large degree, by superstition. That superstitious hold continues even under the Soviets. There have been efforts to discredit the religious significance of the Church ceremonies, and to disprove the efficaciousness of certain of the practices of the Church. But these efforts have had no very widespread influence. The Soviets assert that the complete rout of religion in the rural districts of Russia will come when education has raised the intelligence of the peasants to the point where skepticism is possible. Until then, despite the furious assaults upon religion, the peasant, doubtless, will maintain his loyalty to the Church.

And both in the city and in the country many priests with whom I talked declared that their churches, since active religious persecutions had ceased, were more crowded than in prerevolutionary days. Certainly the reverence of the masses of the people for religion and their religious leaders is very little diminished.

There is hardly any possible denial of the fact, however, that some of the leaders of the Church were, in the early days of the Soviet rule, actively engaged in counter-revolutionary propaganda. Since the Church was the sole remaining rallying-point for the anti-Communistic, bourgeois element in Russia, it was to be expected that whatever counter-revolutionary activity was carried on would find its leadership, to a certain extent at least, among the churchmen.

Among those most bitterly accused by the Soviets was Tikhon, the Patriarch of the Russian Church. Tikhon, who was born in 1865 and educated in the theological schools of St. Petersburg, was consecrated Bishop of the Aleutian Islands and Alaska in 1898. He spent several years in the United States, returning to Russia in 1907 as Archbishop of Jaroslau, later becoming Archbishop of Vilna and in 1917 Metropolitan of Moscow. In November 1917 he was chosen for the Patriarchate, Russia's highest ecclesiastical office.

Tikhon first encountered the hostility of the Russian Government when he refused to permit Soviet officials to confiscate certain of the 'superfluous' treasures of the Church for famine relief. A certain number of these treasures were taken, despite this opposition, but it is noteworthy that impartial investigators have declared that the 'despoilers' of the churches, in almost every instance, left untouched the icons, crosses, banners, and other symbols of worship, and confiscated only the gold and precious stones that served as embellishments.

Later developments, however, seem to connect Tikhon more directly with the counter-revolutionists. Certain documents, captured by the Soviets, appeared to indicate his connection with a council of Russian Church lead-

ers at Karlowitz where plans were definitely discussed for the overthrow of the Communist régime and the re-establishment of the Tsarist Government. On the basis of this evidence the Patriarch was arrested and the date of his trial was set for April 23, 1923. The summary execution of Monsignor Butkevich of the Roman Catholic Church, early in 1923, despite the united protests of the Christian world, appeared to indicate the fate that awaited Tikhon.

But unexpected developments intervened. The Patriarch was held in detention at the Donskoi Monastery on the outskirts of Moscow. A few days before the date set for his trial he was taken violently ill. His friends believed that he had been poisoned, and the Soviet Government, unwilling to risk the fate of so distinguished a prisoner, removed him to a Moscow prison. What took place there can only be surmised. Tikhon had already been unfrocked by the All-Russian Church Congress — the Congress of the Living or 'Red' Church movement. His influence with the people, so far as the government officials could estimate it, was on the wane. Pressure was brought to bear upon him, doubtless, to recant and agree to live at peace with the Soviets. This he did in a confession published in Moscow on June 27, 1923. His release followed immediately.

IV

The imprisonment and subsequent confession and release of Patriarch Tikhon aroused the believers of the Russian Church as did no other event during the Revolution. His confession, to be sure, aroused widespread bewilderment among those who had remained loyal to the Church. The Church, it appeared, was succumbing to the influence of the Soviets. But this

bewilderment was of short duration. It was quickly recognized that the Church, if it survived at all, must maintain a wholly extrapolitical position. And at whatever price Tikhon purchased his freedom he was soon acclaimed, again, as the rightful head of the Church.

To-day Tikhon occupies two low vaulted rooms on the wall of the Don-skoi Monastery. To reach his audience chamber one follows a guide up a narrow stone staircase into a ramshackle room that was evidently built as a storehouse. This room, on every audience day, — and each day save Sunday is audience day, — is always crowded. A motley crowd it is, too: peasants from the Caucasus; down-at-the-heel intelligentsia from Kiev; a delegation of Siberian priests; a landed proprietor, who no longer has any land, from a city in the Volga Valley. Day after day religious pilgrims wait in that room to bring their messages of loyalty and to receive the blessing of the Patriarch. When the Patriarch, as he rarely does, goes into the city to conduct a service, he is acclaimed on the way by reverent throngs, and the church where he speaks and the streets before it are crowded long before his arrival.

This loyalty to Tikhon and the Church was strikingly revealed in the so-called Living Church movement. Two years ago, the Living Church movement held out the promise of a genuine religious reformation. Its origin dates from the great famine of 1922, when Bishop Evdokim declared that, contrary to the proclamation of the Patriarch, the church treasures should be surrendered for famine relief. Immediately many of the more liberal priests rallied to his support, while the old and, in some instances, counter-revolutionary leadership of the Church bitterly opposed him.

As the Living Church movement

grew it came to represent an earnest effort within the Church to liberalize religion and bridge over, without compromising the faith, the gulf between the Church and the Revolution, that is, between religion and the new Russia. In the winter of 1923 an All-Russian Church Congress was convened. At this meeting Tikhon was unfrocked on the ground that he did not represent the religious demands of present-day Russia; and the machinery of the Church passed into the control of those who led the Living Church movement.

Up to this time there is no question that many of the leaders of the Living Church movement were earnest priests, devoutly seeking to revitalize the Church with a message for the new Russia. But at the Congress of 1923 many observers saw the hand of the Government. The Living Church, from the Soviet point of view, was an instrument for dividing the Greek Orthodox Church and, thereby, weakening the hold of religion upon the people. It deserved official support for that reason. And many of the leaders in the new group proved susceptible to political influence. When the All-Russian Congress finally convened it was charged that the Government, by refusing passports to supporters of Tikhon, packed the meeting so as to ensure a Living Church victory.

However that may be, the movement, thereafter, was widely discredited among Russian believers. It became known as the 'Red' Church. Many of its priests found themselves without congregations. There was a great flocking to the churches of those who had remained loyal to the old leadership. As a result the priests who had deserted, many of them, began to seek a return to the fold. Upon the release of Tikhon the members of the Living Church, more or less en masse, sought reconciliation with him. The Patri-

arch's influence has been enormously strengthened by this surrender of the reformists, and by the demonstration of intense loyalty on the part of the people. Officially, at any rate, the division within the Church has been closed. The Living Church leaders themselves, such as Krasnitsky, agree upon the undesirability of developing further Church factions.

Meanwhile there has been a remarkable increase in the size and influence of the various Protestant groups in Russia — known as Sectarians. There are over 5,000,000 of these various Protestant organizations and their numbers have increased enormously since the Revolution. The Sectarians commend themselves to Soviet toleration for several reasons. In the first place, they represent no centralized organization, no hierarchy that can become threatening. The organization is very loose and informal and differs in different sections of the country. Then too the mode of life of many of the sectarian groups has been organized, through the three hundred years of their history in Russia, along Communal lines. In more recent history the Sectarians — since they are, very largely, pacifists — led in the movement, just prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, against a continuance of the war. But it is safe to say that they will not, in all probability, provide Russia with a new religious leadership of sufficient virility to meet the atheistic advances of the Soviets.

V

The more closely one studies the religious situation in Russia, the more apparent it becomes that the Greek Orthodox Church, regardless of the fact that its present leadership is said to be inadequate, affords the only available channel through which the stream of Russian religious life may continue to

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flow. As at present constituted and led, however, there is little enough of promise that the Greek Orthodox Church will soon awaken to its responsibility in the present religious situation.

I asked Tikhon whether or not, in consideration of the present Russia, the Church was called upon to bring a new interpretation of Christianity.

'How can there be any change,' he replied, 'in that which is already wholly true, and all truth?'

When I asked Metropolitan Peter of Siberia the same question, he said: 'Neither the people nor the priests want reformation. What all of us want and need is a return to the purer orthodoxy of the Middle Ages.'

But that the future of religion in Russia depends, very largely, upon a widespread reformation in the approach of the Church to the people is apparent. The faith of the present generation of Russians is too deeply planted to be destroyed. The faith of the next generation, unless religion finds new prophets in Russia, will be planted less deeply and wither more easily. The Church can hardly continue to speak as it has spoken in the past and reach the youth of Russia. A new religious message, however, will require new religious leaders to declare it, for the present leadership of the Church, with rare exceptions, is unalterably opposed to reform.

To a small but, I believe, significant extent, that new leadership is developing. The Living Church movement, however far short it fell, released certain forces that are still at work, particularly among the younger priests. Two theological schools — the only two open at the present time in Russia — were organized through the Living Church and supported in large part from American sources. They retain, at the present, the vital elements represented in the Living Church

and are not compromised by political commitments.

The students from these schools, several of whom I met, are preparing themselves to preach and are preaching an intellectually respectable social gospel. Their message takes account of the facts of science upon which is based the Soviet programme of constructive atheism; and of the further facts of community welfare, so largely ignored by many of the priests and so insistently advocated by the representatives of the present Government.

I have visited their church services. Many of the routine ceremonies are discarded. An evangelical preaching is introduced. There is congregational singing — a revolutionary innovation. One of these young priests has organized and made extraordinarily successful a week-night course in Bible study. And this man explained to me that he has abandoned the dress of his office, save for Sabbath worship, because, as he expressed it, 'I am needed as a man with the people, more than as a priest apart from them.'

Needless to say, no other gospel than that represented by these young men can make much headway against the Soviets. If their ministry is not suppressed by the vigilant agents of atheism, they have the courage and, I believe, the ability to bring before the Russian people a religion that can prove to be a strong support for every constructive achievement for which the

present régime is vigilantly striving.

Meanwhile the increase of friendly contacts between Soviet Russia and the nations of the West is certain to bring a modification of the programme of aggressive atheism as it will bring a modification of aggressive Communism. Isolation, more than any other factor in the last five years, has served to strengthen the extremists of the Communist Party. Isolated, the Soviets are martyrs to the concerted hostility of the world. In isolation, moreover, it is not difficult for the government propagandists to maintain the integrity of the illusions concerning capitalistic nations upon which the Communistic programme is based. Every friendly negotiation with a Western Power and every creditable business transaction, however, makes it more difficult to uphold, among the workers and the peasants of Russia, the conviction that capital and the so-called bourgeois Governments are the enemies of the people and that proletarian justice can be won only through world revolution and Communism. Every negotiation with Russia's Government aids the evolution away from Communism. When, in the course of that evolution, a less ruthless period is reached, there will be, I believe, a religious as well as a political open-mindedness; the day of Communism and of atheism will be done, and a new Russia will emerge, fitted to assume, with honor, its place at the council tables of the world.

OFF THE COASTS OF GREECE

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

I

THE sun sets red among the burned-out hills of northern Epirus. The burnished copper that was the sun's path spreads wide and thin over the smoothly bilowing blue of the Straits of Otranto. Twilight comes on swiftly; a nagging wind whips your face; there is a whistling in the guy ropes, a flapping of canvas, and a plaintive creaking of the ship's timbers. The horizon draws closer; you can barely see the ominous outlines of the thunderous heights of Acroceraunia. The stars come out: the Seven Plough Oxen who never bathe in the streams of the ocean; the Swan; the Eagle; Jupiter, trespassing as of old in other stars' blue gardens; Polaris, whose only claim to human attention is his official position. The moon rises, a huge disk edging along on the deepened horizon-line, with a yellow path under which the waves wriggle uneasily.

You feel curiously out of place and out of time.

Over these very waters the Venetian galleons, bent on conquest or trade, swept through the Straits; the proud galleys of the Roman Empire before them; the Greeks still earlier, in their search for lands to colonize. Here Antenor sailed from Troy to found Padua; here the Phoenicians fought with the Minoans, who in their own time had driven earlier traders off the seas. They are all sunken below these oblivious waves, which play as freshly under the ship's prow as if the world were new-made to-day.

One by one the passengers desert the deck with its confusion of the ages, and settle into the armchairs of the saloon under the reassuringly contemporaneous electric lights. All the passengers are there this evening except an American lady, who has looked us all over and decided we are ambiguous brigands, and dull. By the grace of God — I reflect complacently — I am the only American man on board. We are something of a nuisance to one another, we Americans abroad. We feel too much mutual responsibility, like the members of a family that has lately come up in the world. The American scholar winces when the American business man asks at Tivoli, 'Who was this fellow Hadrian, anyway?' The business man winces as he surveys the scholar's baggy clothes. Both wince as they observe narrow foreign eyes watching the antics of the American young girl of flagrant demeanor and virginal intent.

Foreigners are n't like that. Most of them limit their sense of responsibility to their own behavior. As we say in America, they have no social sense.

But for the American lady who avoids our company, I alone represent the United States of America on this good ship, bound for Piraeus, Stamboul, and Odessa, under orders to bring back a cargo of old iron — bloodstained, I am sure.

First to command your notice is a ponderous old gentleman with a face

that reminds you at once of Bismarck and H. G. Wells. He always carries a great wad of manuscript under his arm; he is probably an historian of some forgotten religious schism. He is attended by a rotund, suave man whose profession appears to be deference. The three other Englishmen are coöoperators, on a mission to buy Christmas plums for all the Little Jack Horners in Manchester: a spare man with tight lips, a dogged man, and a patient man from Ulster. I doubt if the Turks and Greeks will be able to hold out a single plum on such a team as this. They ignore the presumptive historian of the forgotten schism, and hate his companion cordially for his unctuous way of saying 'Lady But-lar.'

'You Yanks,' remarks the tight-lipped coöoperator, 'you Yanks think you won the war. What you really did — you gathered in the shekels.'

'Just so. And incidentally we saved a bit of British bacon.'

These little courtesies, as some wise man has said, don't cost anything, and they help on marvelously the cause of Anglo-American understanding.

There is a slim dark man, with deep eyes and shoulders made supple by shrugging. A Frenchman? I try my pathetic odds and ends of French on him. No, he is a Spaniard and, Heaven be praised, he speaks French about as badly as I do, hence a meeting of minds is practicable. There are two men chattering volubly in an unknown tongue; one is shifty, subtle, Oriental in manner, with a face that is unimpressive when it is full upon you, but made up of magically flowing lines in profile. The other is blunt-faced, myopic, with the fashionable German hair-cut that reduces the whole expanse of skull to a stubble like a ten days' beard, except for a forelock equivalent to a shaving-brush. Both are Greeks, I find, but the German clip is a Doctor of Letters

from Jena, who likes Ludendorff and admires Mussolini passionately. The other is a merchant, with grandiose political ideas. The solution of the world problem can come, he says, only through a coalition of the three vital nations, Germany, England, and the United States. Germany would contribute order, England would contribute sound ideas of business and social life, and the United States would contribute money. Under such a coalition the little peoples of the world could live in peace and the enjoyment of the good gifts of the gods.

There is a Swiss who looks like the Kaiser but speaks only French. He is a bank auditor, going out to establish clarity in the accounts of a Constantinople branch. He is amiable, but restrained by a feeling that an auditor has nothing to say that anyone will care to hear, except once a year. There is a square-headed Dutchman who speaks all languages well, has sampled all philosophies, has no convictions, and enjoys life royally. A plump ship's officer, with enough braid on him for the ruler of the Queen's Navee, speaks a little English so well you never can convince yourself that those first five sentences are absolutely all he has. Still, his account of the harbor of Yokohama the day after the earthquake, told in explosive phrases of Italian, French, and German, supplemented by a vast repertory of gestures and grimaces, is as vivid as anything I have ever heard.

Finally, at a corner table, sipping Mattoni mineral water, is a married pair. The husband is about sixty, narrow-faced, with pointed old-ivory beard, cheeks glowing with purplish-red surface-capillaries, nose long and thin and sensitive as a rabbit's ears. The wife may be of any age under forty. Her complexion is a dusky cream; her eyes are dark gems that sparkle,

her brows are exquisite curves, and her lips are full and sweet. She carries her shapely head like a caryatid and is altogether lovely. She is an Armenian and her husband is a German who has been so long in Turkey that all his manner is Oriental. He wears the title of Pasha with becoming grace; he wants you to know that he is of some importance, but would n't for the world have you suspect that he is so important as he really is. He is bound for Angora on a 'mission.' He is very pro-Turk, but not so pro-Turk as his lovely Armenian wife. Blood is thicker than water, but Near-Eastern intrigue is thicker still.

II

The sun stands high. Our ship moves slowly in a zigzagging strait with rugged hills of naked red stone on either side: Albania and Corfu. We are about to anchor at our port of call, Santi Quaranta, a fringe of mean houses on the narrow margin between the sea and a steep slope of rocky detritus from a dull brown height. On an adjacent hill is the ruin of a monastery, according to tradition the home of the Santi Quaranta, the Forty Saints. Religious discussion must have run high among them: not only the roof but the whole superstructure of the building appears to have been blown off.

We sit interminable hours under the awning, while valiant brown oarsmen in rowboats tow huge lighters to our ship's side and tow them away laden with boxes and crates. A drove of savage long-horned cattle files down a military road in a pass between barren crests; the beasts meet a Ford truck and try to climb the perpendicular sides of the road. Presently they disappear behind the buildings of the town. An hour later you see them again, crowded on a lighter that is being towed out to

a Greek ship. The manner of loading them on the ship is novel. A noose is dropped from a spar over the horns of an ox and drawn tight. Then a windlass hoists the ox clear of the lighter, his legs straight forward, his tail straight out, like a gigantic animal-cracker. Those ox-necks will be substantial eating.

Under the awning we talk intermittently, pooling our English, French, and German, and taking out such profit of understanding as we can. We talk of liberty, the one thing the people on these barren hills have to fight for; of peace, which only the Englishmen and I accept as a practical ideal. The Greek Doctor of Letters returns to his praise of Mussolini; the commercial Greek points significantly toward a hill on our right; just beyond it, he says, is the unfortified town of Corfu, where Mussolini heroically bombarded the home for refugee children and managed to kill and maim a handful of them. The Doctor of Letters retires into disgruntled silence; he knows that his frivolous fellow-countryman will never understand true greatness. The German-Turkish Pasha regales us with anecdotes exhibiting British and American gallantry and magnanimity in the World War, as contrasted with French meanness and barbarity. Like so many of his compatriots, he is very pro-American now, in spite of the fact that he believes firmly that we entered the war to save our British and French investments, and that the Fourteen Points were a clever swindle. I always knew the Germans entertained some such erroneous belief; what surprises me is the number of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, as well as neutrals, who labor under the same delusion. On the whole it appears to hold sway at least as widely as the dogma of the sole responsibility of Germany for the war.

III

If time meant anything to the mariners on the Ionian Sea we should have rounded Cape Malea by morning. We should then have had the delight of a near view of the eastern shore of Lacedæmon. The widespread arms of Argolis and Sunium would have welcomed us into the Gulf of Ægina and our eyes would have rested on the Acropolis with the last rays of the sun. But in Levantine waters time is a dream, which comes or goes by its own will.

The sun was already low as we issued from the narrow strait between Cythera and the Malea promontory. Cythera is a barren island now, with bold headlands looking out upon the Mediterranean. On one of these stood the temple of Aphrodite within its sacred enclosure. Dark slender maidens attended the rites of the goddess; sailors skimming by prostrated themselves on the decks as their eyes caught the gleam of the marble columns in the morning sun. But that was when Cythera was a fairer, greener land. In the remote south a pyramid point on the misty line of the horizon reminds you of what was once the centre of civilization. It is a mountain peak in Crete, 'land of a hundred cities.'

Malea promontory stretches out miles and miles, an immense calloused index-finger, crooked with rheumatism, pointing toward Egypt. Infrequent villages of square stone houses find lodgment on its rocky sides; around them a gauze of olive and vine green flutters over the red-brown soil. Near the very point of the cape a precipitous crag throws out two broad arms to the beating surf. Between them is a little garden of vines and fruit trees, with a tiny white house, shaped like the traditional beehive. It is the cell of a holy hermit, who will never be able to

get out of his garden until he grows wings. Year after year he will sit before his cell, looking out upon seas magically calm or wild beyond belief. It is calm now. The smooth, coppery wave from the ship's prow rises through a whole scale of blues, to dip over into ultramarine.

This is Malea, the 'graveyard of ships' of Greek times and beyond. For ten thousand years tall ships have been foundering here, under the savage winds that spring out from the Ægean or from the Ionian Sea. The bottom must be paved with bronze beaks, the nautical machinery of all ages, treasure chests, talismans and images that keep the sailor safe from harm. I can imagine no more fitting final resting-place for ship or man than the sea floor under these waves, copper and gold and blue, fringed with dazzling foam at the foot of the brooding cliff.

IV

It is morning, and we are at anchor in the harbor of Piræus. In the remote distance one discerns a tiny gray hill with a bit of toy architecture on it: the Acropolis. Hymettus lies majestically beyond, and Pentelicon, not yet healed of the deep gashes whence all the ancient world drew its finest marble. You try to imagine where the Long Walls ran that protected the road from Athens to Piræus and Phaleron. But Piræus has grown beyond the ancient limits, obscuring the ancient topography with its tedious modern buildings.

Near us is anchored a small ship flying the British flag. It is packed from stem to stern with people of all ages, in clothes of all colors. An excursion boat, we surmise, returned from Delos or some other enchanted isle. No, the captain explains, they are refugees — Asia Minor Greeks, newly expelled from their homes under the

treaty clause dealing with 'exchange of populations.'

I had supposed that this peculiar atrocity of the war period had been long discontinued.

I focus my field glasses on them as they descend the ship's ladder into the rowboats that are to land them on a soil that their ancestors left — some of them — at the time when Jason set out to loot the Golden Fleece. There are youths and maidens irrepressibly alive to the new world before them; mothers with shapeless bundles on their backs and alert-eyed babies in their arms; wizened old women; tottering old men. I mark the absence of men in their prime.

'Of course the Turks could not let them go. They might take up arms against Turkey.' So the Pasha's Armenian wife explains.

'They are already dead? Or dying in work-gangs?'

She shrugs her shoulders. 'I wonder what you Americans would do to aliens who took up arms against you when you were fighting for your national life.'

There is no pity in her face for the refugees. But her jeweled eyes are lovely.

I walk down the deck to the Greek merchant.

'It's a great problem,' he comments disconsolately. 'We have no need for them. Suppose somebody drove

fifteen million people into the United States: you'd have a problem like this. What to do with them nobody knows. And they have lost the spirit of work — most of them. They expect to live the rest of their lives at our expense.'

I approach the Dutchman. 'Sad, sad, of course,' he remarks briskly, 'but it was always so in this country. Migrations, massacres, mass expulsions. Many die, but those who live forget it soon. They have short memories, these people of the Levant, and no sense of the future. You know, yourself, you can't be very unhappy in the present: it is too superficial, without the past and the future. A little pain is all it will hold. Look at them now, on the wharf. It's a picnic to-day; and to-morrow? You recall the pseudo-Anacreon: —

*'τὸ σῆμερον μὲλει μοι
τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδεν;'*

But for me it was the present that was hard to hold fast; and it came to the same thing. Disregard this fungus growth of modern buildings, of people in contemporary costumes, of present hopes and despairs, and Greece lies before you as she lay before the Dorians when they came down from the north three thousand years ago. So she will lie three thousand years hence — tragic, but gay.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PAINTER AND OUR SPRING

I THINK the month was February, but naming the month tells very little of the tale of the seasons in our country. Spring, for instance, is purely a matter of rains. The rains may come anywhere from November to March, bringing in their wake soft skies, a veil of green over the sandy earth, and flowers. If it has been a dry year the grasses turn quickly to gold and bronze and brown, and the year's youth is over. If the wet season has been prolonged we have spring almost as they know it in other regions, except for a fragility of grass and flower that green lands do not know.

On the afternoon we remember, a south wind blew softly up from Palomar, and high white clouds trailed their shadows over the bare ranges. The ridges of San Jacinto looked Olympian in the dreamlike remoteness the drenched air gave them. With such an earth and sky it was impossible to keep indoors, so we said we would go and see if the river was running and if the windflowers had come into bloom.

We took the winding road across the plateau to the river-bed. The tops of cottonwoods and willows and sycamores, faintly green with the first leaves, showed above the rim of the bluff. Against a miniature Grand Canyon of a cliff across the stream, swallows were darting in and out of airy dwellings, crying with delight over their return. Our hearts rose on a great surge of life and gladness at their cry, and we hurried our pace, longing to be down by the running water.

But as we turned into the Indian road that wound down the bluff we had to pull out abruptly, for there, square in the track, his easel planted as if for all time, was the painter.

The painter had been in our valley for several weeks. He was a quiet, reserved man, pleasant enough when spoken to, but apparently not interested in making acquaintances. We had not even known whether he was much of a painter or not until a sophisticated Eastern visitor instructed us about him.

'Not one of the extreme moderns,' said the visitor, 'but with a vogue both here and abroad. His landscapes are haunting.'

We could agree with the visitor there, for we had already had glimpses of familiar bits of road and mesa caught on his canvases. It was uncanny the way he could gather up the color on a dun slope, or suggest by vague splashes of paint the distances a sycamore lane can hold, or the lonely shadows a shadowless waste can draw to itself in the evening. We had seen him tell with a few strokes of his knife the starkness of yucca and dune and earthquake scarp; but this afternoon for the first time we saw him at work on clouds and running water. He was painting — it seemed to us without distinction — a bit of river and cottonwoods and sycamores along the green bench below.

I think he was bored with his own work, for he greeted us with an interest he had never shown before. He asked us where we were going, and because spring was in our blood we answered him with enthusiasm. We said we

were going to look for windflowers and to watch the river run.

He smiled at our proud mention of the river. He was a Maine man himself, and used to real rivers. This river — why, he was told it was bone-dry most of the year!

We thought we understood now why he was painting our river so badly; but not being accustomed to telling artists their shortcomings we held our peace, and after a few commonplaces on the weather we left the car and went down the bluff, carefully avoiding the rags and palettes flung in lordly monopoly of the trail.

Cloud shadows moved quietly over the sward, picking out the various grasses and making them separately alive and full of color. Vernal and feather and dropseed and creeping grama grass veiled the wild phlox and tidytips with a mist of green-bronze, green-gold, and blue-green. We watched with a pleasant thrill of alarm a snake in its bright new skin glide away from under our feet, bending the grasses as a wind from Pluto's world might bend it, with a stirring of roots rather than tops. With eyes on the ground, so as not to tread on the sliding danger, we came to the bank where the brown water lapped the reddened roots of sycamores. There in the dark leaf-mould washed down from the upper mountains were the windflowers — blood-red, solitary, so fragile that with the gentlest touch their petals loosened from the stem and drifted away.

Blood-red windflowers, such as once long ago we had seen by a short-lived Attic stream. We bent over them, gazing at their beauty, gazing also back over the years at those other blossoms we had known when we were still too young to be quite sure the gods were dead. And while we were kneeling there the painter joined us.

He wanted to know jokingly if the sight of so much water had hypnotized us; and then his eyes fell on the windflowers in their dusky plot, and he took off his cap and knelt on the sycamore roots beside us and, bending his close-cropped head, looked in silence at the slender-stemmed blossoms, faintly tremulous even to the stirring of our breath.

I think it must have been the way the painter looked at those windflowers that broke the ice, for presently we were talking to him as if we had known him well, telling him why our river had a charm beyond the rivers of his land. Those, by his own confession, were like Tennyson's tiresome stream, rippling on forever. Ours was a more magic river, akin to the limpid waters beloved of gods and muses, Iliissus and Eridanus and the Dircean streams, coming with the spring and vanishing before you had drunk to satiety of their beauty.

And like those rivers, we told the painter, ours left a marble loveliness behind in the dry white bed that was so mysterious under summer moons.

But you did n't get the river life along uncertain waters like these, the painter protested. No river life? we said. We showed him the swallows crying down the wind. We showed him the dragon flies dreaming on an island of reeds in the middle of the river where, even as we looked, a young Indian Pan waded, bare to the knees, cutting a straight-stemmed tule for his primitive flute. We held our peace, and the painter could hear the cry of killdeer and the hum of bees in the wild parsley at his feet.

We did not see the painter again before he left the valley. He was not talked of among us as most visitors are, having kept himself apart from valley life. But when the Eastern visitor returned next winter she had

much to say of the painter's success in an autumn exhibit. The critics, it seemed, had been chiefly impressed by a canvas called 'Brief Spring.' She herself did not see much in it, merely a dun cliff above a small river and some blurred figures on a shadow-flecked strip of meadow with bright patches of flowers. It reminded her of our own valley, and she thought perhaps that was why it made her feel so odd when she looked at it. She much preferred one of the painter's earlier canvases called 'April in Maryland.' There was real, luxuriant spring for you, the sort you felt as if you could reach out and touch.

We listened in respectful silence; but in our hearts we wondered if it were not the sight of our river that ran but a little while, of our wind-flowers that vanished at a sigh, that had helped the painter to his triumph; if through these things he had learned the great secret and had been able to trouble the idle gazers with a glimpse of it — the secret that only brief loveliness can be immortal.

CARCHEMISH — 1924 A.D.

By the river Euphrates in Carchemish.
— Jeremiah xlvi. 2

THE Fourth of July in Aleppo is clear and blazing like any other day in July. At half-past five in the morning the sun already burns down with all the force of the Syrian desert, as I pick my way across lots to the Bagdad station. Fadil is there first with the lunch. It is to be a day's excursion, just the two of us, friends in spite of those algebra classes down in Beirut. We go to see what remains of the old Euphrates city after centuries of war and massacre.

The Aleppo station of the Bagdad-bahn. It is a beautiful depot in Oriental style, but with modern equipment.

The railroad has a fine roadbed, a block-signal system, beautiful cars, where even the third-class compartments have curtains over the windows, and now there are three trains one way out to the great river and two trains back every week. So says the schedule, at least. The extra allowance seems to be for those trains which fall into the hands of the bandits and do not get back.

At the ticket office there is a crowd of would-be passengers, mainly wild men from the desert, not the kind one would want to meet alone in the open on a dark night. The rail in front of the window tries to keep the people from getting in more than one at a time, but it does not work. They come from both sides; they stand outside the rail and reach across. But we can push and elbow with the best of them and we get there.

'But, monsieur, there can be no ticket to Jerablus without permission from the police.'

We find the police. The American passport is solemnly examined, especially the French and British visas, which have nothing to do with the present situation, but they want to show me that they are thorough. There is a slight hitch when it is discovered that the name above the picture on my passport is Charles E. Hughes, while my card bears a quite different one; but that is soon explained, and the permission is given. But as for Fadil, he is a Syrian. He wishes to go a hundred yards into Turkey. For that he must have special permission from Angora, a matter of two weeks.

The boy chokes back his tears. 'Sir, take the lunch.' He is off before I can see how badly he feels over getting left. I go ahead, though I know no Turkish and little of any other language that is likely to serve.

The train was ready, of course, an hour ago. Ah! this railway is a magnificent monument to the frustrated ambition of those who conceived the whole *Mitteleuropa* scheme. It is five minutes to six. *Dang-da-dang-da-dang-da-dang* — *dang* — *DANG!* It is a second bell. No one ever heard a first bell rung in these stations. Pandemonium increases. Papers, food, shines, all are provided and ready for those with the silver *barghuts* at hand, for these people have no use for the legal money, based on the fluctuating French franc. At six the bell is rung with great fury, and at the end comes *dang*, *DANG*, *DANG!* The train is ready to go — almost. The engine whistle blows three times, the conductor blows his horn three times. The engine whistle blows two times, the conductor blows his horn two times. The engine blows its whistle once, there is much shouting, and the train starts.

There are stations every twenty minutes or so, and at each stop most of the passengers leave the train to get water from the wells which the German engineers have dug all along. Again the bells ring, the people make a mad scramble for their places, the whistle and the horn blow their blasts, and the train gets off to a leisurely start. Between the stations the police come and demand the passports of all the travelers. They note down on their forms the name, age, profession, destination, father's name, mother's name, their ages, and all other facts that they can elicit, all of which is to be copied off on the record books of the *Serail* or foreign office at Aleppo or Angora. And then the gendarme writes his name in Turkish or Arabic on the passport, so that 'the *khawaja* may take it to America.'

The train rambles on. It is only a hundred level miles, but it takes more

than four hours to get there. We reach the Turkish-Syrian frontier and run along it. On the left side of the train, at each station, march the Turkish soldiers; on the right side march the French. A French soldier, on his way out to the camp at Jerablus, wants to get off and go to the well to fill his canteen, but the well is fifty feet from the train and on the Turkish side, so that it is in a foreign country. Hard is it to tell what international tension might result in Paris and Angora, to say nothing of London and Rome, if that soldier in uniform were allowed to make that trip into Turkish territory. But the sentinel is awake. He lowers his bayonet, the Frenchman steps back. The situation is saved. And then another Turk standing near offers to walk over with the canteen to get the water, and the poilu's thirst is quenched. All is well.

At last we come to the Euphrates, and here the train must stop. The bridge was blown up during the Great War and is not yet repaired. My passport has disappeared with the last policeman, and I go in pursuit. Finding it in an office with several officers of the forces of the Turkish Republic, I advance with much trepidation. His Excellency looks me over. 'Where the hell do you want to go?' says he in his best Turkish. I answer in all the Arabic I know. He does not get it, but would rather not appear to me to be ignorant, so he very doubtfully lets me go, and orders a soldier to trail me. The man does, but a cigarette is enough to persuade him to sit in the shade while I explore the ruins until I am ready to come back to the station. Then he takes up the pursuit again and all appears to be in order.

I wonder if it was this hot when Pharaoh Necho and our old friend Nebuchadnezzar had their skirmish

on this field. If so, I don't blame Necho for starting back for the comparative coolness of the Nile Valley. Lizards and snakes share the ruins of the great city with me, and a very old lizard, the size of a young crocodile, comes out to watch me stroll along the muddy bank of the tawny Euphrates.

The speeches and fireworks of the cities of America seem a long way off to-day, among all these reliefs and inscriptions of the Hittites.

It is early yet, but I have seen enough. The sun burns through the inch of cork over my head, and there is no real shade nearer than the station. So back there I go, followed by my private sentinel. By this time they have found someone who speaks French and they hope to satisfy themselves as to the strange doings of this queer-looking foreigner. But the explanation is stranger than the performance. They finally decide that it is just another of these fool Americans, who risk their necks and go off into the heat and dirt to see a lot of miserable ruins, when it would be much more comfortable in some *café* back in the city, with plenty of boza and a cinema.

And so I return to Aleppo. The train has many freight cars to pick up here and there, and takes more than five hours for the trip. A Turk

comes over to show that he knows just a little French, and for the prestige that he will get in the eyes of his fellows from conversation with me. I learn much wondrous historical and political gossip. There is no doubt that the Hittites and the Ottoman Turks are one and the same people, and that it was one of Mustapha Kemal's own ancestors who built this city here at Carchemish. All are sure that there will be a war along here before the end of the year, when Turkey and England fight over Mosul. Such are the strange and false ideas that can be absorbed in such a place.

The sunset is hotter than the sunrise was, as the engine and carriages meander back into that palatial Aleppo station. The youthful Turk, by name Suleyman, has been waiting for me for two hours with the tennis rackets ready for a game; but it is too late now, and there is nothing to do but go to his house, and there in the fragrant and cool garden, by the playing fountain and under the orange trees and grape arbors, eat our supper. And we talk of radio and the chances of hearing Berlin and Paris while we sip our bitter Arabic coffee, in this, perhaps the oldest city in the world now standing.

The Fourth is over.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE experience, the searching speculation, and the irony that made *Dædalus* the most discussed scientific book of the year have been again employed by J. B. S. Haldane in this new essay on the inevitable association of chemistry and peace. 'We have to get over our distaste for scientific thought and scientific method,' declares the author. Surely there is no quicker way than by the study and enjoyment of such work as this. Mr. Haldane is the Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge University. Through the utterances of our own State Department Imogen B. Oakley proves the ignominious and divided allegiance which foreign laws have imposed upon naturalized Americans. Mrs. Oakley is the author of an authoritative history of civil-service reform. Marking, as they do, days of fearful suffering and adversity, these leaves from the secret journal of Jane Steger are fired with such spiritual fortitude, joy, and devotion as ought to resolve us all for the New Year. In this time of inquisitional examinations the actual and significant record of F. S. Broun should be an inspiration to boys who have their way to make in the world, and to those who would guide them. Phyllis Bottome, one of the most skilled and dexterous of English novelists, has created a character and a pathos deeply touching.

* * *

Morley Dobson, recently a student of Cambridge old and new, writes with a lyrical delicacy and grace that is reminiscent of his namesake, Austin Dobson. Many readers will satisfy an old curiosity with this outspoken statement of a New York Publisher-Bookseller, in which no mystery of the book trade is held too sacrosanct for contemplation. Moved by the meditations of a perfectly defined mother-in-law, which appeared in our September issue, a married daughter has composed her gracious reply. Reading this pretty tribute every Naomi in the land will rise up to call

her Ruth blessed. Stuart H. Perry warns us that the present smugglers' invasion of our shores is but the premonition of a more profound and dangerous conflict. His conclusions recall the old proverb that 'those who come through the doors of birth shall break the doors of kings.' Valeska Bari writes us what she terms 'a simple tale of Tammany in Porto Rico.' We could wish that politics were always so full of pleasant humor. Reappearing in our pages after nearly a decade, the Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr of Detroit speaks his full mind with sense and eloquence.

* * *

From Raleigh, Tennessee, Anne Goodwin Winslow sends her song of gardens and ladies as fair as those of Charleston in the 'old days.' Elizabeth L. Cleveland's letter is a prologue to the drama which she here records: —

DEAR EDITOR, —

I am submitting a manuscript which relates an incident of Albanian mountain life, with which I became familiar during a stay of nearly two years in the northern part of that country.

Most of the incidents of the story happened in my presence. I have held faithfully to the spirit of the culture of this still mediæval race, so far as this can be done by an outsider. Their unquestioning obedience to their own law is an essential characteristic of mountain life. The spirit of the feud, which to European or American seems so frankly savage, is most convincingly otherwise as carried out. There is no violent motive such as anger. On the contrary there is an impersonality about the deed which to a foreign mind seems incompatible with the act of killing. It is as though the avenger were under compulsion; he appears influenced by something outside himself, inevitable, inexorable. He is driven, as Orestes, without choice.

Even Ndue's personal feeling about his brother was rare, and only admissible on the score of his warm, volatile, and lively nature. He was not, as I have tried to show, a typical mountain personality; rather an existing rarity, who is nevertheless acting under the same harsh imperative as the rest. His love for his brother

is irrelevant; he feels this, and it is not this motive but the motive of clearing the family honor which the other men respect.

Manners, as tribute to individual human dignity, are esteemed enormously important under such a culture. The stranger could not leave immediately on recognizing Ndue without grave insult to Imer, the host. As it was, he committed a serious (the word 'social' is too trivial) error in leaving early; though with his songs and self-enforced tarrying he partly compensated for the unforgivable rudeness of going before morning. Ndue could not molest him in Imer's house without involving Imer's family for generations in a feud with his own, to say nothing of the implication of both their tribes in the trouble. Neither could he follow immediately after the guest, as guests continue under a host's protection several hours after leaving the house. If this is not self-control, what is? It is this absolute and unflinching fidelity to tribal law which makes the hard life of the mountains livable. . . .

Dr. Kuno Francke is Professor Emeritus and honorary Curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University. ¶ 'Mrs. Buckle,' the delicious protégée of **Elizabeth de Burgh**, is a cousin of that 'Mrs. Bodfish' who appeared in the *Atlantic* household in September. The pictures of these cousinly 'charts' may be found in any Belcher cartoon.

* * *

Ranging through Sisley Huddleston's portrait gallery of French politicians, one may remark the faces which have launched the new Ship of State. ¶ As a special correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, **Stanley High** spent the past summer traveling far and wide throughout Russia. ¶ An economist of serious reputation, **Alvin Johnson** has written a nimble account of a pretty and light-hearted excursion.

* * *

That the sincerity of Mr. X has struck a responsive chord in other sympathetic minds is shown in the many commentaries on his article, 'The Jew and the Club.' We quote from two letters and regret that we have no space for the score of other genuine expressions.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I lived in a small Eastern city. My brothers and sisters and I were always sent to the schools,

where we were among the few Jews, often the only ones. Our friends were as much Gentiles as Jews. We were invited to their parties, but seldom encouraged by our parents to go. When we gave parties, we were never allowed to include our Gentile friends. Our social life was circumscribed because our parents wished to protect us from two things which they regarded as imminent if we associated with Gentiles: insult, and the imagined catastrophe of intermarriage!

Judaism itself meant nothing to us. It was not a religion, not a precious tradition, but a heritage which meant no more than blue eyes or brown. We were brought up with the idea that Jews and Gentiles are different. Hundreds of times I have heard, 'Oh, those Gentiles! You know how they live!' It was perhaps a sincere effort to make us feel racial superiority. I did not see any difference in the way we lived from that in which my friends lived, but for sixteen years I took it for granted. Then I went to boarding-school, where I was one of four Jews; to a university, where I was the only Jew who had ever happened to live in the house; yet I found myself surrounded by 'my own kind.' We all acted, thought, dressed the same way, had the same manners. I remember my astonishment when, early in the year, I was asked to assume a responsible position in the class. My only response was, 'But you know I am a Jew,' which I thought must end it. They laughed at me. Then I began to find out what a fetish I had been worshiping. Every moment of my university life was full and happy. There was nothing closed to me on account of my being a Jew; my friends were both Jews and Gentiles, one kind chosen with the same ideals in view as the other.

I have known more prejudice, heard more disparaging remarks, seen more unkindness to Jews from Jews than from all of the Gentiles in my acquaintance; and yet the cultured Jew, yielding to the group judgment, makes up his mind on scattered and unreliable evidence that he is not wanted here, there, and yonder, gives up his Gentile associates, and settles down into a group of Jews. If he is in a small city, he does not find among them his own kind in sufficient numbers to satisfy him, and so he either gradually sinks to the lower standard in order to answer his cravings for social life, or simply gives up social life entirely. In the large cities he may find a few congenial spirits among the Jews. These few perhaps form their own circle, and being refined, cultured people they make every effort to live their lives quietly and inconspicuously, dissociated in part from the larger circle of Jews.

The result is that Gentiles do not meet, do not know the best type of Jew, who is as different from the conspicuous, noisy, pushing, over-dressed, nouveau-riche Jew as is his counterpart

in Gentile social circles. It may well be asked how this can be done, but it is not so difficult. Let the Jew continue his childhood associations with his Gentile friends. In nine cases out of ten it is his own fault that they cease as he grows up. Let him talk frankly about the entire question, that his Gentile friends may know that he truly discriminates that he, no more than they, will associate with the Jews who have neither the education, culture, nor manners to entitle them to a place among refined, cultured people. Let him take a same point of view as regards intermarriage, and realize that unless he is willing to lose his group identity and become assimilated he cannot expect to be accepted as a part of another group whose whole excuse for being is to bring together those having common interests and ideals, perpetuating itself through the marriages of its members.

Faithfully yours,
S. M.

Surely aspiration is irrespective of race or class or color.

October 13, 1924

DEAR EDITOR, —

I appreciated very much the article in your October issue, 'The Jew and the Club,' by X. Mr. X has written a very strong argument, though not intentionally, for *all* socially ostracized groups in America. He believes his appeal is only for the Jews, since he writes: 'The Negroes belong mostly to the laboring class, with little of the social aspirations of the educated and cultured.' Mr. X errs in thinking that the laboring class is without aspirations. Next, in not knowing that there is a fair proportion of Negroes, as well as 'a large number of Jews,' who 'as regards breeding and education belong to the highest social strata.'

Negroes as well as Jews realize that life cannot develop freely when walls are erected between groups or individuals. In the case of the Negro, however, he has seven times seven walls to break down. It is not surprising then that he has not reached the innermost rampart.

If Mr. X will read a few Negro magazines and papers he will find an expression of a desire and a striving for social recognition. Better still, he may even glimpse a kindred spirit.

From One of the Laboring Class

* * *

It cannot be otherwise than moving to hear a voice from within 'the dark forest.'

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Charles Magee Adams has written a remarkable article on the psychology of blindness.

It comes home to me personally because I lost my sight sixteen months ago. When one is exploring a new country it is helpful to hear the experiences of one to whom it is familiar ground. However, we have different points of entry, and that of necessity makes for different experiences. Mr. Adams entered the land of darkness at the age of eleven, when life was just beginning to unfold, with only the impressions and knowledge of a boy. As for me, I crossed its border after having lived a full life in many lands, and taking with me the experiences and accumulated interests and responsibilities of an average lifetime.

Blindness is not a problem in psychology to me: it is a study in human relations. It would be difficult for me to think of it in a cold, detached, scientific, and analytical manner. To treat blindness only from the psychological point of view is like thinking of one's birthplace in terms of latitude and longitude. Blindness entails enormous disabilities and no persons know this so well as those who are called upon to face them late in life.

We are deprived of the sense which served us best in earning our living, in going about the world, in our daily contacts with our fellow men. We are cut off from many of our friends. We have to give up our hobbies, our pastimes, the reading which is so essential in business and so pleasant in our hours of leisure. Our movements are circumscribed; a long walk is rarely possible; even a short one has lost much of its interest. Travel is no longer desirable or profitable. We can follow the events of the day only with difficulty, and the discoveries and inventions of our marvelous age become more of a fairy story to us than a reality. I don't think a blind man would have much use for a club — he cannot even play bridge. I have always been fond of sailing — now that I cannot trim sheets or handle a tiller, the pleasure is gone.

We have to reconstruct our lives, and cut our coat according to our shrunken cloth. It seems to me that loss of sight in later life needs be reckoned 50 per cent sense deficiency rather than 20, as Mr. Adams rates it.

Blindness shuts out a great many of the petty annoyances and less agreeable things of life. We are unable to see the ugliness so common in our cities. We do not readily notice untidiness which would have bothered us formerly. It is like enjoying the orchestra without being disturbed by the mannerisms of the conductor, or the performers.

It speaks well for our country that so many people should be willing to give so freely of their time and money to help the blind. Their interest is in itself a mitigant. An article such as Mr. Adams has written is valuable in clearing up

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many points which would ordinarily escape the observation of those who see. In making his appeal to the intelligence rather than the emotions, he brings the blind man's world home to the seeing. No one could help being interested in it, as he charts it.

Yours very truly,
J. E. MACRAE

* * *

We welcome this lyrical lumberjack to a seat beside our hearth and we are sorry that we can find no place for his verse.

THREE LAKES, WASHINGTON
DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please do not discriminate against this from my having taken too seriously Ramsay Traquair's remark that the Pacific shore is almost a foreign land having only faint, fond, fair memories of an all-but-forgotten ancestral Atlantic shore.

Voices of the Pacific have no medium of expression on this side of the continent anywise approximating the *Atlantic*. If the *Atlantic* is hospitable to those voices from these shores that reach its height, mayhap we'll never need a Pacific counterpart of the *Atlantic*, because the *Atlantic* is a leisurely magazine, its worth unspoiled by five railroad days or two airplane days.

So, be hospitable to the voices from the Pacific, remembering that the Pacific Coast is growing like a mustard plant and that by and by we shall have an immense population, as our commerce grows with the awakened Orient, with resuscitated Russia, and with developing Alaska. Then, if the *Atlantic* shall have served us well we shall have no need to supplant it, but shall welcome its Pacific Coast edition, radioed from Boston.

However, I shan't judge the *Atlantic's* hospitality toward the Pacific by its treatment of my offering, should it be disdained. You see, I'm only a lumberjack out of a regular job and watching in a sawmill by Panther Lake on a Sunday, and though I may be bursting with lyric feeling up to my pencil's point I have no just means of knowing how much, if any, of the lyric spills off and enwraps itself in my words. And yet, there are lyric strains in it—I can prove that to you.

Considering you've had laundry workers, janitors, and cooks in your columns lately, the motley array might squeeze over enough to let in a lumberjack, don't you think? Well, anyway, *Atlantic*, I'm knocking at your door.

Sincerely yours,
ROY A. HOFFEDITZ

So long as there's a new limerick left in the world, joy still resides in life.

BALLARD VALE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My scrapbook contains the following, which I have always admired from the standpoint of art for art's sake. I quote from memory: —

She frowned on him and called him Mr.,
Because in merry sport he kr.;
And so in spite
That very night
This naughty Mr. kr. sr.

You may say this is not quite the standard limerick metre; but I guess the metre is as good as the ethics.

I have myself been inspired to the following unpublished one, which will be recognized as true to life by all who derive their conceptions of life from the comic cartoons: —

A gentleman wearing a bbl.,
For lack of all other appl.,
Was hailed, just like that,
With 'Where is your hat?'
But he felt he had no time to qql.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

* * *

Here's a conundrum.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR EDITOR, —

Please give me statistics on how much cash money it takes to raise a boy from birth to sixteen years, or put me in touch with those who are able to do so.

R. S. S.

His weight in gold, we think.

* * *

With sincere thanks to a generous public we announce that this complete edition of the *Atlantic*, 150,000 copies, is the largest in its history. On January 1, 1916, we printed 8000 copies. May the past foretell the future.

* * *

After a fashionable schooling in crossword puzzles one may be graduated to an Intelligence Test of *Atlantic* grade. See front advertising page 4 and look forward to a busy month.

